A TRIP TO LOTUS LAND

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A TRIP TO LOTUS LAND

FUJI FROM LAKE HAKONE

A TRIP TO LOTUS LAND

BY

ARCHIE BELL

AUTHOR OF
"The Spell of the Holy Land," "The Spell of Egypt," *etc.*

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FOREWORD

ANYONE who has enjoyed the rare experience of making the tour of Japan, will advise all others making it for the first time to remain "as long as possible." Japan is a most gratifying vacation ground and "lives up to its reputation." It has a mighty reputation to maintain, because its praises have been sung by westerners since the first one set foot on Nippon's soil — and before. Marco Polo did not visit Japan, but he whetted the imagination of Europe concerning it when he related what he had heard. More frequently than otherwise, the visitor returns to his native land and enthusiastically recommends the tour to his friends, associates and acquaintances. Perhaps he spent a year, a season or a month there. His friends cannot remain a year and do not care to travel so far for a month's holiday, certain that much of Japan's charm could not be experienced in that brief time. They would not care to cross the Pacific, merely to gain a glimpse of a few coastal cities.

How long, then, must one remain in Japan to *see* the country, its people and their life?

I have heard the question asked many times and the books do not answer it. That then, if apology were required for contributing another volume to the already existing library upon the subject, would be mine for the following pages.

Experience proved to me that six weeks, after the ship docks at Yokohama — where American passengers usually disembark — is ample time for seeing and enjoying all that the casual tourist will care to see. If he follows something like the itinerary sketched below, he will arrive back at Yokohama ready to depart for home, exactly six weeks from the day he arrived at the same port. And unless he has denied it entrance, the sunshine of Japan will have lodged in his heart and he will join the choir that gladly chants the praises of Nippon.

YOKOHAMA, *two days*
KAMAKURA, *one day*
MIYANOSHITA, *three days*
HAKONE, *one day*
TOKYO, *three days*
SHIDZUOKA, *one day*
NAGOYA, *one day*
KYOTO, *five days*
YAMADA, *two days*
TOBA, *one day*
NARA, *three days*
OSAKA, *one day*
KOBE, *one day*
MIYAJIMA, *three days*
SHIMONOSEKI, *one day*
SEOUL, *three days*
NAGASAKI, *three days*
TRAVEL, *one day*
NIKKO, *seven days*

THE AUTHOR

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CHAPTER I

Some of us, at least, have often wished that it were possible to live for a season in the beautiful vanished world of Greek culture. And yet, to witness the revival of some perished Greek civilization—to walk about the very Crotona of Pythagoras—to wander through the Syracuse of Theocritus—were not any more of a privilege than is the opportunity actually afforded us to study Japanese life.

—LAFCADIO HEARN

As it (the lotus) lifts up its buds out of the slimy ground to a greater or less height above the water, unfolding its beautiful leaves and flowers, on whose spotless petals no traces are to be found of the mire from which it has sprung, so the souls of men, according to the Buddist faith, rise from the slime of sin, by their own power and effort, to different heights, and reach the blessedness of Nirvana.

—T. PHILIP TERRY

THIS is not a guidebook. Mr. Terry's "Japanese Empire," and the excellent publications of the Imperial Japanese Government railways, make other guidebooks superfluous. There are books by the dozens concerning the religion, government, temples, shrines, palaces, army, navy, art, trees, birds, and butterflies of Japan. This does not add to the number. It has a purpose distinct from the others, in that vast library which makes the beautiful land of the lotus an agreeable topic from whatever angle it is viewed by the writer. The purpose is to convey to the reader something of the joys of a six weeks' tour of Nippon. It is unnecessary to drink a barrel of emerald chartreuse to know whether or not it pleases the palate; a sip from a tiny glass brings one to a definite conclusion. It is not necessary to make a permanent residence in Japan to know the Japanese nor to see their attractive country. The specialists will remain for many months and many years and they will feel amply rewarded. Lafcadio Hearn said that when he arrived in Japan, a native scholar told him that he could not hope to understand the Japanese for many years; but finally, when he had despaired of ever understanding them, he might know that he was beginning to understand. This was true of an Occidental like Hearn, one who was unhappy until he had probed to the soul of things. His object in going to Japan was not at all that which should prompt the average American to go there, and perhaps the world is poorer because there are few men like Lafcadio Hearn. But there are few of them. That fact, however, should not deter the rest of us, if we have the desire to see something of Nippon. We cannot remain for years, nor for months, the greater number of us; and for that reason the greater number of us do not go at all. And in this way we miss one of the most enjoyable holidays of our lives. So much has been written about the impenetrable and inconceivable Far East, that the inclination has grown to abandon thought of paying it a visit. Most of us have gained the idea, as did Hearn, that we must remain in Japan many years before the curtain is raised, something like waiting in a temple for the oracle to speak. The idea is wrong. A total stranger, with comparatively little time for holiday-making, sailed away on the fast "Empress" boats which cut the round trip between Vancouver and Yokohama to twenty days. From the day that the great screws at the ship's stern stopped whirling, there was no haste until the steamer pointed its bow for home. Six weeks allowed ample time for what seemed to be a leisurely pilgrimage through the country, during which not only the "High Spots" of the routine and itinerary tourist were visited, but also plenty of those eye-delighting, out-of-the-way retreats that are frequently overlooked by the "personally conducted" parties that listen too well to the native guide's enchanting refrain concerning a protracted visit at Nikko, Kyoto, Nara or Miyanoshita. Every day of the six weeks was filled to the brim with the most alluring experiences that can fall to the latter-day American traveler, but six weeks were ample time. On the day of the steamer's departure there were no regrets that anything had been overlooked. There was the always desirable vow to return on a later occasion, that doubtless causes every visitor's heart to throb a little faster as he sees the scenes of happy days fading from view; but no traveler would have it otherwise if he could. The country that does not throw out this parting appeal is not worth visiting at all. Nobody, however, with the tiniest drop of romantic or sentimental adventure in his blood, can think of leaving Japan without a tear in his eye, voice, or mind. Without a doubt, it is the most fascinating vacation ground remaining in the world for the casual traveler who desires comfort, and no annoyance in regard to transportation, lodgings, or food, while feasting his eyes on new sights as the days pass, and affording the opportunity for rest or excitement, mountains or lakes, country or city, as he chooses.

One would not advise less than six weeks' sojourn in lotus land, and preferably the tour should be made in the early spring, so that arrival may be in April, the famed cherry blossom time which heralds the pageantry of flowers, which seem such a vital contribution to Japan's beauty. But less than six weeks is better than no glimpse at Japan at all. Any time, spring weeks being filled, may never suggest to the traveler that he has erred. The wistaria follows the cherry and plum, the iris comes later, and the chrysanthemum runs late into the fall, when maples are casting a mantle of the shades of ancient tapestry or brocades over Nippon's hills. Even the winter has its delights and has been preferred by leisurely travelers who have remained the round year in the shadow of pagodas and within range of the bronze bells of temple or shrine.

The greater part of the expense will consist in the passage money required to cover the lengthy voyage from American shores, but this will be counted among the joys of the whole experience. Formerly it was a tedious or uncomfortable voyage; but it is no longer so. One feels almost that he has plunged into the midst of fabled Oriental luxury as he leaves his native country. The days pass rapidly, the service in every way compares favorably with what could be purchased by money on Atlantic liners, and, added to it all, there is the satisfaction of drifting by speedy degrees into the mythical region of incense and mystery. One pleasant morning one finds that he has not drifted aimlessly for a moment of the ten day voyage. While he was sleeping, enjoying the recreations of the deck, partaking of the sumptuous meals that beckon to all who breathe the salt air of the Pacific, the crew were at their posts. The ship was plowing speedily through the ever-blue waves. The vast distance of the maps has been covered; he is in Japan, which is doubtless one of the day dreams of most Americans who like to bestir themselves from their own firesides for a peep at other parts of the world.

The expense on shore will be mainly what one desires to make it. As a general rule, it may be put down at about the same as a trip in European countries, which is usually considerably less than in America. Guides are a luxury, and, like other luxuries, they are available in plenty in all parts of the country; but guides are not a necessity. No familiarity with the language of the country is not so great a disadvantage as it is in France, Germany, Italy, or most of the lesser countries of Europe, because more people speak English in Japan than in any country where another language is spoken. Japan emerged from seclusion less than a half century ago, but she has emerged at rapid strides, and one of the principal items in her phenomenal campaign to place her name on the roster of the world powers has been to make herself not only acceptable to the foreigners, who were formerly forbidden to land on her shores, but to recompense all who come, for past neglect, by proving herself to be a most amiable hostess. Everything has been done to make the stranger within her gates as comfortable as he could be elsewhere. Japan's youth have been sent by the thousands to mingle with the peoples of the Western world. Keen observers, they have returned to their native land with all information that could assist in contributing to the enjoyment of western guests. This information has been widely circulated, so that the proprietor of the inn in a remote village, the rikisha boy, the railway guard, or the small shop-keeper constantly surprises his visitor not only with a sometimes uncanny knowledge of his desires, but also with an eagerness to contribute his share to the easy progress of the stranger through the land of their august master, the Mikado. "Be neither servile nor arrogant to foreigners," the school children of Japan are told by their teachers. "Do not charge anything above what is proper. Do not do anything to disgrace us as a nation. Treat foreigners as equals and act uprightly in all your dealings with them. Men are to be judged by their conduct and not by their nationality." And the lessons of the teachers have borne fruit. Many parts of the country remain practically as they were centuries ago; but the treatment of strangers is different. There is a great national desire to play the friendly host; and what remains undone is largely a matter of physical impossibility.

The passing of a single year in Japan has completely changed conditions. The nation is bestirring herself as no other nation in the history of the world has ever done. Basil Hall Chamberlain, a well-informed authority, declares that the Japanese boast that they have done in thirty or forty years what it took European states as many centuries to accomplish. "Some even go further," he says, "and twit us Westerners of falling behind in the race." "It is a waste of time to go to Germany to study philosophy," said a Japanese savant recently; "the subject is much better taught in the University at Tokyo."

The day I sailed from Vancouver, I met a student of the world who has traveled much in many lands, and in the course of his pilgrimage for enlightenment has spent much time in the land of the Mikado. "You are going to Japan," he said, "and you will either enjoy yourself very much, or you will not. Much depends upon yourself. There is much, no doubt, to interest the man who sees Japan as the newest among the nations of the world, but if you would know its full joys, you must not consider that you have gone to Japan at all. Imagine that you have traveled, not to another country in 1917, but that you have gone to the Greece of the Age of Pericles. Between you and me, the American understands ancient Greece much better than he understands modern Japan. I have thoroughly enjoyed the Mikado's country, because I always make myself imagine that I was in ancient Athens. I looked upon the Japanese of to-day as the Athenians of that distant day. At least, I thought that I understood them from that point of view, and I enjoyed being among them."

And as quickly as the steamer had pushed away from the pier at Vancouver, with the admonition of this man still in my ears, I read that young Japan does not fancy having its country talked about as "ancient Greece," as an earthly paradise, a beautiful cherry blossom and lotus land of quaint manners, usually the enthusiastic outbursts of a foreigner, if we may judge by the books that have come to us from travelers. "Why," asks young Japan, "not talk about our gigantic industries, our industrial enterprise, commercial talent, political sagacity, and powerful armaments, the real strength of a great nation,. and not the attractive exterior and surface? To talk only of the cherry blossoms indicates that you view us as a pretty weakling."

One day during the Pacific voyage, an American long resident in Tokyo, said to me, "If you stay in Japan six weeks, you may write a book. If you stay a year you may feel like writing a magazine article. But if you stay ten years you will feel incapable of writing anything, because it will all seem to be bewildering and you will realize or think that you realize you can never understand."

Six weeks in Japan! That is our plan as we leave Vancouver. During that time we shall travel much in a jinrikisha and try to be not one of those whom the Prophet Isaiah declared see and observe not. We shall try to unravel a few of the inconsistencies and incongruities, many of which doubtless arise from the fact that what was written about Japan last year or the year before is no longer correct. Whatever may come in the future, Japan is at present the most vitally interesting national experiment in the world. Although she has very recently presented herself as a candidate for world honors, Japan entered the race with a surprising handicap, which we of the West are too likely to overlook. One who knows the nation well says: "Japan has the advantage that her people can think as thoroughly as do the Orientals and then act on the results of her thoughts as decisively as do the Occidentals. To no other race in the world, as far as can be seen at the present moment, have both these gifts been given." But even these things are of no greater interest to us than the fact that we have reached the shores of Nippon. We are to see for ourselves and draw our own conclusions from what we see. Hasty conclusions, perhaps, but we are certain to have experiences that will abide in memory as long as we live. In many ways we are entering upon the most enjoyable six weeks of our lives.

The tourist agency tells us when we purchase our tickets from America for the Orient, that steamers sail in a bee-line from Vancouver to Yokohama, but we find in actual practice, for some reason or other, the steamer points its bow northward soon after leaving port and we sail towards Alaska, in exactly the route taken by steamers in summer for that part of the world. Then, apparently, when the commander thinks that he has ventured as close to the Arctic circle as his passengers will be able to endure, on account of the cold, he steers for the south coast of the Aleutian islands and skims along them, almost to the shores of Kamchatka, whereupon he drifts into the current and eventually arrives at Japan. An officer of the ship told me that, owing to the curvature of the earth, the ship gains about 600 miles, in the passage across the Pacific, by steering so far north. People who go down to sea in ships should not question the reason why, nor the routes taken. The commander is paid to do that worrying for us. It is the quickest route between America and Asia, this voyage consuming about ten days between Vancouver and Yokohama, allowing for the lost day at the 108th meridian.

We shall always be thankful that we arrived in the morning in Yokohama; the first impression will never leave us. There may be more beautiful spots in the world. Usually travelers give the honor to Nagasaki harbor, the bay of Naples, Hongkong, and several other ports scattered over the earth's surface. Yokohama is a thriving and bustling seaport, and seaports are notoriously not as attractive as the other cities lying further inland. Particularly is this true of all eastern countries, where the "taint" of Europe and America has come into conflict with the native life, achieving questionable results, because the best of the two races never seem to come to the surface and survive. But

Yokohama is the Westerner's first view of Japan. To him it is Japan! Not perhaps that quaint dreamland of the interior, but even American automobiles, English, German, and French shops, banks, and offices cannot deprive it of its natural character.

And on that first morning the beautiful mists of the sea seem to rise and disclose, like the rising of a curtain, the beautiful country as typified by one of its most prosperous cities. Off in the distance rose Fuji, one of the most photographed, painted, and embroidered and otherwise artistically represented spots on the earth's surface. To the Japanese it is a sacred mountain; to the westerner it is the most celebrated possession of the country.

During hours of preparation we may have fancied that we were a long time waiting, but we made haste after the steamer came between the two beacon lights that mark the approach to the harbor. She swung up beside a pier, and almost before we were aware of it we had entered our rikishas and we had become a part of that constantly moving mass of humanity so characteristic of the East.

Immediately we heard the clatter of hundreds of wooden shoes on the pavements, although close observation showed us that a large percentage of the people moved along noiselessly on straw sandals. We saw great troupes of girls in brilliant kimonos, many of them seeming to be carrying the future hopes of Japan on their backs. We even saw many girls of sixteen or seventeen years with one infant tied on their backs and another astride their stomachs. They seemed to be taking the whole family for an airing, and all seemed to be happy, as was proved by their smiling faces. Japan has been called the country of childhood, and our first glance at it seemed to make this description most apt, for we saw that even the older generation was enjoying itself in the most innocent and childlike pleasures, often enough with grandchildren strapped to their backs as they plodded along through the crowded streets. We saw hundreds of rikishas being drawn by wiry little brown men, who trotted along at a lively gait. Perhaps we had thought of this typically Japanese vehicle as being more ornamental than practical, but we soon change our minds after seeing it in operation. There are thousands upon thousands of these two-wheeled carts scattered over the empire, and they are not here for ornament, where so much seems for no other purpose than to please the eye and æsthetic senses of one who beholds it. Five minutes after reaching port we decide to ride everywhere. The fare is cheap. Ten or fifteen cents in American money will pay for the usual ride about town. And everyone else rides, so we soon feel that we cannot walk alone in a city of a half million inhabitants and inside of two hours imagine that we have been riding in jinrikishas all our lives.

We see hundreds of grave citizens in dark blue, purple or black robes and we see many Japanese in European costumes, which usually seem to be most inappropriate, for most of them scuff along in their tight shoes, evidently wishing that they had wooden or straw sandals and the conventional coat and trousers seem very ugly raiment by comparison to the graceful lines of the national costume.

Unbelievable loads are drawn or pushed on carts by two or three men. Everyone seems to be on the move. Everyone seems to be doing something for a livelihood, even to the most amazing occupations, as viewed through Western eyes. It costs more to live in Japan than it did ten years ago. With the general adaptation or at least a toleration of European customs has come a desire for greater comforts. The man who formerly lived on lotus bulbs, seaweed, and fish now experiments with healthier food. He desires a better home. He sees others of his countrymen prospering because they have adopted the foreign ways of living. If it is too late for him, he wants his sons to have opportunities which he did not enjoy. So he is straining every muscle to earn another yen. And the whole population of Yokohama seems to be doing something and doing it with speed rather than with the "don't hurry" and "don't care about time" manner of old Japan.

According to the last census there are about 800 Americans residing in this cosmopolitan city, where almost every nation under the sun is well represented. The majority of them are engaged in the export business and are in one way or another connected with the vast shipping industry between their own and the adopted country. America is Japan's best customer, and much that reaches our shores passes through this port, so that almost constantly there is a fleet of merchant ships lying in the harbor and they are the destination of an immense fleet of barges and canal boats which reach the warehouses and depots where produce arrives from inland. These waterways are spanned by picturesque bridges in all parts of the city, which is in reality divided into a large number of islands, although this fact is not apparent until one climbs the heights overlooking the harbor. But it is not the shipping industry, the commerce, nor even the fascinating shops, where silk goods and curios are sold by the thousands to tourists who tarry in port but one day, that first attract the eye of one who expects to remain for some days. First of all one must accustom himself to the picturesque humanity in the city streets; then gradually one drifts to the scenic splendors and finally to the shops or marts of trade.

The guidebooks will warn us that one of the pests of the country is the Chinese tailor. And it seems to me that old Won Lung is the most pestiferous of the crew. Of course Lung is the one I drew. He it was who took it upon himself to let me know what he thought of American tailoring, soon after I left the ship that brought me to Japan. The number of these celestial costumers in the Japanese empire is said to run away into the thousands, and the number is increasing every week, proportionate to the increased prosperity of the country.

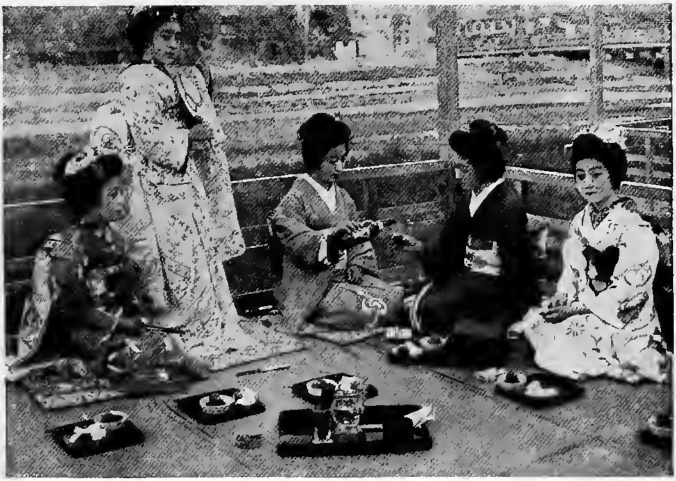
The Japanese will haul a cart all day, or pull a rikisha twenty-five miles over hilly roads between dawn and sunset for wages amounting to about as much as the American Pullman porter expects for a tip. He will wade in mud to his knees in the rice fields, comb the beach for clams, sea-weed, and other "edibles," after each outgoing tide, or brush gutters with bunches of twigs and reeds. But he lets the despised Chinamen do the tailoring. And the celestial improves his opportunity. It is true that prices are ridiculously low, compared to America, but this has not prevented the wily merchants from amassing much wealth. Some of them have large establishments in the principal cities and no longer haunt the footsteps of the newcomer; but they engage troupes of their countrymen to do the soliciting for them. It seems to be a part of their great scheme not to permit the stranger to land in Japan without selling him at least one suit of clothes.

The hotels of Yokohama are first class in almost every respect excepting this one. Either they are unable to keep the Chinese tailors out, or they derive a percentage from all business taken under their roofs. It might not be a bad guess to suspect the latter of being true. The Chinese tailors permit the newcomer to arrive at the hotel from the ship. Perhaps they even let him register his name at the desk before beginning the campaign. It is even possible to reach one's room without being attacked. But soon afterwards begins the pestering. Finally, in despair, one gives an order for at least one suit of clothes, and may pass beyond the hotel portals without having a tailor at his heels, reminding him that he is not well dressed.

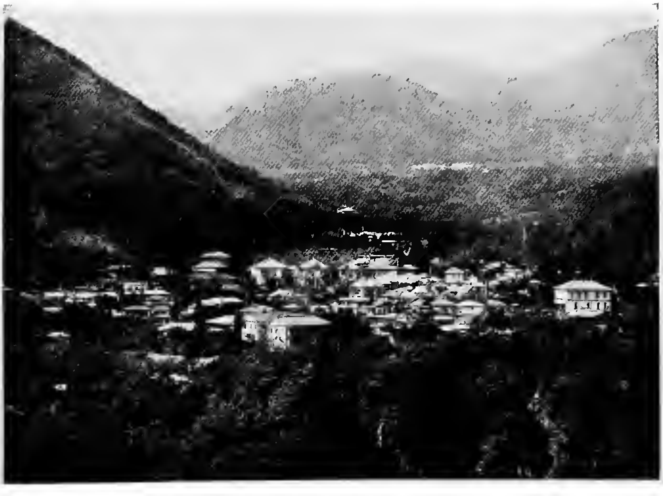
A Japanese boy who went with me to show the location of the room, after I had answered the "information for police" questions at the desk, required of all new arrivals, was accompanied by another, whom I took to be an old Chinese servant. That was my first glimpse of Won Lung. He entered the room when I did, bowed with his forehead to the floor as did the hotel menial, but when the boy left, old Lung declined to do so, and immediately began to spread his samples of cloth on the table.

He was my first Chinese tailor! I told him to get out, and he got out, but not more than five minutes later he tapped at the door and asked if I did not want to reconsider his excellent offers. I shut the door in his face, and actually reached a hotel rikisha without encountering another tailor. Apparently there is a "fraternity" method among them; I was one man's "prospect," and the others permitted him to pester me as much as he pleased, while they stood at a distance. When I returned to the hotel he was waiting at the gate. Soon began another tirade about the excellence of his silk pongee; and before a day had passed I let him take my measure for a suit, which was made to order for eight American dollars. He was prompt in his delivery. Probably his workmen toiled all night, for the next day he appeared at my door before I was ready for callers, carrying the suit wrapped neatly beneath linen covers. Inquiry among the other arrivals who came on the same boat proved that my experience was about the same as that of the others. Everyone had bought at least one suit of clothes within ten hours after arriving in Japan. So it appears that the Westerners who walk Japanese streets do not wear the clothing that they bring from the "fatherland," but appear costumed as a Chinese tailor thinks an improvement.

Our first real sight-seeing trip in Japan, after we had been "properly costumed," was to the heights overlooking Yokohama, at the foot of which lies



GEISHAS IN YOKOHAMA



MIYANOSHITA

Mississippi Bay, which is of historic interest to all the world and particularly to Americans, because it was in this beautiful body of water that Commodore Perry anchored his small American fleet when he came to announce to Japan that she was to discontinue her policy of isolation and that she was to take her place among the trading nations of the world. Yokohama was only a fishing village in those days, but Perry's visit completely altered her destiny, just as it altered the destiny of the entire nation. The cherry blossoms were still on the trees. The wistaria bowers were in full bloom. The scent of flowers was everywhere, as our rikisha men pulled us out of the hotel grounds towards what is popularly known as the "Street of One Hundred and One Steps." Arriving at the base of these rather unusual stone steps, we found that it was not a street at all, being merely a stairway leading to the top of the bluff. Tradition has it that this was Perry's favorite retreat, and now a teahouse has been erected at the summit. Seated beneath a wistaria bower, overlooking the roofs of the city and the great bay, a little geisha brought us tea and cakes, bowing to the ground as she almost reverently placed them before us and opened an album in which "the Honorable Alice Roosevelt from the Honorable Gentleman's country" had deigned to inscribe her name when she made "an honorable visit to our humble house."

One, two, three cups of tea! There we sat, with little Madam Butterfly, and looked out over the gray roofs of the great city. Her English was perfection compared to our Japanese, but we managed to converse without much hesitancy. And if the Chinese tailor is the pest of Japan, we soon realized that the vivacious and polite little geisha is one of its chief joys. Sometimes back in America we rather lift our shoulders when the geisha is mentioned. The missionaries tell us that she is a very wicked young person — or at least they formerly told us that. Perhaps the world is becoming more charitable, because we do not hear so much about her "wickedness" nowadays. Or perhaps the missionaries do not care to antagonize the Japanese people in this matter any more than they do in the matter of religion. Japan loves the geisha. In reality, she is the national entertainer, just as her name indicates, or more properly, "an accomplished person." She has been popular with the Japanese people since the ninth century, when it is recorded that a Japanese emperor took one of them to his arms and gave them the "social distinction" which they still enjoy. In Tokyo alone there are many thousands of them, and they are visited by all classes of people, or requisitioned for public and private entertainments beyond their own quarters. It is said that the Japanese people have never entertained a high regard for the late Kitchener of England, because, when he was being entertained by the authorities of Japan at a huge banquet, he declined to show any interest in the antics of the geishas who were called in to entertain around the banquet board.

Says one authority: "Whereas the geisha never forgets to be a lady, she takes care never to be mistaken for one." Primarily, she is a dancer, but her dances usually mean nothing and are very tiresome to the Westerner, who does not understand her pantomime. She is not always beautiful, and when she sings, accompanying herself on the little native guitar, she has a weird falsetto voice that is not wholly pleasing to the stranger in the beginning. But she is a bright and winsome little person, quite different from the women of much the same class in any other part of the world. Japan loves her and demands that she show qualifications for entertaining others before a license is issued to her. Then she may go along as she chooses, with no fear of consequences. She knows that the public opinion is with her rather than against her. Often she comes from good families, and she loses no caste to speak of, in later life, if she elects to marry and become the mother of children. In fact, it is considered a mark of "filial piety" for the daughter of an impoverished house to earn money for her parents as a geisha. We are told that the geishas are much more beautiful in other cities, but somehow we were glad that we saw the first one in the city in which we first set foot on Japanese soil. Also, it seemed amusing that we found her at a spot that should be a point of rather pious pilgrimage for an American. We asked her if she knew the story of "Madam Butterfly," because she seemed to be so like that little Cio-Cio-San whom we have all admired in the opera. But mention of the name brought a smile to her face. Also, she knew the much truer story of "Madame Chrysanthème," by Pierre Loti, which was so true that it was less popular with Western readers and audiences than the Long-Belasco story.

"No, Cio-Cio-San she not kill herself because the honorable American gentleman he go 'way," she said, laughing like a little minx. She knew what it was to be a geisha, and her English proved that she had a speaking acquaintance at least with the "honorable" species of whom she talked. Thus, along with the other accomplishments of guitar playing, singing, reciting, and dancing, this little person proved that she was a dramatic and literary critic,— a keener critic than those gentlemen who have praised "Madam Butterfly" for its realism.

After we drank and drank tea, another little person, apparently older than the first, came into the bower. Probably she had seen us enter and it had occurred to her that the "honorable Americans" might like to see the decorations in her house for her little brother. May fifth was the date of the Boy's Festival, and everything had been arranged in honor of the young man two days in advance. So we climbed some rustic steps to a tiny house, set in a tiny garden of rocks, dwarfed evergreens, and potted plants, and entered a Japanese house for the first time. Servants removed our shoes, and we climbed up to the grass matting and tried to squat on a pillow, where tea, cakes, and smoking materials were quickly placed before us. On a long bamboo pole in front of the house a big red kite in the shape of the carp was flying in the wind. And there were several carp decorations in the otherwise furnitureless house. The carp swims upstream and overcomes the obstacles in life, so it is held out as a model for the Japanese boy to follow. On little shelves in the form of stairs were placed miniature figures of samurai warriors and gods that seemed to derive from the Buddhist faith. Then our little hostess, the "very accomplished lady," related to us the story of this and that personage reposing on the shelves, the stories that are related to the boys during their festival season. And I am afraid, if the truth must be admitted, we almost forgot that we had climbed the hill because Commodore Perry's fleet visited Mississippi Bay in 1853.

It is a habit of travelers to take the first train from port cities, after they have passed their baggage through the customs and enjoyed a glance at the principal streets. The temptation is strong to do this at Yokohama, because Tokyo lies only an hour away by trolley or train, and Tokyo beckons to the newcomer as does Cairo to the new arrival at Alexandria. Yokohama, however, will repay the tourist for a two or three day visit. The city vibrates with life that is a mixture of Oriental and Occidental. The hotels are comfortable, and what foreigners know as Theater Street, with its picturesque banners, will prove exhilarating, while the Benten Dori is one of the principal shopping districts of eastern Japan, and it is an excellent place for the beginning of the eternal prowling into quaint curio shops that provides one of the pleasures of the Japanese tour. Here are thousands of articles calculated to catch and hold the eye of the foreigner; and likewise calculated to suit all purses. One may spend a fortune in a few hours if he linger over antique bronzes, ivories, woodcarvings, prints, cloisonné, and damascene; but he may likewise pick up pleasing souvenirs for a few cents, articles that will be treasured after the return home. Yokohama is a clearing house for much of the interior country, because it is visited by more travelers than the other cities. Most of the great steamship lines plying between the China coast cities and the Philippines stop for a few hours in Yokohama before plunging into the Pacific for the long trip to America. Their passengers rush ashore, and sometimes such streets as the Benten Dori are clogged with their rikishas, while the shops are jammed with Europeans and Americans. So-called "steamer days" are not the preferable times to visit curio shops; but it is a fact nevertheless that supply follows demand. Yokohama is a city abounding in shops that draw artistic tribute from inland cities, towns, and villages. It is not a city of temples, shrines, or points of great interest to persons who follow guidebook itineraries; but it is a pleasant city in which to prowl into strange nooks and corners, and the environs are attractive to one who is first accustoming his feet to Japanese streets and his eyes to the panorama of Nipponese life.

CHAPTER II

When thou art near a Buddhist temple or pagoda, thou shalt not commit any unclean act.

— JAPANESE MORAL MAXIM

The people be verie superstitious in their religion.

— WILL ADAMS

This nation is the delight of my soul.

— ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

ONE of the fascinating excursions of the entire empire is that from Yokohama to Kamakura, a railway journey of less than an hour. It is well to make this one's first jaunt "inland," although when he arrives at Kamakura he finds that he is still beside the sea. This, however, is one of the pleasant surprises to the tourist on many occasions in his travels through Nippon. The coast line is so irregular that a few hours' ride usually will bring one to some rocky cove or bay, some sandy beach, or at least a view of the sea from the top of a mountain or hill. One finds on this first railway journey something of the delights of travel by steam in Japan; it is recommended to strangers as a foretaste of many pleasant hours during which the lotus land may be viewed with profit from a railway carriage window, if, fortunately, one has arrived without prejudices and does not expect to be whisked across country at the speed attained by great transcontinental limited trains in America.

It seems to be almost incredible to recall that the first railway was built in 1872, over the short eighteen-mile strip between Yokohama and Tokyo. In 1877 the old capital, Kyoto, was connected with the new. Now there is a steel web that stretches out in every direction over a large territory, and in no country on earth does the railroad seem to be more popular. Construction is said to average about $30,000 a mile in the level country, and as high as $100,000 a mile in the mountainous districts. Some of this construction ranks among the amazing engineering feats of the world, for look where one will, in almost any direction, there are peaks of mountains on the horizon, like so many upturned funnels. It is alike difficult to scale them with a railroad, or to penetrate their bases. And rates on these railroads operated by the government are very low. There are all of the modern conveniences to be found on an American train, including politeness on the part of trainmen, which goes much further than our popular notion of civility. The Japanese trainmen speak English — in fact, so do all other Japanese with whom the tourist is likely to care to converse — and there are enough of them to look after the passengers' comfort. The nattily uniformed "boy," who is called that even by the Japanese themselves, is a sort of ideal Pullman porter, who attends to his duties as no Pullman porter would think of doing, and smiles his sincere gratitude for the few coppers that a thankful passenger gives at the end of the journey.

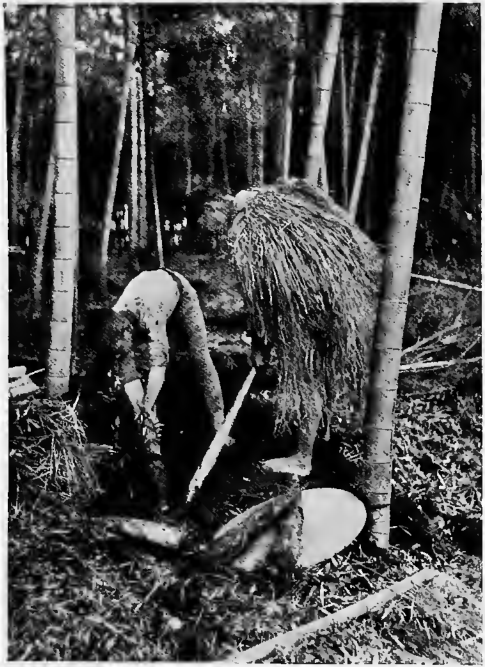
The sleeping car service is excellent and much like that in Europe and America. We received much better and much cheaper meals on the diner than we had been receiving at some of the hotels, although the latter were usually so good that no complaint could be made concerning them. It was rather amusing, with recollections of American diners fresh in our minds, to see such items as mutton curry and rice, fifteen cents; beefsteak with French peas, seventeen cents; and coffee, five cents, on a menu card. Shades of Pullman and the diners that bear his name, which the American railroad executives insist are run at a loss!

There are first, second, and third classes and as the second and third classes constitute 98 per cent of the traffic, the management might be forgiven if it paid little attention to the first class accommodations, which are patronized chiefly by a few wealthy Japanese and American trippers. But the railway is not lax in this matter. There are fine observation cars, libraries of English and Japanese books, and a general "service" which we never know at home, and Japanese railways netted the government $20,000,000 in one year! And the entire system has been evolved since 1872!

After the arrival at the station at Kamakura we were soon back in the even more popular vehicle for travel, the rikisha, and soon we were winding through picturesque native streets, where many of the school children saluted us with a friendly "Ohio," which seemed quite familar, but which in reality meant "good morning." Jap boys and girls seem to spend much of their time in school "out of doors." They are forever met on the streets in little processions, going along two by two with their teachers, where they are being taught by observation as much as from books.

The important history of Kamakura dates back to the end of the twelfth century, when Minamoto Yoritomo established the shogunate in the little village that had been the home of his ancestor. It was here that he laid the foundation for the feudal system of government that endured well into the nineteenth century. Kamakura, an inconspicuous village until 1192 A.D., suddenly became a wealthy and populous city, although there is little remaining to-day to bespeak its former glory. Groves of trees and a rural landscape prevent it from being a mere plain like that sandy stretch on the Nile where travelers know that Thebes once raised its walls. The plain here was thickly populated in Kamakura's day of grandeur, and there were temples, palaces, and residences for perhaps a million people, as is claimed by some historians. Fires, civil war, and the founding of the capital city at Yeddo reduced the city to ashes and lured away the inhabitants of the beautiful city, quickly reducing it to its former status of a fishing village, as it was before it was smiled upon by an early ruler. Kamakura was also a rendezvous for many Buddist zealots, who extended their propaganda to other provinces from the capital city. But even the temples here seem to be weatherbeaten and neglected. The day of the metropolis as a city of official or religious importance has passed, never to return. Of the latter, however, there is something remaining that will continue to draw the attention of the tourists. This is the noble bronze Buddha, which ranks among the best images of the divinity to be found anywhere. The roof has been torn from over his head; but he sits there eternal, majestic, and serene, in a grove of trees, and seems to completely fill the beautiful valley. Travelers flock to the base of his monster lotus cup, and, attracted by him, are so enamored of the surroundings that they frequently remain for several days, if time schedules will permit.

As we arrived on the outskirts of the ancient military capital, we plunged into beautiful green groves, lit up here and there with flowering shrubs. It was a beautiful ride, this May day, as we skirted little streams, each converted into waterfalls and pools, with bordering walks, stone lanterns, and gardens.



DIGGING BAMBOO ROOT

DIABUTSU AT KAMAKURA

We were pilgrims, and we were going to pay our respects to an idol,—not one of those ancient creatures of faded splendor in Egypt, which seem to look up sadly and say: "Once men worshiped me, but they worship me no more," but an idol, whose image is worshiped by a large percentage of the human race scattered over the world.

Suddenly the rikisha boys stopped, lowered the cart, and we stepped out. The region was still bowered with trees overhead. There was nothing but a few weary pilgrims in the roadway to tell us that we had moved in the right direction. But a few steps further on revealed all, the majestic, great bronze Buddha, sitting enthroned in his colossal lotus. There was a noble, restful, and thoughtful expression on his burnished face as we beheld him, towering among the tree-tops in the morning sunlight. Certainly, as the books told us, here was the most majestic among Japanese sacred effigies in bronze. The Buddha's body is now a blackish green, which grows lighter toward the head, which seems to be of shining copper. The eyes, which are naturally very large, are said to be of pure gold, and there is a boss on the forehead which is said to represent the jewel which shed a light over the universe and which is of pure silver and weighs thirty pounds.

He sits on a socle of crude masonry about five feet high. Exact dimensions are something over forty-nine feet in height, ninety-seven feet in circumference, or perhaps its gigantic size may be better appreciated when one realizes that its thumb is three feet long. There are 833 curls on the forehead, each nine inches long, supposed to represent the snails, which, according to the legend, once crawled up the form of the original Buddha to shelter his bald head from the burning sun. The image was cast in 1252 A.D. by Ono Goroyemon. It was made of large plates of bronze, about an inch in thickness, and so soldered together or brazed that it is barely possible to see where the plates were joined. We ascended to its head on ladders built for the purpose, and in the noble forehead saw an altar with sacred vessels and other accompaniments of service.

The idol is now under the protection of the Kotoku-in monastery, whose monks hover about the place and are not a particularly prepossessing crew as they solicit aid for the preservation of their god. At the entrance they have a sign which reads: "Stranger, whoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary, remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and should therefore be entered with reverence."

In this splendid old town, well worth a visit, even with some deprivation, a lack of accommodations for foreigners, which would seem quite appropriate to so much of decay and ruin, we were pleased to find an attractive modern hotel with broad balconies looking out toward the sea, good food, attentive service, and everything that might tempt a stranger to linger. But after luncheon and a brief rest, we went along to the famous Temple or Hachiman, not more than one mile removed from the ocean. This structure, beautifully set away among lotus ponds, over a drum bridge and in a landscape sure to please the tourist, is one of the notable temples dedicated to Ojin Tenno, the Japanese God of War, worshiped by Shintoists and Buddhists alike, because the Buddhist priests, endeavoring to bring the people to their own faith without destroying the native beliefs, declared that Ojin fulfilled all godly requirements, in him being incorporated the eight incarnations of a Bosatsu. There is nothing in the temple of particular interest to tourists, excepting a collection of ancient armor, but the place is well worth a visit to a notable shrine of this most interesting figure in Japanese history.

Ojin, the fifteenth Mikado, according to native history, was the brilliant son of the amazing Empress Jingo, who is famous in history for her military exploits as well as her unequaled beauty. According to the legend, popularly accepted as authentic history in Japan, Ojin's father died before he was born. Empress Jingo had dreamed of the "land of gold" across the channel from Japan; also she had learned that Koreans were responsible for a revolt in her own dominions. She had urged her royal spouse to invade this land of plenty, but he declined to do so and promptly died, whereupon she assumed the powers of regent for her unborn son, buckled on manly armor, and subjugated the neighboring kingdom, guided by the prenatal spirit of the future war god. Temples were erected to Ojin, and in time he received the canonical title of *Hachiman.*

There are several other temples and shrines in the neighborhood, but most of them are inferior to those to be seen later in other cities, so the tourist usually spends only one day at Kamakura and towards evening returns to Yokohama or proceeds to Miyanoshita, the beautiful mountain resort, a short railway journey of less than thirty miles.

We thought we had seen the past give way to the present when we visited the ancient Heliopolis in Egypt and observed that the people were more interested in festoons of electric bulbs, roller-coasters, and merry-go-rounds than they were in the obelisk that marked one of the former temples. But we found a match for Heliopolis in Japan. When we arrived at Kozu, a sleepy little city through which the railroad passes, so that the sight of the train makes the principal "sight" of the day for the eager-eyed inhabitants, we looked off in the distance and saw a beautiful range of mountains, which we were assured were well worth visiting for a few days. So we sent a message to the manager of the Fujiya hotel that we would like to be his guests, up there in the pine-surrounded villas, assuredly one of the most beautiful spots on earth, with its combination of natural ruggedness and the Japanese skill for adapting rugged nature into gardens. He replied that he would not only like to take us in, but that he would send his automobile for us, which would make the climb much easier than to ascend by jinrikishas, where the services of several pushers would be necessary, making the ride rather tedious and uncomfortable.

By automobile to Miyanoshita in the Hakone mountains! It was a rather alluring invitation, so we waited, and sooner than we had expected a big American touring car came in sight driven by a nattily uniformed Japanese chauffeur. He must have slid down those hills as a coaster takes a precipice in the Canadian Rockies. But we entered his car, and inside of two hours we were deposited at the threshold of the Fujiya hotel, a hostelry that ranks high among all hotels in the Far East, and which is alike popular with Americans who come to Japan for an extended period and for those English residents of Shanghai, Hongkong, and other Chinese cities, who enjoy its exhilarating pleasures for their vacations in May and June.

It was little after dusk when we arrived, so it was quite impossible to form any adequate impression of the beauties of the place. The hotel is set high on one mountain, looking over deep ravines where great streams of crystal water go splashing into the valley from the mountains on the opposite side. There were splendid balconies overlooking the ravines. We could hear the water splashing all night, and we caught the delicate perfume from the wealth of flowers that banked the hotel in great foamy masses, like soap bubbles; but we did not see until the following morning. When we did see, we could not fully realize that it was all true,—that we had not been transported overnight to some fairyland of the artist's imagination. But no, there were other guests, many of them, and some of them told us that they had stayed on and on, loath to leave the place for fear that they might never come again, and that they might never again be so comfortable in such remarkable surroundings.

"My business is chiefly with foreigners," said the Japanese hotel manager. "I have lived much in England and I imagine that I know what comforts and luxury Western people enjoy; it is my life's work to place all of these things in the beautiful surroundings left me by my father. The Japanese people come here, too, but there are many native inns for them, and I would like it just as well if they understood that I am catering to Western patronage."

And there is little wonder that this patronage comes to him. One of these days this spot is likely to be as well known to Americans as Lucerne or Naples, because the manager says that his guests are his best advertisers. Anyone who has spent a day and a night at Miyanoshita wants to become a press agent and tell all his friends and acquaintances all about it and suggest that they give it a trial visit, which will certainly convert them to one way of thinking. Here are served six or eight course dinners or luncheons, such as one would expect at a fine European hotel or at a Broadway hostelry in New York. Yet every scrap of food must be transported up the mountainside for many miles. Here is hotel furnishing that is a beautiful blend of the comforts of the West with the luxuries of the East. And the prices are reasonable One may live here for four dollars a day up, — no more than would be charged at a lake or mountain resort within ten minutes from an American railway. It seems impossible, but it is a reality. Little wonder that the manager of the hotel sent an automobile for us! He has four of them and he likes to surprise his guests into admiration.

An automobile at almost any other place might not seem to be incongruous, but Miyanoshita is one of the homes of the sedan chair in Japan. Early in the morning, as we looked out from our window balconies, we saw that the sedan chair carried by four coolies, or the kago, usually patronized by natives, and consisting of a hammocky chair suspended on a pole carried by coolies, is the principal vehicle of the village. It seemed like a sudden peep backward into ancient Rome. But they were not Romans in the sedan chairs! Some of them were natives, but many of them were Americans. We soon made inquiries and found out that if we were to see anything worth seeing, it would be quite impracticable to walk, although there are several short trips around Miyanoshita that will appeal strongly to the pedestrian. There is a fine road leading up to the village from Kozu, but there is only a trail beyond, up into the mountains. Sometimes there are great bowlders across the path. Sometimes there are no bridges over deep caverns. It takes goats or humans accustomed to goat trails to keep to the path and remain on foot. A sedan chair with four coolies may be engaged for two and one-half dollars a day, so, inside of the first hour after the arrival of a tourist, he is likely to find himself in these very comfortable vehicles, and soon becomes accustomed to the jog trot or the slow tramp of the men who carry them along as if they were feathers, over trails, crags, and mountain precipices that make him dizzy to contemplate after he has arrived back at the hotel, safe and sound from a day's travel.

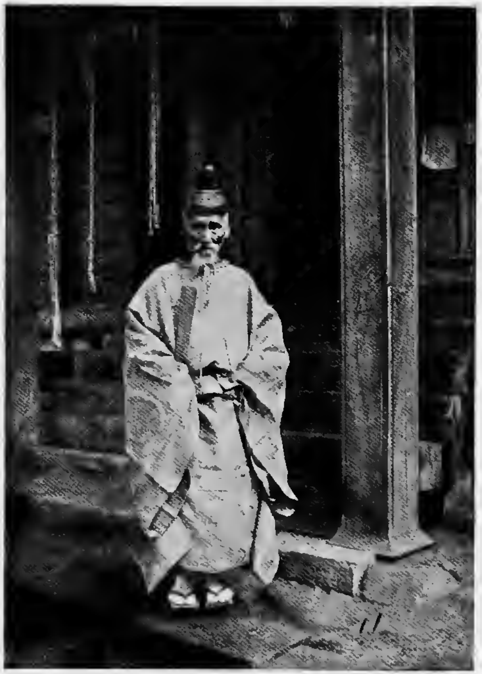
One of the principal "sights" of the region is

Fuji-san, the white-capped sacred mountain and sleeping volcano, which is one of the most attractive and most talked-of mountains in the whole world. Perhaps the best view is from Hakone. At least, that was the view we preferred for our lunch hour, so we started off early, on the morning after our arrival, and by nine o'clock the coolies had us high on their shoulders and were stepping along up the mountainside on an eight-mile hike. We went over high crests, bordered by giant cryptomerias and pines, and we halted for rest in groves of flowering azaleas fully thirty feet tall. At length, when we reached the highest point, we looked and saw Fuji in all its glory, the sides sloping off almost to the water's level, unobscured by other mountains, and we saw beautiful Lake Hakone, off up in the clouds, a villa nestling close to its shores, which we were told was the inn where we would have lunch, and a beautiful emerald-green point of land supporting a magnificent villa, which we were told is an imperial residence, where the Mikado and his empress come almost every year to enjoy a few days of perfect rest in the contemplation of nature's beauties.

Other guests, natives and travelers from foreign countries, arrived at the hotel, as did we, in sedan chairs or kagos. The courtyard was full of these "vehicles" when we reached the big tori and lanterns near the gate. By automobile one day; by sedan chair the next! It was another of those constant incongruities and surprises of Japan. After lunch, served on the balcony straight under Fuji, beside the waters of Hakone, we took big boats, propelled by two oarsmen, and we were rowed to the opposite side, a distance of some two miles, after which the men again raised the poles of the chairs to their shoulders and we were off to the sulphur springs, popularly known as "Hell's Kitchen." Another name given to the mountain by the natives is the "Place of Paint Pots," because there are holes in the rock where the bluish mud is seething and boiling tempestuously, giving off clouds of steam that are laden with an offensive odor. Chunks of pure sulphur litter the ground, where they have been shot into the air. This volcano seems never to have cooled, and there is a roaring and sputtering going on day and night that make the stranger glad he is held high above the ground during his short visit.

The descent down the mountain is the only barren spot we have seen in Japan so far in our travels. The earth and rocks are hot, because the steam is breaking out at almost any point, a few feet from the carefully made trail.

Here again, however, we noted another reminder of the "artistry" of the Japanese workman. In reality, he is not a workman but an artisan, because he contrives to make everything beautiful.



SHINTO PRIEST

STARTING OUT FOR A "DRIVE"

The little kitchen utensil or toy that may not cost one cent in American money is flecked with a spot of paint representing a flower or bird. The ugliest landscape is made beautiful if the native has anything to do with it. There is no vegetation on this hot mountain, but in clearing up the rocks for the trail the laborers have frequently piled them into pretty designs, with little caverns and artistically formed grottoes for the escape of steam. Often the trail is at least a rock garden. And rock gardens have a ranking for sheer beauty with flower gardens in Japan, — where people know the pleasures of gardening as perhaps nowhere else on earth.

On these mountain slopes toward Miyanoshita one may observe another example of Japan's thought of the future. Here were ancient battlefields. The ravines are full of monuments to ancient warriors whose names are scarcely known to the Japanese themselves, of stone Buddhas, other idols, and the Shinto shrines of more modern days. In the centuries during which the territory was ravished, first by one warrior and then by another, because, it must be recalled, the famous Tokaido, the road of stone between the old and new capitals, passes near by, the vegetation was damaged or totally destroyed. Some of the mountains are treeless. But the giant cryptomeria thrives here, as almost everyone who has seen photographs of Fuji will recall, because the peak is usually shown rising between the branches of trees or beyond their trunks. So here goes on the work of aforestation, similar to that of Germany or Switzerland. There is some sort of a reward to him who "plants a tree," and it is possible from some of the peaks to look out on other mountainsides, where miles of the young trees have been set out "for the future."

Miyanoshita is famous for its inlaid woodwork, some of which is very beautiful, and has caused much admiration and much imitation around the world. The principal difference between the product here and that to be found elsewhere, is that Miyanoshita work is more beautiful than others that resemble it and it is so cheap that one thinks he must have misunderstood the price when it is spoken by a native merchant. For example, I picked out a cabinet box, which looked like mosaic. It was about seven inches long by five wide and three high. All the outside was covered with geometrical designs of light and dark wood and must have taken hours and hours of labor. The merchant opened the box and revealed another box of perfect fit and of the same design as the one outside. Then, still another inside the second. Hours of labor may have passed into a full day. I asked the price and found that it was mine for six American cents. It seemed a shame to take it from its owner for this price, but the merchant bowed profoundly when I placed the pennies in his hand and seemed glad of the money. "This season there have been fewer tourists than usual," he explained, "so business has been pretty bad." And I thought that the more tourists who visited his shop — the poorer he would be. But he probably knows his business. The Japanese merchant usually does.

CHAPTER III

The Japanese woman does not seem to belong to the same race as the men! Considering that heredity is limited by sex, there is reason in the assertion: the Japanese woman is an ethically different being from the Japanese man. Perhaps no such type of woman will appear again in this world for a hundred thousand years: the conditions of industrial civilization will not admit of her existence.

— LAFCADIO HEARN

FROM our first excursion into the country we returned to Yokohama, and after changing trains we found ourselves approaching Tokyo within the hour. The great Japanese capital is spreading so rapidly in all directions, the territory between the two cities is so densely populated, that one barely knows when he leaves the environs of one and passes into the suburbs of the other. Every little patch of land along the railroad track is under cultivation, or has a tiny Japanese house upon it. Even upon precipitous hillsides the little cottages are as thick as swallows' nests under the eaves of a barn. These hillsides have been so terraced that they are cultivated, and at the early season of the year are bright with vegetables and grain.

Like no other people in the world, no doubt, the Japanese know how to make the best use of a little strip of land, even transplanting a few sprigs of wheat or barley in every available few square inches of ground. If it be unnecessary to convert it into a place for raising eatables, they make it a place of beauty. Going from Yokohama to Tokyo, we saw little back gardens, not more than one square yard in size, made into beautiful miniature parks, with bridges, pagodas, ponds, and fancy rock work, over which dwarfed trees hung as in their natural state in the larger gardens of the parks or in the country. What impressed us most, however, was the immensity of Tokyo, which very likely the foreign world does not fully appreciate.

In point of population the capital city does not equal London, usually looked upon as the world's metropolis, but the stranger in Tokyo is more impressed by the area of the capital of Japan than of any other city on earth. Usually the total area is put at one hundred square miles, and the guidebooks differ, according to the dates when they were printed. With some of its suburbs, it is over two hundred square miles, while the city proper, surrounding the ancient castle, which is now the royal palace, has a total area of thirty-seven square miles. In this area reside about two million people.

The newcomer imagines that they are all on the streets that he chances to cover on the day of his arrival; but he continues to cover more miles and miles of streets, all seemingly more or less alike, on following days; and there seems to be no diminishing of the number. Yet only the native streets are crowded. In some of these the people live in their tiny houses, packed together like fish in a box; but the new streets, of which there are miles and miles, are beginning to take on a different character. Those around the palace grounds, for example, look like streets in the suburbs of Berlin. New Tokyo is becoming very European, or American. Perhaps the latter would be more correct, because there is a closer contact between the better class Japanese and the American than with any other nationality. We are Japan's best customer, buying more than twice as much of her as any other country. Many store signs in Tokyo are printed in Japanese and English. In fact, Tokyo prides itself on being quite "American," which means that its people of the official, social, and trading classes adopt what they like of our ways and customs — on the surface when they are observed by foreigners — and they reserve the right to think as they please and are "Japanese" again when they reach home from their places of business, or when they have a day or an hour of leisure.

"Tokyo" is derived from two words meaning East Capital. It was a fishing village of no importance down to the fifteenth century, when a man named Ota Sukenaga built a castle on a hill, strongly fortified it, and fought with his neighbors until he became their acknowledged master. Then the shogun built a castle in the same location and set about building a city in the surrounding reedy swamps. He drained the marshes and dug canals which to-day make the capital almost a Japanese Venice, as there are sixty-five canals of pretentious size, which, with their numerous arteries, enable large junks to pass to almost all quarters of the city and deposit merchandise at the doorsteps of the warehouses. These canals are spanned by over five hundred bridges of more or less ornamental design, adding to the attractiveness of the city.

When the influence of the shogun began to wane, the city was threatened with extinction as a stronghold, but when the Mikado came here to make it his official residence, soon after his "restoration" in 1868, when he decided to begin to make Japan a nation of consequence among the great nations of the world, the glory of the "City of the Tycoons" became greater than ever, and there is every reason to believe that it is destined to become one of the great capitals of the world — if it is not that already.

No city on earth has survived greater disasters. Several times fires have left the capital a heap of ashes. The executives who sit in the seats of the mighty call these fires "blessings in disguise," for they have enabled the builders of New Tokyo to do away with the crooked, narrow lanes of the older streets. As fast as fire sweeps through a district, it is rebuilt with wider streets in straighter lines.

This is all right for the men who sit in executive seats and lay great plans for the city's future — and there is nothing too ambitious for these men to conceive — but it works a severe hardship upon the people. Still, the people of the capital have so much greater liberties and privileges than were formerly granted them that they seem to be happy. And one readily understands this appreciation of the privileges of the present when he recalls that in an earlier day, not so far distant, it was the fashion of noblemen to try their new swords by hacking off the heads of commoners whom they chanced to meet in the street. Even so much as to look up and catch the eye of a member of the noble or military clan was a crime punishable by death. So, after all, the personal liberty of to-day is rather extensive.

Natives of Tokyo have a horror of fires that can scarcely be appreciated by the people of American cities. The statistics show that there are about seven hundred big fires a year in the city, and as these frequently wipe out two thousand houses in a single blaze, owing to the rather flimsy native style of architecture which calls for paper and wood, they have reason to be terrorized by the mere mention of the word. The first afternoon and evening after our arrival in the capital we had two occasions to witness two characteristics of the natives of Tokyo: their terror of fires and their almost terror and reverence for the imperial family.

Being dragged along in jinrikishas, not far from the hotel in which we were duly registered as guests, we were approached by a policeman, who told us to hustle out of the conveyance and hike back against a stone wall, on which there was a light iron railing. The crowds were surging up and down the pavement and we soon were aware that something unusual was about to happen, even in this city of unusual happenings. We inquired what was the matter and were told that the emperor and empress had been taking an afternoon drive in the parks and were now returning to their home at the palace.

Now, in a city the size of Tokyo and on a thoroughfare of great width, it seemed that there was room for the emperor and empress to go their way and for tourists to do likewise. But we were in Japan and did not know. We tried to remonstrate with our rikisha men, but they trembled under the watchful eye of the policeman. Jammed back against a stone wall, we braced our feet on the bottom stone to get a peep at the Mikado and his wife. But we were no sooner braced than the rikisha men groveled again and jerked our feet from the stone, fearing more trouble. The stone belonged to the extensive park railing of the imperial palace grounds. Although we were three moats removed from the abode of the emperor, even the stone was sacred.

In a few minutes, however, there was a whisper, but no shouting, for that would have been vulgar.

The royal couple were coming. Every man and boy in the streets took off his hat. When the imperial pair came along, they were fully an eighth of a mile away and quite surrounded by guards and cavalrymen.

We lost fully twenty minutes of time, were obliged to stand fully fifteen minutes with bared head in a cold wind, and we were obliged to pay our rikisha men for the time wasted. But we had "seen" the Mikado and the empress, and when we reached the hotel we mentioned the fact and were told that we were indeed lucky.

The first evening we were in the capital we ventured far away from the hotel in the rikishas. One can travel twenty miles and still be in "the heart of the city." Suddenly we saw a shot of flame in the sky. The mobs in the streets began to run as if they were being chased. Finally, our men were obliged to walk slowly. Then a policeman came up and stopped them altogether. There was a fire, perhaps ten miles away, but as usual the people were terrorstricken. In a few minutes it might become a stampede, and thousands of houses might be in flames. After about fifteen minutes of waiting, with no good results, and observing the mobs going helterskelter in all directions, we sent the men to the nearest police station and asked for permission to go home. We were not traveling toward the fire, and if it traveled toward us we did not care to wait for it. The men came back and reported that the police officers had said: "Please wait one more five minutes." So we did, and then moved along in the excited throng. After perhaps fifteen minutes of pulling and tugging, the men brought their two-wheeler beyond the "danger line," where the people knew nothing about the fire. We found out later that when there is a fire men are sent through the streets as far as a mile away, blowing horns and warning people that they had better come out of their houses and make ready to run, if the wind is in the right direction.

The guidebooks usually describe Tokyo as an "overgrown village that sprawls over an entire county." A writer of more elegant phrases, may refer to it as "a city of magnificent distances, without the magnificence." There is no night life, say the guidebooks, and this is true, in a measure, if measured by Western standards. There is no street in Tokyo that corresponds to Broadway, with its groups of theaters and restaurants, cabarets and hotels. The large Imperial Theater, overlooking the entrance to the palace grounds, attracts large crowds and should be visited by all strangers in the capital. Here modern dramas are performed in Western fashion, audiences and actors sitting on chairs, instead of upon the customary straw matting. The repertoire is extensive, and as it is posted a week in advance in the hotels, one may select evenings devoted to such European authors as Shaw, Brieux, Gorky, or Maeterlinck, or more interesting performances when the program is divided between East and West and when the acting ranges from modern realistic methods to the old style Japanese, in which the traditions call for posturing and constant use of the falsetto voice, sometimes not pleasing to Occidental ears. In the neighborhood of the Imperial, however, are widesweeping boulevards and parks, instead of the narrow, densely populated streets that one hopes to find in an Oriental city. It is a decorous audience that goes to the national theater. It enters the portals with a solemn vow to be "educated" or instructed; after the last curtain falls, it enters limousine or rikisha with a solemn mien that seems to indicate duty fulfilled. The stranger drives back to his hotel. Verily, Tokyo is a city without night life to one who sees it only in this limited district.

There is the surprising paradox, however, that the Japanese residents of the capital do not stay at home a-night. They wander forth in great numbers, but one unacquainted with their wanderings must have the services of a guide to take him to the places where they congregate. In Tokyo are thousands of tea-houses, not brilliantly illuminated palaces corresponding to metropolitan restaurants in other countries, but frequently in quiet nooks and corners in side streets, overlooking canals.

The Japanese gentleman is satisfied to pay an evening call to his favorite tea-house, where he sits quietly sipping innumerable cups of the hot green beverage, while chatting with groups of friends and listening to the weird strains of the samisen, native guitars, and voices of the geishas. It is not the intoxicating, noisy night life of the West, but it affords a peep at the Oriental substitute for midnight cabarets and frolics devised to entertain the masses. In the neighborhood of groups of these tea-houses one may find a native theater, where the performance is in the ancient manner and even more interesting to the visitor than the modern experiment at the Imperial. Occidentals will be invited to leave their shoes at the door, with the sandals that have been slipped from the feet of the natives as they entered to take their places on straw matting, instead of chairs.

It is interesting to observe that there is rivalry between the actors of the Imperial theater and the geishas. The latter are firmly of the opinion that they are the legitimate and logical theatrical entertainers of Japan, and they seek to do in the native theaters all that is attempted by male actors elsewhere, particularly in the enactment of ancient and historical dramas. It makes no difference that they are little girls. They play all sorts of men's parts, grisly old warriors, samurai, as well as princesses and coy maidens. When they do not think that they look sufficiently "wicked," they put on masks, those grim papier maché things which are conspicuous in museums and art stores, as relics of the dim past. One night we saw a young princess who really had evil designs upon a gentleman who thought he loved her. She did not make herself sufficiently plain to the audience that she was a vampire, and there was nothing in her words, excepting lofty flights of rhetorical poetry, so she tied on a devilish mask and the audience knew that the young man had better beware.

In Japanese poetry drama, and art there is a deliberate aim not to "tell all the truth," one placing himself open to severe criticism if "too much is told." The audience wants much left to the imagination. A suggestion of an idea or thought is considered much better than the elaboration of that thought. In art, sometimes a single brushstroke from a master is much admired. In poetry, a three-line stanza of seventeen syllables. In drama, a posture in front of a screen.

When the actor is unable to arrange all of his or her clothing properly, two youngsters with black curtains over their faces rush to the stage from the wings and do the adjusting. If they have their faces covered, the audience is not supposed to see them, and the audience waits to be thrilled by the beautiful picture.

At the Imperial theater there is a gigantic re-

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volving stage, similar to that in the Century theater in New York and the Coliseum in London, permitting one scene to be set up while another is being enacted, a matter of vital importance in a country where performances run for five or six hours without intermissions of any length.

"This is modern," we commented to an authority.

"Modern in Europe and America, yes," he replied; "revolving theater stages have existed in Japan for over a century at least and doubtless much longer."

It is true that the official world goes to the theater incognito, reserving patronage for the classical *No* dance which has the sanction of royalty and which to the average European or American is deadly dull, as it lasts for hours and consists of posturings which cannot be understood by the laymen, corresponding to the Greek drama or what is known as grand opera in the Western world.

The Westerner usually satisfies curiosity by riding to the amazing Yoshiwara one evening, a district that has no counterpart elsewhere on earth, and which is not a credit to young Japan, so progressive in other directions, but seemingly still in feudal times in its regulation of the social evil. Much has been written about it, either by Christian missionaries or educators from the West, and usually it comes in for a round condemnation by foreigners; but it is doubtful if foreigners who have not visited Japan are aware that such an institution exists anywhere. The fact remains, however, the Yoshiwara flourishes and will continue to flourish. In other respects the government is very sensitive to criticism of any kind. Vice crusades have been sweeping over Japan, as they are sweeping over other countries. They will continue to do so, no doubt, for the Empress of Japan is lending her imperial patronage to many movements which a member of the ruling family would not have countenanced a few years ago. For example, we saw her at a Red Cross bazaar in a public park. But when the government interferes with the Yoshiwara, that is another matter. The Japanese people will not permit any meddling.

This unique institution has flourished in Japan for upwards of three hundred years; but there is no likelihood that it will be abolished for many years to come, and all the references to "Hell's Kitchen" by the missionaries have no effect upon the Japanese people. They adopt Western notions concerning many things. They wear European clothes when attending to business, they sit in chairs at foreign-style hotels and restaurants, eat with knives and forks instead of chopsticks, if foreigners are looking, and there is the veneer of Western civilization over everything in the larger cities. It is also true, however, that if one scratch that veneer he finds the pure Oriental; and one of the most conspicuous scratches is the Yoshiwara.

It is amazing to the Westerner, because it is nothing more than a vast district of the imperial capital of Japan given over to public prostitution. It is not on a side lane or river front, but in one of the conspicuous parts of the city. Here approximately six thousand girls are confined for immoral purposes. They range from the age of seventeen to twenty-five and as a rule are picked for their pretty faces in all parts of the Japanese empire, to contribute to the vices of the capital. Even this fact would not be so surprising to the Occidental, if there were any effort to keep the matter comparatively quiet. But instead of maintaining any veil of secrecy, the Yoshiwara is one of the most popular retreats of the city for all classes of people. In a country where caste seems to count for everything, it lowers nobody's standing in the community to be a frequenter of the Yoshiwara avenues.

This is one of the most popular promenades in the city, after the sun has set and the electric bulbs are glowing in thousands of Japanese lanterns, hanging from beautiful stone balconies, artistically arranged amid the cherry trees, which are planted in the middle of the street, as in famous European boulevards. Here one meets all the world in the evening. Staid and stolid Japanese gentlemen and their wives and children, schoolboys, young girls out for an evening's airing, and all classes and conditions of men from cart-pushers to lofty officials of government and university people. The character of the crowd is no less remarkable than a spectacle they have come to witness. Worshipers of beauty in all its forms, the Japanese people of both sexes pass and repass the dens of femininity, apparently admiring the brilliantly costumed girls with pretty faces, as they would admire azaleas or wistaria bowers in the parks. Go through the Yoshiwara streets in the daytime, and the great stone structures are closed and their "show-cases" are boarded up. It is a district of decorum and quiet. But when evening begins hundreds of male attendants pull down the boards for the waiting throngs of people who are waiting in the tea rooms of adjoining streets. Almost without exception, the entire fronts of these buildings are cages, not unlike those in which wild animals are exhibited at circuses, only they are cleaner and more luxuriously furnished. Behind the bars the thousands of girls drape themselves into beautiful postures around screens and jardinières, sometimes within a few inches of the street, sometimes pacing back and forth in their dens, swinging their magnificent kimonos into classical posturings and drapings, much admired by the crowd, much as the same movements are admired at the native theaters.

The girls in each establishment wear kimonos of the same color, and the exhibit in each cage changes every few minutes, as the hours pass on to two o'clock in the morning, when the cages are again boarded up and the lights turned out. There is an ample supply of exhibition material, as the number of inmates never falls below three thousand, according to recent statistics.

The girls are "protected" by the government, which assumes a "paternal" interest in them. A girl is duly registered at police headquarters when she enters the Yoshiwara, and she may not leave the district, even to call on relatives, or visit her home, without first filing an application and obtaining permission to do so from the police department. It is said that she may no longer be confined in the public cages against her will, owing to recent legislation, which technically permits her to leave, after telling the police that she desires to do so. But here arises the awful question of returning to the men who control her destiny the money with which she was purchased.

And here arises one of the great fundamentals of Japanese life and living — filial piety, which is really at the foundation of the state religion, Shinto, which is still more powerful than Christianity or Buddhism in the empire. It is said that the great majority of the girls in the Yoshiwara are "leased" or contracted for from their parents for a term of years. If they return to a holier life before the expiration of the time agreed upon, they might be required to pay back a percentage of their purchase price, although certain technical bills have gone through the legislature declaring that any girl who enters the Yoshiwara has dehumanized herself and is not liable for debts contracted, nor obliged to pay debts to anyone who is foolish enough to permit her to contract them. But such things are "scraps of paper" in Japan. The good-looking daughter will often bring enough money into a family by entering the Yoshiwara for two years to materially assist her poor parents to live in comfort for a greater length of time.

The girls themselves receive practically no money, as whatever is their share of the proceeds of their trade goes to their owners and to their parents. The girl receives little more than her clothing and a certain kind of food prescribed for all alike. Doubtless, in many cases, they are making great "sacrifices" for love of parents. "Barkers," as they are known in American amusement parks, patrol up and down in front of the bars, or sit in coops provided for them at the side, and in strident voices yelp about the particular attractions of this or that girl who happens to attract the eye of the pedestrian. They sing out her physical charms, and stolid Japanese elders and youths stand by and listen attentively.

From the Western point of view it is all so amazing that the reader will readily understand that only one-tenth of what actually happens can be told. And it might not be of interest at all, this reference to the Yoshiwara, were it not for the fact that this district and its denizens are a principal feature in the capital city of a country that is popularly supposed to have emerged from the feudal state — and has done so in a measure in almost every department of public or private activity.

The Yoshiwara had its beginning in 1614, during the Tokugawa shogunate, and was located at that time in a swampy area, overrun with reeds and rushes, which gives it the name, meaning literally "Rush Moor," which, spelled in a certain way in the Japanese language, is cleverly twisted into meaning "Good Luck Moor." In 1626 all the *Jigoku* (literally Hell Women) of Tokyo were moved into the district and they have been there ever since; and one who talks to a few Japanese believes that they will be there until the crack of doom. Time after time the district has been entirely destroyed by fire, the last time in 1911, after which there was lively discussion as to the suppression of the place. Some people believed that it was the time to stamp it out, because it lay in ruins. But their voices soon became silent in the matter, and instead of being suppressed, the Yoshiwara district soon blossomed out with palatial buildings, and at the present time they would rank in attractiveness with the commercial buildings in the business section of the ordinary American city. The entrances are of marble, bronze, rare carved woods, and often there are visible from the streets alluring vistas of Japanese gardens, with bridges, ponds, pagodas, rustic tea gardens, and a profusion of flowers and flowering shrubbery.

The Yoshiwara is particularly gay on the dates of all of the numerous festivals and celebrations in Tokyo. So the people flock to the district by the tens of thousands to enjoy the street displays, apparently never thinking of the real meaning of it all, or not caring. The institution was in Tokyo when the greatgrandfathers of the present generation were born, and it is all as much a part and parcel of Tokyo life as the air breathed by the inhabitants of the capital city.

CHAPTER IV

In spring, Tokyo is converted into a capital of flowers.

— T. Philip Terry

It is because the Japanese were truly moral in practice, that they required no theory of morals.

— Motowori

NIGHT is not the most interesting time in Tokyo, however, and after a sojourn there of several days one realizes that what has pleased him most have been the experiences of the daytime. Perhaps he wandered to the parks, where the constant procession of people was passing over bridges, beside ponds, feeding the goldfish, admiring the flowers, or approaching shrines and temples. Here the stranger comes into contact with a great urban population of Japan, as will not be possible elsewhere. There are many foreigners in the capital city, but the native population is so vast that it is possible to go about the streets for hours without seeing one person of "pale complexion," which the Japanese scientists have now decided is the "sport" of the species, while the yellow man is the normal human being. One may wander into the constantly recurring flower exhibitions, for example, where the pageant of the season passes, to the gratification of prince and peasant. It begins with what is known as the Imperial Cherry Blossom Garden Party in April, or even with the flowering of the plums in March. Each month has its flowers, for as the cherry blossoms begin to fall like snowflakes and carpet the ground with a layer of pinkish white, the wistaria bowers burst into flower and one realizes that the pageant is passing. The wistaria does not begin to fade before the peonies arrive, then the iris, later the chrysanthemum, and in autumn the maples.

The time and places to view this flowery pageantry are duly chronicled in the newspapers; but if not made known in this way, the Japanese people would know them instinctively. In couples, trios, quartets, and in large crowds the excursionists of all classes go to admire the flowers and leaves and one gladly goes with them. One day we went to see a splendid collection of peonies in flower. Many Japanese men and women were there, having arrived in French automobiles, on the box and at the wheel of which sat uniformed footmen and chauffeurs. And the admiring throng ranged along the social scale to the coolies who had brought passengers to the gate in their rikishas, and then spent a few pennies of their meager earnings for the pleasure of feasting their eyes on pink, red, purple, and white petals. Some of them tarried long beside a single flower, viewing it from various angles and commenting upon it as if they were art connoisseurs and stood in front of a famous painting. We could not understand what they said, but we could tell from the expressions of delight and the smiles on their faces that they were enjoying themselves in the presence of flowers as much as did the fine ladies of the automobiles.

Sometimes parties numbering a hundred or more of these workingmen, who are low in the social scale, leave the city on Sunday morning to go far into the country to view the flowers or maples on a certain hill, where they are reported to be particularly beautiful. Oftener, the residents of Tokyo remain within the city limits to view the floral pageantry as it passes. They know at which park or garden the wistaria is blooming, where iris is gorgeous, or where the chrysanthemum plants of a thousand flowers are blooming, and the sentimental lovers of nature go there with as much expectancy and delight as one might find from an American audience assembled to hear and see a celebrated drama, opera, singer, or actor.

It chanced that we arrived in the wistaria season, so one of the first delights recommended to us by hotel keepers, rikisha boys, and everyone with whom we came into contact was Kameido shrine, which is surrounded by a wonderful wistaria garden. The courtyard of this shrine is a vast arbor, suspended from the trellis of which are great lilachued pendants from one to two feet long in the closing days of April and the first of May. Thousands of admirers of the flowers had arrived before us, and they were walking slowly around the garden or resting on little wooden benches from which they could behold so much beauty in silence. As a rule, the Japanese are not demonstrative in their pleasures or sorrows. As the soldier's mother is taught to receive the news of her son's death without permitting a movement of her face to betray her grief, so she and her son come by early training to take their pleasures with no excess of outward emotions. There was a low murmur when a breeze shook the bamboo framework and the violet petals fell in showers to the ground or to the heads of the crowd. But even the more enthusiastic flower-lovers spoke in a hushed tone. Raised voices were those of magicians or souvenir vendors who were endeavoring to attract the attention of the holiday crowds.

The shrine is set among groups of unimposing dwellings and shops and is approached through an ornamental gate and over the famous Drum bridge, which seems to have caused a click from the camera of almost every stranger who ever entered the garden equipped to take photographs. It is almost as celebrated in modern Japanese art as Fuji itself. Perhaps the majority of ladies from the West who chance to wear high-heeled shoes will not care to venture over its half-moon hump, which is considered an act of devotion to the divinity to whom the shrine is dedicated; but there are attractive pathways around the edges of the pond to the left and right of the bridge. One will be amused to watch the constant procession over the bridge and will find pleasure in strolling through the purple canopies of flowers, which are reflected in the water so perfectly that a photograph of the bridge and its environs on a clear day may be turned upside down and convey almost the same impression of beautiful Kameido gardens. Before the bridge are the stone dogs of Fo and to the right of the shrine is a big stone tortoise, the "symbol of ten thousand years," which is supposed to have given the garden its name, i.e., *Kamei*, to sit like a tortoise, with the feet stretched out behind.

But Kameido, with its quaint beauties, is barely considered one of the great sights of the capital city and is usually made merely an hour's stopping-place in the journey to or from one of the better known tourist retreats such as beautiful Uyeno Park, where visits may be made to the Imperial Museum, the Mortuary Temples of the shoguns, and ponds, gardens, Zoölogical Gardens, lantern groupings, the bronze Buddha, inferior to the one at Kamakura, and much else that well consumes an entire day.

At Uyeno, however, there is much to remind the stranger of European or American cities, and he is less likely to have the rarer experience that comes from elbowing thousands of foreign peoples, who seem to be going their own way with no thought of being observed. The various points of interest, however, are reached by traversing splendid avenues of stately trees, which give one the impression of being in the country and assures a realization of Tokyo distances, if the full realization has not come before reaching the park.

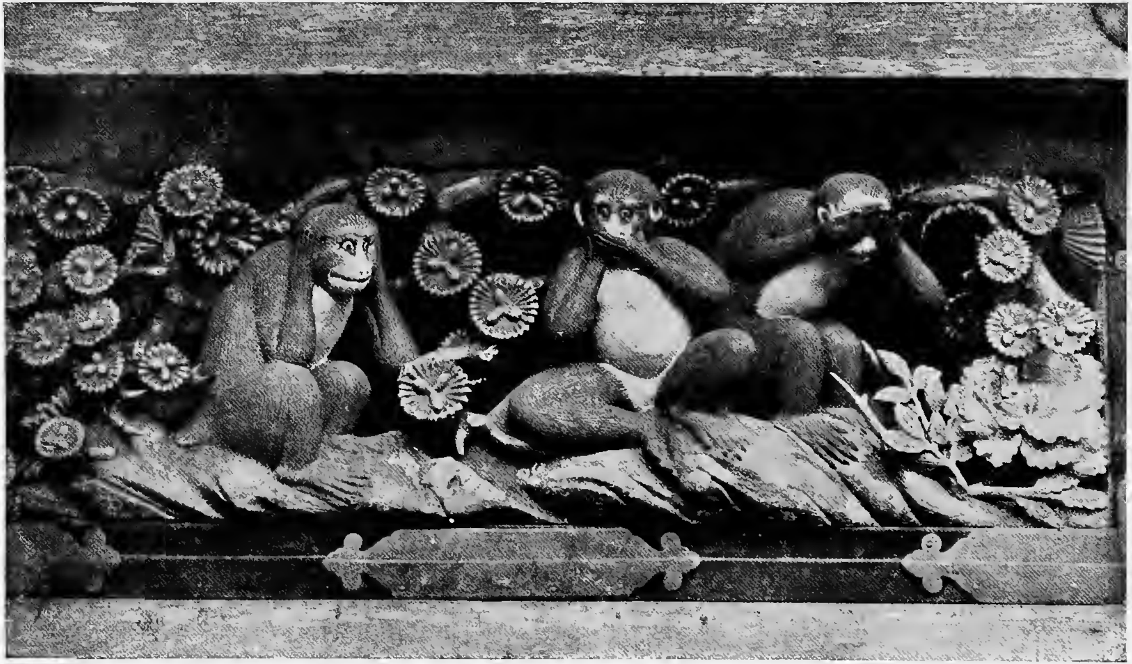
The Imperial library corresponds to the Library of Congress in the United States, in that it has upon its shelves a copy of every book published in the vernacular, and is at the head of a chain of libraries scattered throughout the empire. The Zoölogical Gardens will not detain the average visitor long, but the Imperial Museum is well worth a visit of sufficient duration to make it unnecessary to visit most of the others encountered on the tour of the other cities. It contains upwards of two hundred thousand objects, a large number of which are personal property of the Mikado. The visitor will be particularly interested in the splendid collection of relics relating to the early history of Japan and to the collection of prehistoric objects. Rooms devoted to collections of minerals, stuffed birds and animals will appeal only to the special student, however, and while there are a few almost priceless objects of art, such as wood carvings, screens, porcelains, color prints, and religious figures, they are to be met with in museums elsewhere in Japan and beyond Japan, and the great out of doors is vastly more attractive to one who prefers to see Japan and the Japanese, leaving museum cases and shelves to more leisurely going students. The Mortuary Temples of the shoguns are worthy of a visit, although a hasty one will suffice, as there are much more beautiful shrines ahead in the itinerary of the Japanese tour.

Perhaps the six weeks' tourist in Japan may profitably spend a week in the capital city, but he should not remain longer, even should the spell of the fascinating country begin to take hold of him. There are more attractive cities to be passed along his route, and he will regret it if obliged to cut short the number of days in Kyoto or Nikko on account of having lingered too long in the metropolis. A week is ample time in which to visit all the routine or guidebook sites and sights, including those already mentioned, beautiful Shiba park, with its temples, shrines, lakes, mausolea, tombs, gardens, pagoda and forest of stone, and bronze lanterns, Asakusa with its banners, theaters, and likely as not the best place to observe the urban natives enjoying themselves, the Okura Fine Arts Museum with its treasures of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean antiquities, and scores of lesser points of interest that will be encountered along the various routes or suggested by rikisha boys, guides, hotel managers, or others with whom the stranger comes into contact, willingly or unwillingly receiving suggestions for a day's program.

One day I told a rikisha boy to take me for a ride. Usually, under such circumstances, they may be depended upon to take their patrons to a favorite park, a shrine, temple, garden, or tea house. They rather pride themselves on being "guides" and feel complimented when intrusted with a commission to select a route for a ride, expecting and deserving a small reward for the extra service at the end of the trip. In the big city of Tokyo I was curious, perhaps, to see where the boy would take me. What would be considered worthy of a visit from a foreigner? Or would he select the easiest road with no hills and a good pavement? Any doubt of the latter, however, was quickly dispelled as he started off on a trot and wheeled the vehicle over a route that was difficult to travel. I told him that I wanted to be back within two hours, so he lost no time, but trotted at a gait that might have been expected after some urging, and at length turned into a large yard where no grass was growing, where tall trees waved their branches over a single cottage, and where small groups of people were standing in silence, as if contemplating a great tragedy. I followed the boy and he took me around back of the cottage, where there was a simple shrine of rather roughly hewn rocks. A few flowers were in a vase and a few of them were scattered over the stones. The boy snatched off his hat, knelt, and bowed his head to the ground. And while he was there others followed his example. A school teacher came with his class of boys and knelt in the middle of a half circle as they recited prayers. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, so I had no opportunity to ask for an explanation from the "guide" until we had reached a narrow wooden balcony from which the interior of the cottage was visible.

"This is the home of General and Countess Nogi," said the boy, as a guide in Italy might have pointed to the high altar of a cathedral. "It was here that they committed 'the honorable death,'" as he pointed to little rooms seemingly no larger than the closet of a large American residence. The crowd surged past us, — pilgrims from other towns and cities, residents of the capital, young and old. Most of them knelt on the balcony as at the little shrine behind the cottage. It was away back in September, 1912, that the double suicide had taken place, so not one person had come with promptings of morbid curiosity. "General Nogi is now a god," said the rikisha boy. "With his wife he wait here until he hear the big gun that say the Mikado is leaving his palace for the tomb. Then, with his wife, he made *seppuku* and they go to another world to serve the great Master. He was very brave man and now he is a god."

The suicide of General Nogi and his wife was the most remarkable survival of the ancient samurai practice in modern times and attracted attention throughout the world. To the outside world, however, the news item excited a single day's comment; in Japan the "brave act" is raising the hero to almost the status of a "god," as indicated by the rikisha boy. Shrines have been dedicated to his memory, and for the purpose of worship elsewhere, as the tourist will note later at Shimoneseki, where his birthplace, a simple cottage, has become a sanctified spot, and it is not unlikely that the little home in which he lived in Tokyo and which he left to the Japanese nation will in time become one of the celebrated fanes of Japan. Suicide by strangulation or the "belly cut," once officially sanctioned and encouraged, is no longer looked upon with favor by the ruling classes of Japan; but it still makes an appeal to the masses, as the supreme test of human bravery. Lafcadio Hearn has discussed the practice and its history in his "Japan," under the chapter "The Religion of Loyalty," to which readers may refer for information on the subject. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan" cites notable and celebrated instances, many of which have survived in the native drama, and some of which are making their appearance in native motion pictures. In one drama at a Japanese theater I saw three persons commit hara-kiri inside of forty minutes, each



"HEAR, SPEAK, SEE NO EVIL"—NIKKO TEMPLE

one putting on ceremonial robes, adjusting the sleeves and knife, according to ancient requirements, before delivering the inevitable rhetorical speech which came before the thrust of the weapon of destruction. And it was all intensely interesting to the audience, vastly more so than the little sociological knots that are tied and untied in the Europeanized drama at the Imperial.

For example, one of the most popular subjects for dramatic treatment in all the legend and history of Japan is that of the Forty-seven Ronin, whose tombs may be visited in Tokyo. The graves are not far from Shiba Park, in the grounds of a somewhat uninteresting Buddhist temple. The anniversary of their death is celebrated by a great festival each year from April 6 to May 5, during which time the place is thronged, incense is burned on the graves, and it is considered a devotional act to leave one's visiting card on the graves, so that they are often covered with the white slips of paper.

The story of the Forty-seven Ronin, however, has gone far beyond Japan and now has become the subject of a literature Oriental and Occidental. During periods of strict censorship in Japan the story has been forbidden under its ancient name, as reflecting upon the rulers of the country. At such times, however, it has survived, and the heroes are known as the "Loyal League," thus Dickens' "Chiushingura, or the Loyal League," is a translation of a popular play founded on the story. There are Japanese authors who go so far as to build their fictions on the lives of any one of the Forty-seven "brave men," apparently knowing the public taste too well to venture far away from the general subject. In "Things Japanese," Basil Hall Chamberlain condenses the story as follows:

"Asano, lord of Ako, while at Yeddo in attendance on the Shogun, was intrusted with the carrying out of one of the greatest state ceremonies of those times — nothing less than the reception and entertainment of an envoy from the Mikado. Now Asano was not so well versed in such matters as in the duties of a warrior. Accordingly, he took counsel with another nobleman named Kira, whose vast knowledge of ceremonies and court etiquette was equaled only by the meanness of his disposition. Resenting honest Asano's neglect to fee him for the information, which he had grudgingly imparted, he twitted and jeered at him for a country lout unworthy of Daimyo. At last he actually went so far as to order Asano to bend down and fasten up his footgear for him. Asano, longsuffering though he was, could not brook such an insult. Drawing his sword, he slashed the insolent wretch in the face, and would have made an end of him, had he not sought safety in flight. The palace — for this scene took place within the precincts of the palace — was soon in an uproar. Thus to degrade its majesty by a private brawl was a crime punishable with death and confiscation. Asano was condemned to perform hara-kiri that very evening, his castle was forfeited, his family declared extinct, and all the members of his clan disbanded; in Japanese parlance, they became Ronin, literally "wave men," that is, wanderers, fellows without a lord and without a home. This was in the month of April, 1701.

"So far the first act. Act two is the vengeance. Oishi Kura no Suke, the senior retainer of the dead Daimyo, determines to revenge him and consults with forty-six others of his most trusty fellow lieges as to the ways and means. All are willing to lay down their lives in the attempt. The difficulty is to elude the vigilance of the government, for mark one curious point: — the vendetta, though imperatively prescribed by custom, was forbidden by law, somewhat as dueling now is in certain Western countries. Not to take vengence on an enemy involved social ostracism. On the other hand, to take it involved capital punishment. But not to take it was an idea which never entered the head of any chivalrous Japanese.

"After many secret consultations it was determined among the Ronin that they should separate and dissemble. Several of them took to plying trades. They became carpenters, smiths, and merchants in various cities, by which means some of their number gained access to Kira's mansion and learned many of the intricacies of its corridors and gardens. Oishi himself, the head of the faithful band, went to Kyoto, where he plunged into a course of drunkenness and debauchery. He even discarded his wife and children and took a harlot to live with him. Thus was their enemy, to whom full reports of all these doings were brought by spies, lulled at last into complete security. Then suddenly, on the night of the 30th January, 1703, during a violent snowstorm, the attack was made. Forty-seven Ronin forced the gate of Kira's mansion, slew his retainers, and dragged forth the high born, the chicken-hearted wretch from an outhouse in which he had sought to hide himself behind a lot of firewood and charcoal. Respectfully, as befits a mere gentleman when addressing a nobleman, the leader of the band requested Kira to perform hara-kiri, thus giving him the chance of dying by his own hand and so saving his honor, but Kira was afraid and there was nothing for it but to kill him like the scoundrel that he was.

"That done, the little band formed in order, and marched (day having now dawned) to the temple of Sengakuji at the other end of the city. On their way thither, the people all flocked out to praise their doughty deed, a great daimyo whose palace they passed sent out refreshments to them with messages of sympathy, and at the temple they were received by the abbot in person. There they laid on their lord's grave, which stood in the temple grounds, the head of the enemy by whom he had been so grievously wronged. Then came the official sentence condemning them all to commit hara-kiri. This they did separately in the mansions of the various daimyos to whose care they had been intrusted for the last few days of their lives, and they also were buried in the same temple grounds, where their tombs can be seen to this day. The enthusiastic admiration of a whole people during two centuries has been the reward of their obedience to the ethical code of their time and country."

People in any country are more interesting than things. Just as the rikisha boy's devotional enthusiasm for General Nogi's home, or the crowd's interest in the festival of the Forty-seven Ronin at their graves, was more interesting than the cottage or the tombs, so at the mausolea in Shiba Park I had the fortune to chat with a man whose words impressed me more than did the beautifully carved temples, lanterns, and symbols of immortality, the stork standing on the back of the tortoise, an art symbol which has now gained favor in Western countries. I was seated in the shade of a big stone lantern, as a Buddhist bonze with shaved head passed, his eyes almost closed and his hands clasped. Apparently, he was going into the temple to perform his office, but he hesitated a moment and said in perfect English: "It is a beautiful day and I trust you are enjoying yourself in Shiba Park. You are a stranger? Yes, I thought so; this is your first visit. It is a beautiful place and I trust that you will care to come again."

A Japanese Buddhist priest and English almost without an accent! Probably I betrayed surprise, as he continued to chat about the weather and the beautiful landscape surrounding the temples. "I learned to speak English when I was a little boy," he explained, discerning my thoughts, "and it has seemed as natural for me as the native tongue. I trust that I shall never forget a word, because it is a language that pleases me, French, German, Spanish, or Italian not so much." I indicated a seat beside me at the base of the big lantern and he sat down without hesitation. "Yes, if you have the time, I shall be pleased to chat with you a few moments. American, are you? I have reason to be very grateful to America, because that country sent me the best friends I have ever had in my life. How I have loved them! And yet I feel that they think me ungrateful. It is very sad, but something over which I have no control. It convinces me that there is something that guides our destinies and we are but instruments, that is, I would be convinced if I had doubts in that direction. I was a poor little fellow in Formosa and a couple of Christian missionaries took me into their home, giving me opportunties for bodily comforts, food, and education that might have been denied to me all my life. I was as their own son. I learned to speak English and I rarely went among my own countrymen, because I was so happy with my good friends. I cannot recall that they urged me to become a Christian, but I dwelt in a Christian household and was surrounded by all of its beautiful influences. Little by little I absorbed the Christian spirit, as it radiated from the lives of my good friends, and as I came to study the Christian gospels and asked for explanations of what was not clear to me from reading, I realized that I was a Christian. I was enrolled among the converts of their little mission and I am certain that few Christians are more zealous than I was in those early years of my life. As I became older, I began to make comparisons between Christianity and Buddhism. I studied prayerfully and asked for guidance. I am obliged to admit that I was not happy. There was a spiritual longing that was not satisfied. But I still considered myself a Christian, and admitted that I was a student of comparative religions. Gradually, I cared more for the religion of my fathers than for the gospel of Jesus Christ, but I feared that it was because I did not understand. So I studied the Christian gospels as I had never studied them before. Also, I studied Buddhism. And with what result? I not only became a Buddhist, where I must admit I have found spiritual rest and satisfaction, but I have become a priest and will devote my life to the practices of the religion of Buddha. My dear friends will never understand perhaps, but I wish they might not consider me ungrateful."

With these words, the young bonze arose and went away, with a repetition of his first remarks about the beautiful weather and his hope that my first visit would not be the last to Shiba Park.

Another day I had the pleasure to spend several hours with the "Grand Old Man of Japan," Baron Shibusawa, at his home in Tokyo, which like himself seems to be a combination of European and native style — or perhaps better than that, the two homes are distinct, each perfect in itself and connected by a long passageway — most appropriate for the dwelling of a man who outdates modern Japan, of which he has been one of the prime leaders, and goes back into that historical past, when the nation was isolated from the world, and had very little communication with other nations and cared to adopt none of their ideas of life or living.

It was said by practically everyone with whom I talked that there is no man in unofficial life in Japan so powerful as Shibusawa. Probably he was the best known banker and industrial operator in the empire, previous to his resignation from various boards, yet he was not rich, according to his own words, and there was no reason to disbelieve him.

"I was much amused when an American paper referred to me as 'the Pierpont Morgan of Japan,'" he said, after he had received me in his European drawing room. "I believe it may be said that I have assisted in the making of many Pierpont Morgans of Japan, for doubtless you have heard that a great many Japanese have become immensely wealthy in the last few years, and I do not hesitate to say that I helped some of them; but I protest to you that I am not rich myself. You see that I have no beautiful mansion like an American millionaire; I have had too many uses for my money."

And then after some more typically Japanese exclamations about his "poverty" and "my humble dwelling," we quickly got down to "brass tacks." I had a big question on my lips. I wanted to ask it of some one in a position to give me an answer that would reflect not only the opinion of official Japan, but of the people of that country. Was there any reason to suspect that relations between Japan and the United States were anything but friendly? Was the contrary talk aired by politicians for a purpose, or was there a foundation? At least did the Japanese people believe there was a foundation for the insistent newspaper and magazine gossip to the effect that sooner or later the two nations were likely to sever the friendly bonds of many years' standing?

The son-in-law of a famous Japanese general had assured me only two hours before that no man in Japan was better informed upon these subjects than Baron Shibusawa, and that no man was looked upon as being a more inspired spokesman for his country's side of any national subject. "The government informs him of what it is doing and of what it intends to do in the future," said this gentleman. "You will be fortunate if the baron consents to answer your question."

So I asked the question, and Shibusawa gave me two surprises. The first was that he was willing to speak freely, and the second was that he had no hesitation in declaring that there was much cause for apprehension, and that under the circumstances, the people of both nations should be extremely careful of what is permitted to transpire in the future, lest it lead to further misunderstandings, which might cause the fatal rupture.

"Sixty-three years ago," said the Baron, "Japan was opened to the world by an American. Many of us are old enough so we do not forget that fact, and we appreciate it. I believe that the best people of Japan like to think of America in a paternal manner. But Japan is a nation and America is a nation. Men, generally speaking, are strictly moral in their relations with other men. Individuals are usually moral. This may not be said to the same extent of governments. The interests of the country come first, so far as the nation is concerned. America, since the time of George Washington, has practiced morality in its dealings with other countries, and I am sure that Americans despise the manner in which the belligerents of Europe came to blows. Judging by what is happening now in Europe, I am led to believe that nations will not observe their strictly moral obligations towards others so much in the future as they have done in the past. In many ways the commercial interests and many of the national ideals of Japan and America are the same, so there should not only be permanent peace between these countries, but they should compel other belligerents to bring about peace.

"I have been asked three questions:

"1 — 'How can peace be maintained between Japan and America?'

"I should say by making the national standard of morality as high as the personal standard.

"2 — 'How about militarism in Japan?'

"I have already said that too much militarism will sap the life and strength of any nation.

"3 — 'What will be the attitude of Japan towards the rest of the world in China?'

"I believe that Japan believes in maintaining the integrity of China, and I also believe that presently there is to be the greatest trade war in the history of the world in China, owing to the vast population of that country and the changes that are taking place there at the present time.

"I believe that Japan will demand no preferential in that territory, although it is often claimed that she will do so. For my part, I think I have a most agreeable solution of the great commercial problem there, so far as it concerns Japan and America. Let the moneyed interests of both countries combine in a partnership arrangement. America has much capital and Americans are good business men; but Japanese are also good business men and they understand the East.

"Now, to come more exactly to your question — is there any reason to suspect that Japan and America will not always remain as friendly as they are at present? I have no hesitancy in saying that there is much legislation and proposed legislation in America that gives offense to the Japanese people. There is the ever recurring subject of the Japanese laborers in California, upon which everyone seems to be free to speak. We have our 'yellow press' in Japan just as you have in America. The 'peril' of which we hear so much is just as much exaggerated here as it is with you. I am constantly urging all the business men of Japan not to jump at these comments and reports, and not to believe all that they hear and read, until facts are sifted and we know exactly the truth and where we stand. That is the whole matter in a nutshell; neither nation and none of us should be careless about these sensational reports. We should be careful of what we do and of what we say — extremely careful. There is always looming the possibility of conflict. Labor stands on one hand and capital on the other. And as I have said governments are not so moral as individuals."

As we chatted about "business," as Shibusawa liked to term it, we sat in his "European house," but when he had said what he was willing to say about America and Japan, he invited me to go to his Japanese house, so I took off my shoes and left them on the threshold of the "Europe," while he led the way through a long arcade of folding screens which looked out on the magnificent garden which is the pride of every Japanese gentleman.

It was Sunday, and as banks are closed and no business is transacted on that day in Japan, "as a courtesy to foreigners," as it had been explained to me many times since my arrival, he said there was no hurry, and he leisurely took me through his Japanese house and the garden. It is a great, rambling one-story structure, which, despite its size, impresses one as being made of paper, like other Japanese houses. The various apartments are covered with straw mattings, on which none would be so vulgar as to put a shoe, and divided by numerous sliding and folding screens. There are no chairs, but cushions are placed in every room, which from the Western point of view is severely plain and devoid of furnishings. In some rooms there was a single vase with a flower or two, while in others there was a bronze urn or statue. Servants followed us from room to room, as soon as we stopped for a few moments, and placed tea and cakes or sweetmeats before us in lacquer trays on the floor. In almost every room there was a jardinière with smoldering charcoal for lighting cigarettes, which are almost constantly smoked by almost every member of almost every Japanese family, men, women, and children.

Finally we reached the garden, which is a vast landscape within perhaps an acre of ground. There are great hills capped by tufts of dwarfed pines, ponds filled with lotus and bordered with iris, stone lanterns, great bronze cisterns, and on a hillock is a completely furnished antique Korean house, which he had taken apart and set up exactly as it had been in the Land of the Morning Calm, where its present owner has large gold mines. Here tea and cakes were again brought by servants, who also carried huge paper umbrellas to hold over our heads, as we went back to the house, because it had begun to rain.

"When I bought this place I was well in the country," said the baron, "but you see the city has encroached upon my solitude and now goes far beyond my humble home. Look beyond my garden there and you will see six or eight huge smokestacks. At first I did not like the idea of factories coming so close to my garden, and then I thought it over and now I am glad that they are there. They belch forth much smoke, but being an American, you will not object to them. You Americans like smoke-stacks. Yes, so do I. They mean that we are moving forward, and I no longer regret that I can see them from my garden."

Up to the time of the "restoration" in 1868, the industry and commerce of Japan held a very low position in public opinion. In the social scale, only the political and military classes were considered honorable, so early in life Shibusawa went into politics. In five or six years he rose to be vice minister of finance. Then, he says, he realized that the vital force of progress lay in business, so he gave up politics and has devoted his life to banking and using his earnings "for the good of Japan." Japan loves him for it, and he has not only lived to see his country emerge from semi-darkness into the limelight, but during his lifetime he has become a public idol.

One of the very important developments of modern Japan is the popularity of the newspaper. Boys stand on the street corners of practically every town or city in the empire and ring a string of four or five bells frantically, in addition to crying their wares. They are the news agents and I have rarely seen one who was not doing a thriving business.

Forty-four years ago there was one newspaper in Japan worthy of the name. To-day there are over two thousand journals of various kinds, of which the "sensational" variety seems to overbalance the "conservative." Everybody reads some paper, or if he be unable to read, somebody else reads to him. Japan, even the Japan of the rural communities, is pretty well informed of the world's events — even to the statements of members of the American Congress in regard to the restriction of Japanese labor in California. Down to the time of the war with Russia, the Japanese reader did not care much about news that did not relate to his own country. Even in the capital city, the most popular news related to the city of Tokyo. But now that the nation has become a "world power," the interest in the affairs of the world has become general. Some of the smaller papers that are not rich enough to engage editorial writers and pay cable tolls, freely copy the cable news and editorials from other papers. If they can do no better, they take a month-old American paper and print translations of its "leading articles" for their editorial comment.

In reality, however, the newspaper dates back to the seventeenth century in Japan, because at that time little news sheets were printed from block type, assuming to keep the people in touch with current events. There was no fixed day for publication, and there were no regular newspaper publishers. Anybody could "go to press" if he had something which he considered worthy of passing along to his countrymen. These sheets were called *yomiuri*, which means literally, "sold by hawking." Several princely families have specimens of these early publications, and it is claimed that some of them were circulated before the seventeenth century, but that date is usually accepted as the correct one for the beginning of Japanese journalism. These *yomiuri* were printed in the principal cities of the empire,—Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto—and people outside of these centers received papers from "friends." There was a system of runners, who sometimes took important bulletins two hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

The honor of establishing the first real paper is contested by two or three publications, but the date is usually fixed at forty-four years ago. The popularity of the first sheet quickly spread and soon almost every city had its paper for the discussion of political events. Down to a few years ago it was considered undignified for great papers to print personals or police court news, but editors soon realized that "human interest" items made the widest appeal. The papers which print real "news" in the Western sense of the word, however, are called the "yellows," and consequently have the largest circulation.

Here, as elsewhere, the newspaper has proved an important stepping stone for government office, many of the executives of the realm at present having graduated from newspaper offices. Papers freely criticize the government — sometimes more incautiously than one would imagine would be popular, about the only curb on them being in times of stress, when they must be careful not to divulge any state or military secrets that might be of value to the enemy of Japan. But editors are considered cautious and patriotic enough not to cause the government any embarrassment at such a time.

In Tokyo there are about forty papers printed in the vernacular. The customary price charged for them is one-half cent and one cent. Out of this large number, the Asahi, Jiji and Nichi take highest rank and they have circulation figures that would make many American papers take second rank.

We selected the Nichi Nichi for a visit and asked to be shown about the publishing plant, which is a thoroughly modern establishment, modeled on the lines of the American publishing plant — with variations. It being a morning daily, and knowing that the hours between ten o'clock and midnight are the liveliest hours around a morning newspaper at home, we presented ourselves at the establishment at that time. A couple of sleeping gate porters were aroused and finally permitted us to pass. Everyone we met in the anterooms was asleep, with the exception of some "office boys" who were preparing tea. We were taken to the office of the telegraph editor, who fortunately was awake.

"The first edition has gone to press, so practically everyone is asleep," he said, "but we will take a look around."

And what he said was true. We went to editorial sanctums, one after another, and the editor was either stretched out on his desk asleep, or on the floor in a similar condition. Japanese editors do not believe in keeping awake at night, when waiting for "late news" to come in. If they don't publish it to-day or to-morrow, they may be able to get it in the next day. What is the use of "killing" an article because something of greater importance arrives later in the evening? The newer material will make good copy for another day.

The *Nichi Nichi* employs about one hundred reporters, which may mean more to the layman when he knows that a principal morning paper in the usual American city employs twelve or fifteen at the most.

"But we find it quite impossible to 'cover' the city with this number," the editor said. "Tokyo is too large; it is almost an impossibility to cover it at all, as American cities are covered. It is too large and there is too much happening. There are in this city about a dozen news gathering associations, and, in addition to our local staff, we have access to the material offered by these associations."

We also found that one newspaper often gives its news to another paper, when it comes upon a particularly important item. What's the use of being too selfish? After all, it is the editorial opinion that counts. But even in this there is an exchange of "courtesy," because it is a common thing for one paper to remark that the other "commented editorially as follows yesterday."

The Japanese reporter is not expected to write columns of news each day, no matter what comes to his attention. Frequently a day's work consists of a short item of two hundred words, which he polishes to its most beautiful literary perfection before passing it over to the editor.

"I have not been paying much attention to my work as telegraph editor, except in passing judgment on the important cables," said the telegraph editor, "because I have been preparing a series of biographical studies about important men of the Western world. Perhaps you would like to see some of my work in print. Just yesterday this article appeared."

He proudly exhibited a copy of the paper in which there were perhaps four hundred words about the king of Italy, which he carefully translated. It said that the king of the Italians was born on a certain day, that he was the son of an illustrious father and grandfather, that he was married, and that he had a nice family of children and resided the greater part of the year at Rome. It was an article that might have been written by a ten-year-old schoolboy in America, but undoubtedly there were "polite" forms of expression in it that proved the writer to be a "scholar." The Japanese language is in reality about three languages, and it takes a wise man to know what form to use in writing of a certain subject, how many contractions of Chinese idiographs to use in the writing and when to express his exact meaning by using the Chinese alphabet, instead of attempting any of the Japanese contractions.

The composing room of the *Nichi Nichi* (which means literally "To-day To-day") was one of the funniest places we ever visited. Great cases of type of all sizes extended the whole length of a mammoth room, as the Chinese and Japanese characters in a printing office run far into the thousands and the life of a native compositor must be a search for the letter he wants to use. The compositors were scuffing around the aisles of the room, hunting for these characters and all singing at the tops of their voices, which apparently caused them to forget the terrors of their work. There seemed to be a hundred or more of them and the din was terrific. After the proof is finally corrected, a more difficult operation than in foreign countries, the forms are made up quite as they are in the American newspaper office, stereotyped, and then sent down to the big cylinder presses. The *Nichi Nichi* has a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies daily. Four years ago it had but forty thousand. One Tokyo paper has gained one hundred thousand in circulation as a result of the European war and the news it carried about the great tragedy. Everyone in Japan wants all sorts of war news, because it is popularly supposed to indicate various "possibilities" to the commerce of the empire in years to come, and the particular paper referred to has the reputation of providing unusually good cable matter.

Some of the "ideals" of the Japanese publication reflect the national spirit in a manner difficult for the Westerner to understand. For example, poetry is much in fashion again. For a time poetry was considered "effeminate," but it is now being encouraged by the Mikado himself, so the scholarly classes are taking it up again. Fortunately, perhaps, the Japanese poem is usually short, consisting chiefly of thirty-one syllables, like the national hymn of Japan, which runs: "May our sovereign live for thousands and tens thousands of years, until the tiny pebble becomes a moss-covered rock." This form of poetry (which does not rhyme and which often has no rhythm) is rather difficult to write, as the rules laid down are like the laws of the

Medes and Persians. The poems must be in five lines of respectively five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables each. There is also a popular style of poem which has only seventeen syllables of three lines. Such things as "The azalea has beautiful colors and in spring covers the hillsides" are much admired and show the results of the higher education. In a local paper we saw the Mikado had offered several prizes from his own purse for poems about the flowers of May.

And yet, on reflection, we find that "poetry in Japan is supposed to have reached its most brilliant period before Chaucer took up his pen to write English poetry." The Japanese savant has had enough experience to know what he wants to read and write. Montgomery says: "The ordinary samurai was as regards reading and writing an educated man at a time when British generals and even British sovereigns were somewhat hazy in regard to their orthography and caligraphy."

One of the newest "stunts" of the *Nichi Nichi* is to employ the "lady journalist," which is considered something of an innovation in a country where woman is emerging more and more from the seclusion of her home.

"Is the lady reporter's work satisfactory?" I asked the editor.

"Yes, in a way; but she isn't satisfied with writing personals; I find that she is always trying to crowd in little pleas for 'woman's rights' and equal suffrage. We have to go pretty light on that sort of thing with our readers, and keep a pretty close watch on everything she writes, because it is likely to have a meaning that mere men do not understand."

CHAPTER V

"It may be well enough to pour boiling water on the coarse black tea of China's wild shrub," said this delightful Japanese, "but the delicate leaf of our cultivated tea plant does not need it."

— Eliza Scidmore

"VERY much expense this morning," said Yamaguchi, our thoughtful guide, as we were going to the station to take a train for the ancient city of Shidzuoka, now very modern and perhaps the most important tea center of the empire. "Very much expense," he mumbled again, when we failed to show sufficient alarm, so we asked him what was to be the cause of our unusual outlay and we learned that we were scheduled to ride on an express train. A small excess fare was demanded of passengers for this privilege of arriving at their destination an hour or several hours before the arrival of "regular" trains, according to the distance covered. As the schedule consulted by Yamaguchi showed that we would reach the tea capital in about three hours "by express," and as we had a curiosity to see what a Japanese "limited" was like, we readily consented to what the guide considered a rather unnecessary squandering of money — about the sum demanded for a seat in a parlor car over a similar distance in America, and we soon found ourselves rushing through the Japanese landscape at the rate of thirty miles an hour, rather than at the snail's pace which is customary and which is very satisfactory to the stranger who is viewing much of Japan from a car window.

One who is in the tea business, directly or indirectly, is likely to know that there is such a place on earth as Shidzuoka, Japan; if one happens to belong to the minority under that classification, it may sound like the name of breakfast food, a new dance, or an imported drug. But it is a city of fifty-four thousand inhabitants, according to the last census, and it is a place of much importance in the commercial relationship between Japan and America, because it is the acknowledged center of the tea industry of Japan, and it is a city worth a day's visit.

Climb the great hill that rises like a protecting sentinel, from the center of the city, known as "Peace Hill," because the great shogun, Iyeasu, came here to spend his last days in peace, pass above the great flights of temple stairs, take the trail that zigzags back and forth to the summit, and one looks down on the city and observes the roofs of many large warehouses and factories. Most of these are for the firing, curing, and preparation of tea and most of them are owned by American companies, who employ a few Americans as managers, but provide the principal source of income of the town, because

FLOWER GIRL, NARA

TEA-PICKERS, SHIDZUOKA

there are thousands of men and women in the establishments and hundreds more on the hills outside the city, picking the green leaves from the tiny myrtle-green shrubs, and putting them into baskets, whence they find their way to millions of homes in America and Canada, for most of the Japan tea goes to the two countries, and the rest of the world must be satisfied with varieties grown in China, Ceylon, and other favorable localities.

Something of the magnitude of these concerns may be judged from the answer I received after inquiring concerning the output of one firm.

"They are small dealers," said my informant. "Last year they barely shipped a million pounds of tea. Such and such a concern shipped over six million pounds. The million pound concern can manage with all of the old-fashioned processes for firing, but the others must have the most modern machinery."

Shidzuoka was once a place of the greatest military importance, but its military greatness has departed and even the sunny slopes of the "Hill of Peace" itself are planted with tea shrubs. Tea is to be found in almost any garden of pretensions in the place. It makes a pretty ornamental bush, and people who make no commercial use of its leaves like to have it growing near their houses. Tea is the symbol of life in Shidzuoka; one finds it or its influence everywhere about the town.

"We live in Shidzuoka," said an American, at whose house we were entertained, "so you see we have tea growing everywhere in our garden. Last year we had the pickers come and turn our dooryard to financial account; but I give you my word it was not good tea, at least not tea of the best grade, with all of our care for it, and we took pride in having our garden crop put through the most careful drying and firing processes. I'm afraid it would not have been of much commercial value if it had not been mixed with other tea, making an agreeable blend. In fact, I am afraid that if a tea-grower had brought us the crop, we would not have accepted it on account of its bitter flavor. Tea is as particular about where it grows as wine grapes. You know that grapes on one side of a hill may produce excellent wine, while on the other side of the hill the wine product may be very inferior. The same thing is true of tea. Sun, shade, and the condition of the soil and the drainage have much to do with the quality."

We had never seen tea growing, but we recognized it on all the surrounding hillsides before the train on which we came stopped at the station, because of the fact that all tea-pickers wore large mushroom straw hats — men, women, and children. The familiar picture may be well known to all the world, because geographies have shown it for many years. And there is no deviation from the rule.

Perhaps the pickers wear other hats in other portions of the year, when they are not at work in the tea fields. But when May comes and they go to the verdant hillsides, they put on the strange straw hat and carry little hand-woven hampers in which to put the tea leaves, as they are picked. As well try to plow without a horse or bullock, as well try to make butter without a churn. The mushroom straw hat is a necessary and inexpensive part of the tea picker's equipment, excepting when she is posing for a photograph, and then the wide brim shades her face and she consents to take it off for a few seconds.

Tea, or *O-Cha* (honorable tea) as the Japanese like to call it, is the national beverage of Japan and is drunk on all occasions by all classes of people, from the rikisha man, who goes to the street stand many times a day, to the most noble families, who have tea-houses for the elaborate ceremonial attending the preparation of, making, and talking about tea, which may last from a few hours to an entire day, and quickly establishes one's "politeness" and knowledge of social form. Tea is usually a little shrub from three to six feet in height, with thin, tapering leaves from four to eight inches in length.

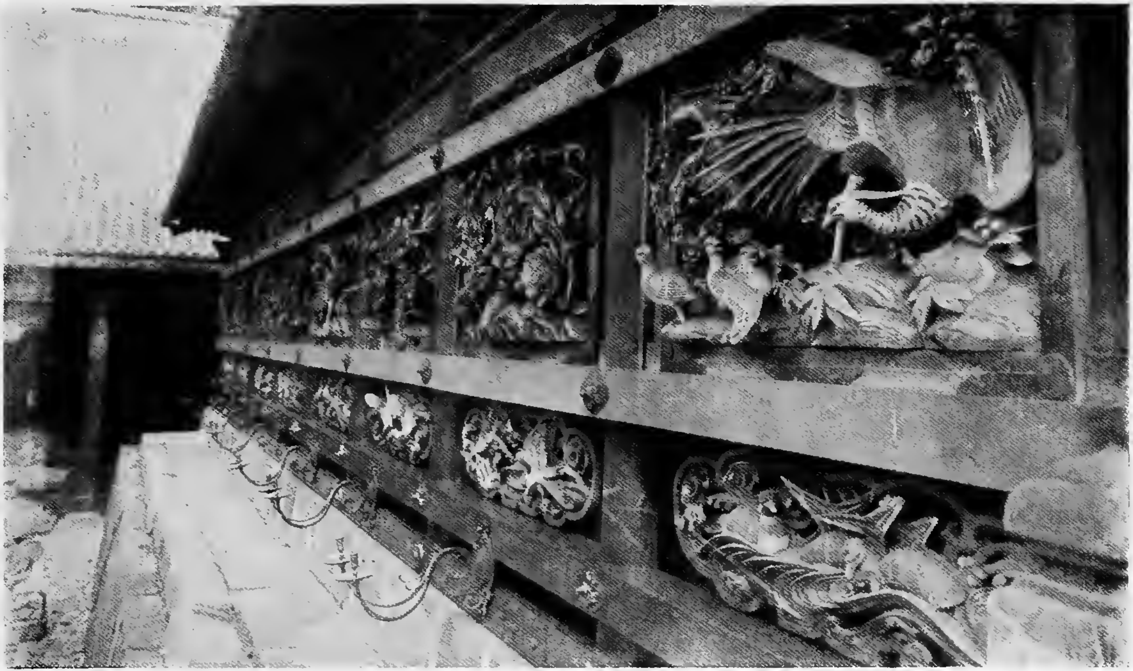
Although it was known in Japan long before that date, as a popular beverage with the Buddhist priests of China, who drank it to keep themselves awake for their midnight devotions, tea met with no particular favor in Japan until the end of the twelfth century, when the Buddhist monk Myoe, having received some seed from China, planted them in a garden near Kyoto. It is said that it took a few years for the habit to form itself with the nation, but it is almost safe to say that after those first shrubs came to maturity, the people, aristocracy, middle class, and peasantry, soon abandoned themselves to the pleasures of tea drinking. It is even recorded that in the early days, a warrior was rewarded for deeds of bravery by receiving a few tea leaves in a china receptacle, whereupon he called in his friends to share in his triumph. The English held a monopoly on foreign shipments for a time, where the first tea sold for fifteen dollars a pound, but the trade routes have shifted and very little tea from Japan now goes to that country.

After arrival at Shidzuoka, we were attracted to those sunny hillsides where the poor laborers earn but twelve cents a day, American gold, and where their day in the fields begins at 5.30 in the morning and lasts until 5.30 in the evening. They work seven days a week, because they know no difference between Sunday and any other day — and besides, the season is short. They must work diligently to get every penny dangled before their eyes. We saw several mothers at work, with children strapped to their backs, while other tiny children hobbled along, clinging to mother's clothing, while she toiled in the hot sun — for twelve cents a day. These tea pickers bring a little rice for their lunch and their tea-kettles. Tea is cheap here and one who constantly drinks it becomes less hungry. Verily, it is a hard life, but one has rarely seen such a smiling, happy group of laborers. As soon as possible, after the leaves are picked, they are put into wooden trays, with brass wire bottoms and placed over boiling water. In a half minute this steam brings the natural oil to the surface and the leaves dry, or partially dry, so they will not ferment or mildew while they are being taken to the manufacturers. Big straw bales of these steamed leaves are wheeled to the factories by coolies and the farmer often accompanies the load, sitting in the courtyard on a bench, as anxiously as a schoolboy waiting for the report of examinations, while his crop is being tested by the buyers. Once accepted and dumped into the big bins, the tea begins going through a process that may have been simple at one time, but which has become very complicated and demands the service of a great number of laborers, most of whom are women. Here, again, the average wage is twelve cents a day, the working week seven days — and the employers Americans. It would not be "good form" for them to raise the wages or decrease the length of the week.

The tea is put in sieve-like bowls, placed on baskets set over holes in the floor in which there is a charcoal fire, and then tossed and turned every few seconds by the women who stand by and work like clockworks, when an overseer claps his hands as a signal. The first firing is pretty hot, then there are two cooler firings, after which the tea goes through any number of sortings and examinations. Women pick out the stems, the long leaves are separated from the short ones, the tea dust is sifted out of the mass, and, finally, the samples go to the sampling room, where the official tea tasters pass judgment upon them and prepare the various blends known to marketers.

Yes, we even saw establishments where the same kind of tea was being put into packages that bore different labels. "Packed by So and So, America," was exactly the same as "Favorite Blends, packed in Japan by This or That." We recalled that Mississippi factory which preserved catfish and then called it anything that the trade demanded, having seventy varieties of labels to put on tins as ordered.

Something like forty million pounds of tea goes to America and Canada from Japan each year. It varies in price, but most of the tea people with whom we talked here assured us that the price of tea, like the price of jewelry, depends much upon the merchant. Tea has been sold for as high as twelve dollars a pound, when it had an exceptional flavor, and the choicest varieties from Uji, are said



DETAIL CARVED TEMPLE PANELS, NIKKO

to bring five dollars a pound. But the tea used in the good Japanese homes costs about thirteen to twenty-five cents a pound, and that placed before guests will range between fifty cents and one dollar and a half a pound.

We learned in Shidzuoka, where it must be admitted that the people know something about tea, because it is an important part of their lives, that Japan tea should not be made with boiling water. It is all right for the China and Ceylon varieties; but the Japanese tea maker would not think of pouring boiling water onto the dry leaves, fearing the bitter taste which such hot water brings out. Every tea outfit here has what is known as a "water cooler," and the water is tempered to a much lower temperature than the boiling point, else the first brew is thrown away and cooler water poured over the same leaves.

Of course, every traveler in Japan soon drifts into the national habit of constant tea drinking. The water, particularly in the country, is not always to be trusted, and even the bottled waters on sale are likely to be warm and disagreeable. So in the long walks and rickisha rides into the country, one stops at tea-houses, where coolies find their refreshment, after providing a cushion for their patrons under a straw-matted roof, usually picturesquely placed in a garden by the roadside. Tea seems to be pretty cheap at these tea-houses, because it is usually served at five cents a pot, but it is said that the quality of leaves used in the making are sold at about one cent for a half peck, so it has been estimated that the profit to the tea maker is about one thousand per cent.

The Japanese drink tea at every meal and about ten times between meals. Register at a hotel, go to your room and almost before you have surveyed the premises of your temporary abode, a girl enters with a pot of tea and places it before you. Go into a store to trade and tea is served before you make a purchase. And one finds it on every hand in the most unexpected places. Of course, it is drunk without sugar or milk (by natives), and the foreigner, more or less accustomed to the China or Ceylon varieties, spoils the flavor by introducing these accessories. Here at Shidzuoka, we saw the elaborate "tea ceremony" of which much has been written, but concerning which the Westerner has little actual knowledge until he sees it performed. That is the "artistically polite" side of tea, while the growing and curing is another matter, quite commercial, — one of the reasons why Japan would not care to lose the friendship of America, despite the talk of the yellow journals. We are her best customer, and she has millions of people who must eat.

At Shidzuoka, I casually remarked to a Japanese gentleman, whose name is known in other countries: "Americans are not so polite as the Japanese."

We were observing several natives, men and women, going through what is called the "bowing ceremony." Somebody was going away and five or six friends and acquaintances stood on the station platform bending their bodies backward and forward until it seemed that their spines would snap.

"No," replied the Japanese, "Americans are not so polite and they are not cultured. It will take another thousand years for that."

This seemingly tactless observation was entirely correct, however, from the Japanese point of view. We have no "traditions" in America; and if we had, we would probably do our best to forget them. In Japan, a sufficient knowledge and practice of the traditional and ancient social customs and forms almost brings one to the state of culture that was referred to in this remark. Perhaps the modern Japanese gentleman and lady ride in a limousine, perhaps they taste meat — government statistics prove that Tokyo is becoming a city of meat eaters — perhaps they eat with knives and forks when others are looking, but they see to it that they do not forget the culture of their forefathers, and they see to it that their children do not forget.

The man who builds a yard square garden shows this culture; as does also the man who drinks tea. These are only two examples to prove the point which may escape many casual tourists, unless they have the good fortune to receive "explanations" as we had them; from the "gentleman" who not only demonstrated the tea ceremony, known as *cha no yu*, which might seem to be almost tedious nonsense, to the average Westerner, although it is greatly revered in Japan, but before he did so "explained" the meaning of a Japanese garden, which anyone calls beautiful, but which has a much deeper meaning than mere beauty, when one penetrates its "mysteries." Everything in these subtle details of Japanese life and living has its prescribed code. To deviate a hair's breadth from the tradition is to deviate from good form. Deviation in the slightest degree from good form marks the point of departure between the gentleman and the commoner. And so this Japanese said it would take a thousand years for a country like America to become cultured in the Oriental sense of the word. Such ritualistic details of life are not evolved in a year or a century; and if they were, people of only a few centuries of nationality would not have a a proper respect for them. Finally, after much explaining, we arrived at a better idea of the seemingly tactless observation concerning Americans, by which not the slightest offense was meant by the man who spoke the words.

As another example of this "good form" a personal experience is perhaps worth quoting as giving another side-light on the mental attitude of a people who criticize our culture.

Our guide, a college student, came to us much excited and said he would have to resign his position. He explained that he regretted it very much, but that his pride had been wounded. He was not a regular guide, but he had been requested to accompany us through the country by a government official and he had gladly accepted the commission. But when we entered the first hotel, he was addressed on terms of "equality" by one of the hotel employees, which proved that no "respect" would be shown him further along the journey. This he could not endure. He said he would suffer in "caste" at Tokyo if it were known, so he bowed himself out of the room and we never saw him again. In a society where such class distinctions are encouraged, it is perhaps not strange to find the *cha no yu*, the "meaning" of gardens, the worship of ancestors, heroes and the imperial family, and a real, if unexpressed, belief that the Oriental is a superior person compared to his "bleached blonde" brother from countries across the sea.

Books enough about the tea ceremony have been written to fill a library, and yet the whole subject remains quite unintelligible to foreigners, although some of them have taken regular courses of study from masters of acknowledged authority, much as Japanese children study the arrangement of flowers in vases, just as their elders indulge in *kiki-ko*, or incense parties — an ancient ceremonial.

Go to the home of a well-to-do, or comfortably situated Japanese and in his garden you will find a plainly furnished building called the tea-house. Here is practiced the tea ceremony, or *cha no yu*, which means literally "hot water for tea." It has been in existence for upwards of seven centuries. It is generally believed that the custom started when the Buddhist abbot Eisai endeavored to encourage the debauched young shogun with the name of Mina-moto-no-Sanetomo to drink tea instead of intoxicating liquor. The abbot composed the treatise, "The Salutary Influence of Tea Drinking," quite in the manner of modern propagandists, and men have been writing books on the subject ever since. At first, the ceremonial had a religious significance, but by 1330, what is known as the luxurious stage had been reached. One shogun resigned his throne in order to retire to his palace and devote all his time to elaborate tea parties. Great warriors neglected the sword for the tea pot, others requested to die tea bowl in hand. The great Hideyoshi gave a tea party, to which he invited all lovers of tea in his realm to assemble in the groves near Kyoto, bringing their rarest tea utensils with them. If they declined his invitation, they were to be deprived of the privilege of drinking tea during the remainder of their lives. The "party" lasted ten days and nights.

By the end of the sixteenth century, the tea drinkers had split into several cults. The emperor called together the chief tea drinkers and commanded Senne-Rikyu to draw up a code governing the ceremonials. Simplicity was demanded on account of the poverty of the country, ravished by wars, and it finally developed a worship of simplicity, which obtains to the present time, because barely any decoration or furniture is permitted in the tea-house.

The tea ceremonial usually includes a preliminary dinner and is the chief feature of the entire function. Guests and host retire to the tea-house and every gesture of what follows is prescribed by an elaborate code of rules. Every article connected with the ceremony, such as the tea canister, burner, and the flowers in vases in the alcove, is touched and admired with phrases, all of which are "commanded" by good form and ancient usage.

Hands are washed, the tea-house is swept, and a hundred other things are done, each of which might not be noticeable to the uninitiated, but which is followed with almost sacred precision. It is said that powerful rulers assisted in establishing the rules for these ceremonies, what was to be said and what done, in order not to leave too much time for their underlings to be planning political coups. Some writers have gone so far as to find a grave philosophy in these tedious parties that last for from two to eight hours, as a rule, but the Japanese, in addition to the "respect" that he feels for everything old, merely considers them "pure art" — and being that and being a participant in this purity, he is satisfied that he is cultured and that his associates are cultured.

All the world knows the Japanese garden, and all the world admires it. But one would rarely think of it being entirely prescribed by ritual — even in a country where, not so very long ago, every distinct class of people was told exactly what costume it should wear and what materials it should be made of, its length, and even its color.

"Suggestion" is the basis of the Japanese garden, just as it is of native art, poetry, pottery, and embroidery — excepting those wistaria-cherry-blossom-chrysanthemum-Mount Fuji-bedecked kimonos made entirely for foreign trade and eagerly grabbed up by tourists, although no Japanese woman would be seen in one. In the course of time, several schools of landscape gardening have grown up and they are quite opposed to each other, but in the main, they all come to the same final result. A strip of pond is so carefully hidden that it suggests a lake which hides itself beyond the foliage. A few pebbles properly placed are supposed to represent a river bed. There are many ancient books and hundreds of modern publications which give "symbolical" meanings to stone lanterns, stones that form steps across an artificial brook, and to all the

IRIS GARDEN, KAMAKURA

FISH-WIVES, KAMAKURA

varieties of flowers that can be made to grow in the climate. The idea of "suggestion" is carried out still further in what is called the *Hakoniwa* or miniature landscape garden compressed into a single dish or urn. Some of them are made to represent an entire landscape of majestic beauty with mountains, trees, rivers, pagodas, bridges, lanterns, formal gardens, and even with people loitering amid pretty surroundings. I have seen these in the toy-like shops of many of the Japanese merchants, where the salesrooms were not more than four yards square, where the streets were muddy, the air filled with the stench of cooking fish, and where the "man behind the counter" looked at it and doubtless imagined that he was out under the pure skies of heaven, amid the most beautiful landscapes of Japan.

The idea of making the miniature garden beautiful doubtless gave rise to the dwarfing of trees, which is said to have been borrowed from the Chinese — like so much else in Japan. The "gentleman" above quoted told me that he considered it very vulgar to write in Japanese characters, and he assured me that "our best people" much preferred the more intricate Chinese script, because the classics were written in Chinese. Probably this love of flowers came over from China with the Buddhist priests. They loved gardens for their beauty alone, and it cannot be denied that nature responds to the loving care and attention which they give to the members of the vegetable kingdom. They perform feats of hybridization, grafting, and dwarfing that seem incredible. Always working for "contrary-to-nature" effects, the gardener twists the trees into fantastic shapes and designs, sometimes to represent birds, sometimes animals and even men, by clipping roots and by other means, producing drawf varieties of pine, fir, and maple, that sometimes are but six or eight inches tall, although a hundred years of age. These bring exorbitant prices in the markets of the big cities, but also do strangely shaped roots, gnarled limbs of trees, and even worm-eaten trunks of trees, which are often given places of honor in the garden decoration.

The old books say that everything in the garden has some meaning: chastity, peace, love, old age — more respected in Japan than elsewhere on earth — and a symbolical meaning is even given to stone water basins and bird cages. And nobody wants to break away from the traditions; everyone has some knowledge of these "inner meanings," which are obscured from Western eyes.

In the country, where a peasant has but a few square yards of soil around his one-room cottage, which he cultivated with vegetables and grain that would serve for food, one sees gardens at the top of the tile roof, — carefully planned gardens, which could only be seen from a distance, or by climbing a ladder.

The other day we passed one such, where the thatched straw formed the inclosure for a beautiful bed of purple iris. It happened that we were shown about by a gentleman, but his sentiments were exactly those of the rudest peasant, up to a certain degree. The straw-shod tiller of the soil, with no clothing but a loin cloth, lives in his crude cottage, loves beauty in nature, and feels that he is vastly superior to the pale-face, who happens to have enough money to engage a rikisha to drag him across the country.

The Japanese as an individual does not love the man from the West. He may admire his ability to wage the battle of life more successfully, and there are many things that he likes to copy from him; but he looks down upon him with a certain contempt. Why? Primarily, it is the same thing that makes him love tea ceremonies and gardens. It is traditional, and with the Japanese, the tradition becomes a religion. First family, then clan, and then the imperial family. Beyond that, nothing counts for much. Ancient heroes said it in their books of wisdom. The traditions proclaim it and although it amounts to a form of ego mania, it is the "faith" of the cultured student and noble gentleman — and the straw-clad peasant.

CHAPTER VI

The organization and the peace standing of the army and navy are determined by the Emperor.

— Constitution of the Empire of Japan

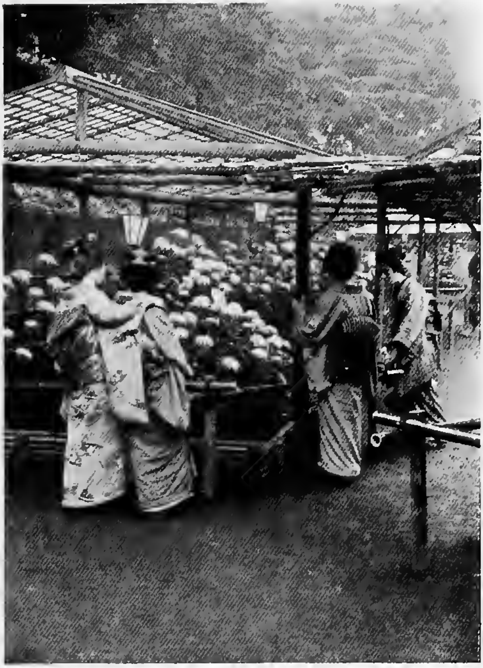
If the future of Japan could depend upon her army and her navy, upon the high courage of her people and their readiness to die by the hundreds of thousands for ideals of honor and of duty, there would be no cause for alarm in the present state of affairs.

— Lafcadio Hearn

LESS than four hours' ride on the express train will bring us to Nagoya, a city of almost a half-million inhabitants, which the guide books say is "noted for its cloisonne, porcelain, clocks, fans, lanterns, and embroidery." None of these articles of manufacture, however, is likely to attract and hold the attention of the traveler to this ancient stronghold, which, of all cities in Japan, seems to care least for the comfort or convenience of the foreigner. It pursues its native way and does not appear to pay much attention to its contact with foreigners, declining to be "influenced" by them in any way. Thus, one has the opportunity to see the urban Japanese who have not yet felt the "taint" that is popularly supposed to have taken away much of the joy of visiting the port cities. But in addition, there is enough to prompt the traveler to alight at the Nagoya station for at least a part of one day. If nothing else, there would still remain the wonderful castle of Ieyasu, one of the best preserved in the entire empire. The city is in specially holiday mood in April, when occurs the annual festival of the Toshogu shrine. There is a stately and spectacular parade of priests, sacred cars, and youths and maidens garbed in fantastic apparel said to date back many centuries. The dances performed here by the geishas are famous enough to be known as the *Nagoya* dances. There are fine azalea exhibitions in May and similar shows of chrysanthemums, which attract large crowds of Japanese and foreigners. Also, the traveler is likely to come into contact with the Japanese military organization, as at no other city previously visited. But at Nagoya, as elsewhere in Japan, one who learns anything of consequence concerning the army may rest assured it is exactly the information that the Japanese government wishes him to have. Exactly that and nothing more. "The exact figures are not given out," I was told on several occasions, when I made inquiries as to the size of the standing army. One well informed person told me that he believed the army of Japan was larger than that of Germany on a peace basis. Another placed it at about one-half million men. It is well known that for several years prior to the war with Russia, however, a process of expansion had been going on, and it is thought that in 1911 the total roll was about four hundred fifty thousand men, which it is said would not be much too high for the number of men in the army at the present time.

As to numbers, it may be impossible to say anything with absolute accuracy, but as to "quality" and efficiency, one who has seen the Japanese soldier as we saw him at Nagoya will have a greater respect for him than ever before. We saw the cavalry drilling in a great inclosure beyond the castle's walls and we saw some of the "stunts" that are fitting these boys for future active service. They were going through barbed-wire entanglements, leaping over walls and through ditches, engaged at target practice — the target being a man's head and shoulders above a distant trench! They looked as stocky and strong as thousands of young bulls. Such endurance might not be found elsewhere. And they can look that way on fare that would cause the American soldier to complain bitterly.

Down until 1868, when the Mikado came into "power," the terms soldier and gentleman were practically the same, being expressed by "samurai." From about the thirteenth century, to fight was not only a duty to the native Japanese, not of the imperial house or peasantry, but a pleasure as well. At the present time, the army and the soldier are held in great esteem. The man in a uniform is not an outcast from society, cut adrift from his family,



AT A FLOWER SHOW, NAGOYA

NAGOYA CASTLE

as is often the case in China and some other countries; but he is a person respected by all who pass him in the street or jostle elbows with him at the theater or place of public amusement. In connection with this, it is worth remembering that fashionable eastern resorts in America not long ago prohibited men in uniform from their dancing floors, because they were not of the "class" of the other guests. Society recognizes the "standing" of the soldier in Japan, and that makes much difference.

In 1868 military advisers were called to Japan from France and the continental system of universal conscription was adopted, along with the introduction of the modern uniform, which takes the place of the picturesque but cumbersome fighting costume of the ancient Japanese, depicted in color prints and woodcuts, which have caused the admiration of the world.

The Satsuma rebellion of 1877 was considered modern Japan's baptism of fire, but in the war with China in 1894–95, the world opened its eyes at the accomplishments of the brown army of the Mikado, and it has been opening its eyes ever since, although there is serious doubt in the minds of foreign residents in Japan, if Western countries fully appreciate what a formidable fighting machine exists at present, having been built up in a few years. Of course, the experts from Europe had excellent material to work with; but it is certain that they made the most of it. As a rule, the Japanese soldier is not handsome. He is a little fellow, stocky of build, of exceptional morals compared to any soldier in the world, and he is devoted to the cause he is called upon to serve, while paying little attention to outside diversions and amusements.

The Mikado is in supreme command of the army. As this is the case in many other countries, it may seem natural, but the mere mention of it met with strong opposition a few years ago. At the time of the war in China, two of the emperor's kinsmen actually took command of the fighters in the field, and this caused grave Japanese to shake their heads. What were they coming to? When it was decided to appoint aides-de-camp to his Majesty, there was bold opposition. The old army of Japan had not required the command of the sacred person at the capital and as court life was patterned after that of China, and as China's army was in disrepute, it was not considered proper to place soldiers so near to the royal gentleman.

But the Mikado now reviews his troops like any other monarch or commander-in-chief. It is not considered a desecration for his subjects to see the emperor's face or his form on horseback, or in an automobile. He is still "sacred," but it has not lessened his sanctity for his men to behold the human idol they worship. Every man in Japan between the ages of seventeen and forty belongs for the time, in case of need, to the national army. Only physical unfitness excuses him, and he is likely to be called at any time.

There was such a thing as a "navy" in Japan centuries ago, because the histories tell of several naval battles on the sea under famous commanders, but the modern navy was inaugurated just before 1867, when a few young men were sent to Holland for training and a few British soldiers and men were sent to Japan to instruct others. But after the Mikado had firmly grasped the reins of government, he obtained the services of the Britishers, a naval college was built at Tokyo, and instruction was given in all the necessary branches of this department of warfare. Now, in addition to ordinary training ships, various vessels of the Japanese navy go out every year on world cruises. The world knows what the Japanese navy did in 1904 in its war with Russia, and the world has barely recovered from its astonishment caused by the epoch-marking victories on the sea. There are statistics issued by the government, but they are generally believed to be misleading as to number of boats and number of men. That, like the statistics regarding the army, is "nobody's business." It is considered a national "family affair" and the officials are not telling their secrets to the world.

Japan's military forces always come as a revelation to the Western visitor. Men, men, men! Excepting in China, where they are untrained, one never sees such crowds of men. Each one has had some training that was either military or which taught him to be a stoic. He loves discipline. He worships authority. He would gladly lay down his life for his country, just as he is able to inflict the death tortures upon himself, without so much as a groan. Witnesses of surgical operations at the time of the Russian-Japanese war testify that during frightful amputations, when there were no anæsthetics at hand, the Japanese soldiers were sometimes wrenched with pain, but often the expressions of their faces did not change and there was no audible sign of suffering. They are a wonderful body of men, the Japanese army; and the younger generation is being fitted to take their places. Schoolboys are put through strenuous drills, go on long hikes, and we see them drilling at jiujitsu, which develops the art of self-defense; but it does more than that. The boys receive falls and blows that would put American schoolboys out of commission for weeks. But their bodies become toughened by constant training and preparation for the future.

It seemed appropriate that we should come upon the best representatives that we had seen of the army at Nagoya, the ancient stronghold of the house of Owari, one of the "three august families" that were permitted to supply an heir to the shogunate in default of there being one. The magnificent castle, the cyclopean five-storied structure, perhaps as well known to the outside world as any other specimen of Japanese ancient architecture, is now unoccupied. But the castle is located in a "fortified place," and there is as much red tape required to get permission to pass its portals as if some august ruler sat in the rather gloomy rooms of its top story. In reality, it is the detached palace of the imperial household, so application for admission must be made to one's ambassador at Tokyo, and even then permission to enter is denied if the name of the bearer is not on the pass.

The beautiful castle, guarded securely by a series of moats, dates from about 1613, and was built ostensibly as a voluntary gift from many feudal barons; but it seems likely that the canny Ieyasu attempted by this means and other forced contributions so to impoverish the daimyos that they would be unable to conspire against his rule. It consists of five floors approached by one hundred fifty-one steps, and rises like a pyramid, with walls fifteen to eighteen feet thick, the top floor space consisting of over two thousand square feet, which is divided into various apartments, which command a splendid view of the surrounding country. We climbed to the fifth floor and through the holes, where boiling water was formerly poured on the enemy of the resident, we saw Japan's modern cavalry at practice. It was the seventeenth century peeping out upon the twentieth. Travelers are accompanied by an official guide, who remains close at hand during the entire visit, which becomes rather extended, if one cares to see the various apartments of the ancient royal residence. They will repay a visit, because they contain many ancient and priceless works of art. For example, there is the Tiger Room by Tanshin (1653–1718) and the Sleeping Tiger by Sanraku, well known to all students of Japanese art. Here is the well known Blind Tiger. He was painted without eyes, because the artist painted tigers so lifelike that it was supposed at the time, if he put eyes in the animal, they would suddenly come to life and the beast would leap upon anyone who chanced to see them.

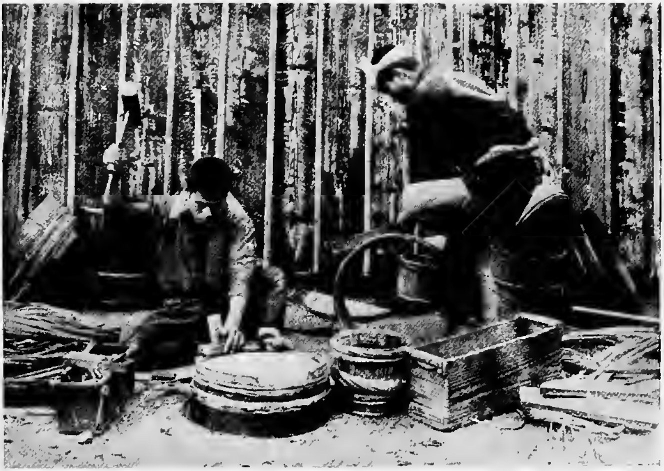
Several of the moats surrounding the castle are now dry and the people of Nagoya and their visitors parade over pathways that marked "royal domains" at an earlier period, too sacred for common feet to step upon them. Some of the buildings are now boys' schools, others are occupied by the army, but the handsomely studded metal gate at the entrance is opened only for the Mikado when he comes here, as he does frequently, to review his troops. Human beings of lesser "quality" must pass beyond the walls through a side door.

One thing all the world knows about the Nagoya castle. On its copper roof there are two dolphins, with their tails in the air. They are about eight feet high and their exact weight and value is unknown, although supposed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars. There are many popular legends in regard to these golden fish, which have gone around the world and back again. One is that a man built a big kite and flew up to them to steal them, because his sweetheart had tested his courage by telling him to prove his love by bringing her a scale from one of the golden monsters. He was detected and executed in boiling oil, and it is interesting to know that as a sequel to the tragedy, the lady showed her repentance by committing suicide over his grave. One of the "gold fish" was sent to the Vienna exposition in 1873. On the return voyage, the steamer carrying it sank and the fish found its natural element, where it stayed for several months, until recovered and placed in its old position at the top of the castle.

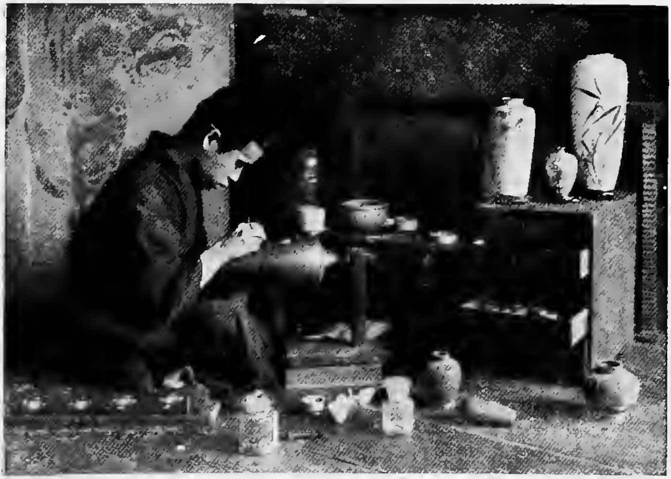
The curio shops of Nagoya, which adorn whole streets, still contain many gems that will barely permit a stranger to pass. In the evening, blankets are spread on the main thoroughfare and private collectors place their prized articles on sale. It is possible to find valuable loot here, much of it Chinese, and people who spend fortunes in Kyoto, Tokyo, and elsewhere, for things of lesser value, would profitably visit this place.

In Nagoya, and similar inland towns, more than in the coast cities and others more frequented by foreigners, if one look carefully, he may see an occasional old lady with jet-black teeth and shaved eyebrows, and know that she belongs to another day in the history of Japan. No greater change has come over the native life and customs as the result of contact with the West than the revolutionized status of women. The Buddhist influence is still felt, with its ideas brought from the Asiatic continent, however, where women have been rarely considered the equal of men. Christianity is accomplishing wonders in this direction, and what Christianity seemingly cannot do, the empress and the ladies of the imperial household can. And the ladies, supposed to be shut up within the palace inclosures, are propagandists. They are emerging from the coops where they have been "sheltered" for thousands of years.

The empress is responsible for the discontinuance of the hideous custom of blackening the teeth. She has received foreign guests who were received by the Mikado; therefore other wives and mothers all down the various channels of society have received their husbands' guests. She has taken a great personal interest in many charitable institutions, and has given much aid to the Red Cross Society; therefore other women have been encouraged to do the same thing.



COOPERS AT NAGOYA



MAKER OF CLOISONNE

As I noted earlier, there are "lady journalists" in Japan to-day. Every newspaper — and they seem to be countless in the larger cities — has one or more of them. These young ladies are carrying the message of "equality" beyond the paper-covered shutters. One even sees husbands walking with their wives in the parks, husbands accompanied by their wives at restaurants, — although it is much more common to see husbands surrounded by four or five geishas, — and one is occasionally presented to husbands' wives when calling at better-class homes. Verily, the women of Japan are becoming "emancipated." These things rarely happened a few years ago in Japan.

"You will find these things are different in China," said a Japanese to me, one who holds a diploma from an American university, and who has spent eight years in the West, but who has felt a surprising "call of the blood" since his return to Japan and who has become a "standpatter" again, making less concessions to some of the new-fangled notions of modernity than many of his fellow-men who have never seen the West. "You will find that Chinese women are away behind our women in these matters. They have not seen the light."

"Would you introduce your wife to your American friends?" I pressed.

"I have done so; but I would not say that I make it a habit. I usually entertain my Western friends at hotels or restaurants. Sometimes my wife is presented, but she rarely stays more than ten minutes with us, because she does not consider it proper for her to do so."

"Would you take your wife to the theater with you?"

"No, perhaps not; but she does not care to go to the theater."

So on and on, I asked him questions, as far as tact would permit, and from his replies, I learned that there lingers much of the old-time ideas among those who consider themselves the "better classes."

But conditions are changing. Unlike the upbuilding of Japan's merchant marine, postal, telegraph, or railroad systems, they will not change over night. Perhaps the process will be slow; but the change seems bound to come. Not long ago considerable comment was caused by the ruling of a very "progressive" judge, to the effect that "a wife is not obliged to obey the unreasonable demands of her husband." The husband had told the wife to perform some heavy manual labor for him. She declined and he sued for divorce, so the lady appealed to the court and told her own story, which seemed "Western" with a vengeance to the average Japanese gentleman.

Channels of work are opening for woman that were formerly closed and, therefore, she is much more independent of male support. Girls are now being educated as never before. Women are entering business and are proving capable managers of big financial institutions. Thus, a Japanese lady is general manager of a big banking firm and also operates coal mines successfully. But this is not surprising in a country that has had many celebrated women rulers, one of whom is famous in history for her military exploits, including an invasion of Korea. But under the old laws, a woman could not inherit property in her own name. She could not adopt children and she could not become the guardian of her own child. Now she may be the head of the family, which means so much in this country, where every member is responsible to the master or mistress of the family for every act. She may inherit property. She may manage her own estate. She may have a voice in the family councils. But the new civil code indirectly sanctions concubinage, because "an illegal child may be recognized by the father or mother," when registered.

The marriageable age for men is seventeen and for women fifteen. A notice of marriage must be registered, and even if the marriage be performed by the Christian minister, it is illegal unless registered. The head of the family may marry without consent of others, but other members of the family must have his consent. "Divorce by arrangement" is easy, and as in Mohammedan countries, is a greater evil than polygamy, because divorce may be granted when both parties go to the registrar and state their desires. It is not permitted to persons under twenty-five years of age, however, without the consent of the persons who consented to the marriage.

According to the old traditions, a Japanese woman was subject to three "obediences": as a maiden to her father, as a wife to her husband and his parents, and as a widow to her eldest son, real or adopted. When these precepts were in fuller force than now, she was in reality a faithful slave to her husband and her husband's relatives. Her position in the new household did not depend upon the affection of her husband, but upon the will of the majority and especially of the elders. She could be divorced and sent back to her parents under the most flimsy pretexts, and she was obliged to sit patiently by and see her husband bring concubines into the house, if he so desired.

An old Japanese moralist laid down a set of seven reasons for divorce: "disobedience of father-in-law or mother-in-law, barrenness, lewdness, jealousy, leprosy or any like foul disease, garrulousness, prattling, and stealing," all of which seems amusing at the present time, but must have worked hardship when it was in force. When a woman was divorced in the older day, she could not claim her own children, because these belonged to the household of her husband. And her duties were more trying than those of the hired servants in her husband's home. She could only look forward to a "happy old age," hoping then to exercise some authority.

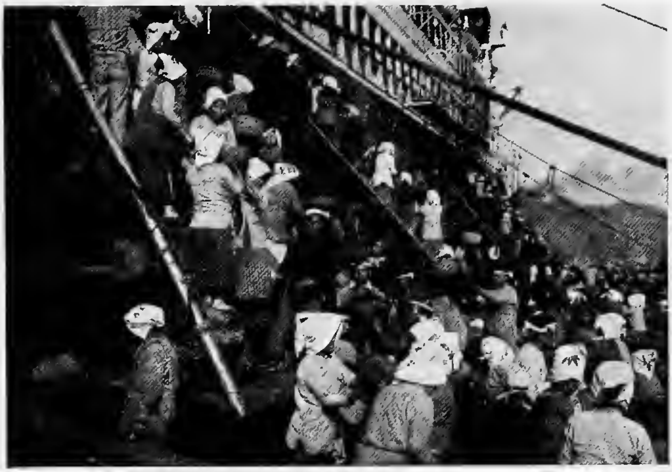
But old age came and comes soon enough. As a usual thing, the Japanese girl of fifteen or sixteen is pretty. She dresses in bright-flowered costumes and easily attracts the eye. At twenty, she may still be attractive, but she is likely to be less beautiful than at sixteen. At thirty, she is beginning to decline, and at forty, she looks much older than the Western woman at fifty.

Yet there are exceptions — and all the exceptions I have seen have had some direct contact with the West and with Christian influence. A Japanese from San Francisco introduced me to his mother, who was seventy-seven years of age. She had never been out of her native country, but she "kept young" looking forward to the annual visit of her son, who had become an American. I attended a tea ceremony and a geisha performance with this pair and the almost octogenarian mother enjoyed every minute of the time and was looking foward with much pleasure to a little jaunt into the country which she was to take on the following day with her son.

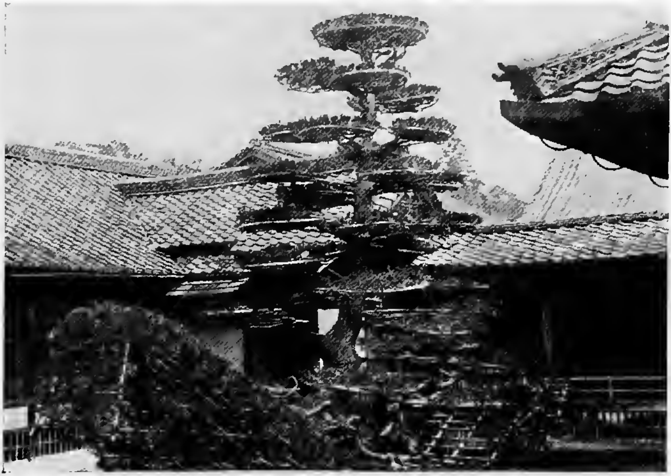
The woman in the average Japanese household would seem to have very little to occupy her time.

She has practically no household duties to perform, because there is no furniture and most of the cooked food is produced from a near-by restaurant. There are no regular meals, at least no regular times for meals. A dozen morsels of food are placed in as many lacquer bowls and the family sits around the trays and picks at things with chopsticks. The Japanese women and girls spend much time at their toilet. Most of them are plastered with paint and powder. Their lips are painted red, and an effort seems to be made to acquire an alabaster face in make-up. It is practically impossible for the woman to dress her own hair, because the coiffure is an extensive, extravagant, oiled, puffed, and decorated affair that is quite impossible excepting to the professional hairdresser. Go past the barber shops of a small city at night and you will see the chairs occupied by ladies having their hair done for the morrow — and perhaps for several morrows, because it is not customary to have the hair dressed each day. Milady places a block of wood with a little six by three inch cushion under her neck, so that not a hair will have been disturbed during her sleep.

The empress is considered the highest mark of all good breeding by Japanese. If she sneezed, every woman in the empire would try to sneeze. If she thinks anything is "right," every other woman attempts to think likewise. From her



WOMEN COALING SHIP, NAGASAKI



TREE BOAT IN TEMPLE GARDEN

youth, she is taught to control her feelings and not to show the least facial expression which might betray her feelings. In fact, it is considered improper to smile in many of the high circles, and other lasses try to follow the example.

Go to a performance by geisha girls of the better sort, and the little ladies parade to the stage, strike a thousand and one postures, make gestures and convey many "symbolical meanings" to the initiated, all of which are prescribed by ancient technique; but they do not smile. Their faces remain as cold as marble or bronze. Even when they are fluttering about tea-houses, seeking to entertain guests, they wear the same mask of immobility, for which a Broadway chorus girl would be discharged after the first act. And perhaps it is no more trying on the nerves than that simpering smirk, which stage directors try to force from the girls on American stages.

In the "Greater Learning of Women," is written: "a woman should look upon her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and thus escape celestial punishment. The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them and the parent of the other four is silliness."

And in a country where everything ancient is respected even to veneration, it may be seen how serious a problem the "emancipated" women of Japan have to wrestle and tussle with; but there is no doubt that the problem is being solved. The barriers are coming down. Women will gain much from education and the girls are being educated as are the boys. There are no social rules that demand seclusion and they take their places in society, if they desire to do so. The trouble is that they do not desire to do so, unless led to it by lofty, even imperial example. But even to-day, women have little independence and are in almost complete subjection to their fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and other male relations. A husband may not only dally along the primrose path, but he may continue to pick primroses, and it is almost impossible for a wife to obtain a divorce, however great his offense. But authorities admit that there is no higher standard of morality among the world's people than among the married Japanese women. A wife and mother may have been a geisha in earlier life, but once she becomes a married woman, she forgets her former life and is contented to sit behind the paper screens of her husband's house and submit to the autocratic rule of the members of his family.

CHAPTER VII

We on our part had no Saracens to teach us; the Chinese sages and Buddhist monks gave us only depreciatory notions of womankind.
— INAZO NITOBE

I myself look to science, knowledge, culture, as sufficient religion.
— MARQUIS ITO

IT is a train ride of about five hours to the old imperial capital, Kyoto, from Shidzuoka, to the unobservant or unenthusiastic tourist a somewhat uneventful and tedious journey; but upon arrival at one of the two commodious hotels, one may unpack belongings for a several days' stay. Kyoto is one of the most delightful cities in the entire empire and one whose fascinations unfold and reveal themselves with the passing of the hours and days. Travelers for pleasure have assured me that they spent the most delightful month of a year's journey around the world in this city of about a half million inhabitants, while two Americans leisurely visiting the wonder spots of Japan volunteered the information that they knew from actual experience that Kyoto offered a refreshing delight for every day in three months, as they lingered among her ancient hills, thinking each week that they would move along as a new week began. The tourist who plans to spend six weeks in Japan should plan to remain at least one week, after which he will be assured by others that he has missed some of the most interesting excursions that are celebrated hereabouts. This will be partially true, as it will be true of several points in the itinerary, because the beauties of Japan are cumulative, as the tour progresses; there is always something to be seen that has been overlooked. There is always something experienced by one traveler that does not befall another, whether he remain two days or two months. Seven days is a most satisfactory time limit to place upon the Kyoto visit, however, just as six weeks is adequate time for a tour of the entire country. Regrets for leaving Kyoto may be decreased by the knowledge that there are great and similar joys ahead.

Before we left Shidzuoka, there came a telegram announcing that we must make haste to be in the old capital for the *Aino* parade, popularly known as the "Hollyhock Festival." It served a dual purpose, for in addition to bringing us there in time to witness a most unusual outdoor spectacle, it was our first telegram received in Japan and called our attention to the excellence of the telegraph and postal service, which like so much else in Nippon is of modern growth. Here we were in the city that is to Japan's history what Rome is in the history of the Cæsars, but even after arrival in the intensely interesting metropolis, we could ponder on the wonderful progress of Japan, as well as upon her ancient beauties.

Forty-five years ago, here was a country without postal service, or at least one that answered none of the requirements of the present-day system. It is true that there were relays of runners, who carried official correspondence in comparatively short time between the principal points. But it was necessary to send private correspondence by special courier and private carriers, a system that has dated back to the Middle Ages in Europe and the early pioneer days in America. Then with one brush of the imperial pen, a postal service was ordered in 1871, modeled after the European systems. In that year, a letter post was established between Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, and Yokohama. The following year, it was extended to all of Japan, and now there are over six thousand post offices in Japan, handling over one billion pieces of mail annually.

The "post" is particularly popular with the Japanese people. In at least one part of the empire, some sect or cult or community seems to be eternally celebrating some holiday. There are thousands of cards and letters of greeting to be sent, in addition to the routine business, official, and the usual private correspondence from other countries. Everybody writes something and everyone realizes that the postal service is a great convenience, which is not always made use of to its full extent in many other countries. Owing to the fact that many houses do not have a number, the difficulties experienced by the postman — many of whom seem to be small boys — may be imagined. They are supposed to have a personal acquaintance with the names of the persons on their routes, and often they are obliged to make a correct delivery in this way. Much the sàme thing exists in regard to foreigners traveling in Japan. Trust to it that the imperial government takes a "paternal" interest in all visitors. The name, occupation, prospective length of visit, and for what purpose, are duly registered as a government formality when the stranger reaches port, and the government keeps close track of all strangers "within the gates," often forwarding mail to them at places which had not been requested in advance.

In many ways, the postal charges are less than in America. For example, registered letters may be sent for three and one-half cents. A certificate of the time of posting will be issued for seven and one-half cents. The special delivery letter requires a stamp of between five and seven and one-half cents. Postcards are sent within the empire for one and one-quarter cents. A letter-card with prepaid reply is one and one-half cents. A card to foreign countries is two cents. A letter to foreign countries is five cents.

The stamp collector finds a fertile field in Japan, because all sorts of commemorative events are celebrated by the issuance of new stamps, such as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of the Mikado, the amalgamation of the Korean postal system with that of Japan, and even New Year's stamps are occasionally issued. Postal savings banks have been established and have been so carefully managed that they pay a nice profit to the government. A minimum deposit of five cents (which may be made in postage stamps) and the maximum five hundred dollars is the ruling of the department at present. Interest at the rate of four and one-half per cent is paid on all deposits. The parcel post system has been perfected and is a great convenience and much patronized.

The telegraph business in Japan, like tobacco, is a government monopoly and is operated conjointly with the postal system. People send telegrams in Japan more frequently than they do in America, because the charges are less; and, as usual, the "new toy" is much enjoyed by its possessors. There was no such thing in Japan as a telegraph system until 1869. The first experiment, like that of the railway, was between Yokohama and Tokyo, a distance of only eighteen miles. Now the country is covered by a network of wires. There are over three thousand regularly established telegraph offices in the empire and every important island is connected by wire with the capital. Address and signature are always charged for, but it is possible to send fifteen characters within a city — where the distances are often great — for five cents. Ten cents is charged for a message of fifteen words, anywhere within the empire. Undelivered cable messages are advertised in the foreign daily newspapers of the country as a convenience to strangers, who may have changed their addresses.

It was not until 1890 that the telephone was introduced into the country, but it is now in constant use in all of the large cities, and unlike most of the other public servants of Japan, the telephone operators do not speak English or any other foreign language. Telephone booths are installed in all parts of the principal cities and the service is being improved constantly, while the lines are being extended. Conversations of five minutes or less are charged for at the rate of two and one-half cents. Long distance between Yokohama and Tokyo is but ten cents. And on all these charges the night rate is about twenty-five per cent less than that quoted.

The first tramway was established in Kyoto as late as 1895, but street cars whiz through the streets of the principal cities to-day, and this, like so many other modern systems, is being constantly enlarged and extended. The carfare is usually established on the zone system, but for short hauls the rate is usually lower than in America. The electric cars are patronized almost entirely by natives, for whom they are operated. Like the third-class railway cars, the paternal government cares much more for the masses and thinks more of their comforts, considering the prices they pay, than of that more exclusive class which usually acts as if it should be hauled privately. I stepped on a tramway car in front of the hotel at Kyoto for a little ride over the city's system, and while it seemed to be a comparatively innocent amusement, it seems that I brought disgrace upon the hotel.

"Foreigners do not ride in tram car" said the hotel manager. Here again I had bumped into another of those thousand-and-one class distinctions that make for "caste" in the East. And as I did not care to embarrass my host, who charged me five dollars a day to stay under his roof, I fell back to the slower but more "aristocratic" vehicle, the rikisha, in which I had already covered so much territory and in which I expected to cover so much more, irrespective of the fact that I wanted to test a Japanese tram.

Also, I learned something of the history of this little one-man-buggy-pulled-by-one-man. It covers Japan, there being something over forty thousand vehicles and over forty-three thousand men to pull them, despite the coming of the motor car and the trams — with their one and one-half fare in cities like Tokyo. And it has spread and is spreading to various countries of the East, the ports of China, the Malay peninsula and India, and even to South Africa, where it is becoming popular. It gives employment to thousands of coolies, who might find it difficult otherwise to make anywhere near so much money; and it is a luxury to residents and natives. The ordinary little rikisha costs about fifteen dollars, but the pneumatic-tired and better-made varieties used in the best parts of the country cost twenty-five dollars and up. It is said that the men in the cities average about ten dollars to fifteen dollars a month for their work and this is more than many petty officials in government and civic employ are making. Although the rikisha did not put in an appearance until about 1870, its origin is much in question and its real inventor is a "man without honor," because his achievements are doubted by other "authorities." It is usually said that it was invented in 1867 by an American missionary named Goble, who made a vehicle of a perambulator so that he could take his invalid wife into the air each day. A native account has it that a man of Kyoto suffered from paralysis in 1868, and, finding his palanquin uncomfortable, devised a two-wheeled car which was evolved into a rikisha. There is another version that it was invented by a man named Daiksuke, of Tokyo, but the first official application to manufacture rikishas was made by a man named Kosaku.

So the question may never be settled, but it is a well established fact that the well known and well liked pullman car is only about forty-five years old, and according to the size of the country, it has spread with the amazing rapidity of the automobile in America.

There are a good many horses in Japan, but after being in a country almost a month, I have seen but two harnessed to a carriage in which people were riding. A good many of them are used as draft animals, but oxen and bullocks are more frequently seen, and in both instances, the driver walks ahead of the animal and leads it, instead of attempting to "drive" it and ride. The oxen are usually shod with straw sandals and pull great bales of truck on two-wheeled carts, that seem as much of an overloading as those weighty objects pulled through the streets by men, or sometimes by young boys, who groan at their difficult task in such a mountainous and hilly country.

Horses are raised for the army at several big stations, and, excepting that they are usually considered unruly animals, they appear to be much like American horses, but they are of Mongolian breed. There are some sea-side resorts which offer their patrons the diversion of horseback riding; but it is somewhat surprising that in the mountainous districts of the interior, where travelers would gladly avail themselves of this means of conveyance over rocky trails, there are no food, shelter, or accommodations for horses, so man power is resorted to, either with rikishas, or sedan chairs, or the more popular native *kago*, which is a small hammock-like chair, hung on a pole carried on the shoulders of coolies.

It is not thought that the tram and motor will make very serious inroads on the number of rikishas in Japan. The country roads are often too narrow for any other vehicles, being only a little over a yard in width; and in the cities, the streets in many districts are too narrow to be served by electric, gasoline, or steam power. There are many motorcycles and strange contrivances of "narrow-gauge" dimensions, fitted with gas engines and intended to dispense with man power; but these are dangerous to the vast population, which walks in the middle of the road, even where there are sidewalks. But sidewalks, in the American sense of the word, are rare. Some of the larger towns do not have them, and when they do, people either use them for airing bedding, drying beans, straw, and vegetables (even fish), or, in the business districts, the merchants pile their wares to the curbing. In the evening they spread mattings or blankets on the road and, by the aid of small kerosene lamps, attempt to show passers-by what excellent goods are hidden in their small shops in the daytime. Trams, motors, immigration to colonies lately acquired,

LADY IN KAGO

PARK IN TOKYO

increased cost of living, almost stationary wage schedules: none of these things frighten the government, which owns railways and operates telephones, posts, and telegraphs. Neither are the rikisha men disturbed. The population of Japan is increasing at such a rapid rate that, despite all inventions and all labor-saving devices of modern times, there remain plenty of people. The country seems to be full of grown men and women; its highways and hedges literally swarm with children.

Even this beautiful old capital of Japan is becoming Americanized — called "Europeanized" by the few English tourists who come to the country from the China coast. After much talk with various classes of Japanese people, and after careful observations in various cities, towns, and villages, we did not find any desire to copy European customs and manners, excepting in the abominable and grafting hold-up of six or eight servants for "tips," when a foreign guest is departing from his hotel. Everything else is on the "American plan." Young Japanese are all learning the English language, and practically all important signs in the railway stations and cars, hotels, parks, store windows, and elsewhere, are in English, not as a concession to the few English who come here for their vacations because it is too hot in China, but because the Japanese people want to please the Americans and they want to be like them in many ways. Perhaps they do not like us as individuals. Certainly they do not like our slighting references — and the references of our newspapers which are duly copied in the native press — to their size, color, and poverty; and it delivers an awful blow to their "pride" when they are called "yellow" or "brown" men. They like our methods of doing things, however, and they follow our example in almost everything. The room boys at the hotels quickly catch at a slang phrase in an effort to "polish up on English." But it is all the English of America, rather than the English of England. I have heard but one Japanese gentleman speak English with an insular accent; and he was a graduate of Oxford.

There are sections in Kyoto in which the merchants cater particularly to the American tourist trade. It is popularly considered one of the best cities in the empire in which to "shop" and there are plenty of stores in which the squint-eyed merchants sit rolling their hands waiting for an American customer, because they handle "Japanese" goods which no Japanese would wear or have in his home. These merchants have been particularly bold in raising their prices since they learned that all Americans are millionaires. Our countrymen, if they understood a little Japanese, might see the article which they have just purchased for four dollars going to the next native customer for fifty or sixty cents. But the trade is brisk all the same.

Kyoto is "the place to shop" and the merry traffic goes on. There are hotels which make a specialty of their rates to Americans. Quite overcome by the abject slavery of the host of attendants, the continual bowing to the floor of the girl who waits for a guest to light his pipe and then offers the "honorable mister" a match, tourists have thrown away "tips" out of all proportion to the services rendered or the expected fees.

At some of these hotels, we find that eight persons are assigned to "serve" us. But we find that the duty of one of them is to keep a waste paper basket cleaned and to keep the stationery on a desk in order. Of course, these things have reached an absurd stage and after the American leaves one of these expensive hotels, he finds, after tipping his room boys, bath boys, dining room boys, and "boots," that four or five more are lined up at the entrance to the hotel to catch his eye before he enters his rikisha. Some of them he may not have seen during his sojourn in their hostelry, but probably they rendered the guest some unseen service, like pasting an ugly hotel label on his grip and ruining it or mailing the letters which he sent down from his room with money for stamps. They hold their foreheads to the floor during countless genuflections, as if they were prostrating themselves before Buddha. Perhaps they will get a handout. And grinning hotel managers and proprietors stand idly by, smirking and approving of the practice. Even in these matters, however, the American is at fault. Overtipping is as vulgar as undertipping. But it is the American way "to get 'em going and coming," and it is faithfully copied by Japanese hotel keepers. They think they are behaving as the Yankees do.

But even these things, which come to full blossom and fruit in such towns as Kyoto, cannot rob the splendid old city of its charm. A fifteen minutes, rikisha ride brings one beyond the "new" city. There is a subtle charm and fascination about the old that would hold any lover of romantic beauty in its embrace. After remaining one full week, when the last morning comes, and we know that the rikisha is to take us beyond the city gates not to return, we feel a pang such as one feels when parting from old friends. After all, Kyoto provides seven golden days that will linger long in memory, and it cannot be recommended too highly to the prospective tourist into this country.

In no place on earth have I seen such a happy combination of praying and pleasure. The city is so full of sacred edifices and grounds that it is almost holy, but between the sacred inclosures are houses, where people disport themselves in a manner not usually associated with worship. Almost constantly, one hears the chiming of gongs from a near by temple, or the slapping of hands, such a prominent feature of all Eastern worship that an American wag has it that Japanese always clap their hands before praying, in order to attract God's attention. But with these gong-chimes and hand-clappings, one also hears the voice of the reveler, the geisha's voice, the plaintive pipings of the bamboo flute and the picking of guitar strings.

Temple court-yards seem to be the favorite meeting places of the populace. Sometimes they play and sometimes they pray. The children seem to be continually at their games and their elders either join them or drink tea. It would be difficult to find anywhere such a combination of joy and religion.

Kyoto's temples and shrines have been described a thousand times and it is not my intention to attempt to repeat the descriptions of the various guidebooks. The city is full of them, and near and far on all of the surrounding hills, there are inclosures which have been holy ground for centuries, perhaps for thousands of years, because that history which antedates the Christian era is lost in a maze of popular legend. Hereabouts the gods and goddesses of Oriental mythology lived in the beautiful cryptomeria groves, and now their descendants, the Japanese people, smilingly ascend great stone stairways — sometimes on their knees — and breathe a prayer to Buddha, to their ancestors, family, clan or imperial, take a cup of tea —

and admire the scenery. The temples are usually located in some magnificent spot of hills and valleys. The former are crowned with beautifully carved structures holding almost priceless treasures of metal, wood, or embroidery, and the latter are usually flooded with water filled with lotus, while the banks are guarded by magnificent bronze or carved stone lanterns.

One of these temples is more or less like the others. Either you approach the first courtyard through a torii, the Japanese gate which appears everywhere, or you pass through a gigantic structure of five or six stories, which answers the same purpose. Usually the courtyard is filled with small pebbles. People like to toss these toward the lanterns. If the stone lodges, "prayers will come true;" if the stone falls, they must either try again, or consult some other shrine or superstition, like tying a piece of rag on a tree in the temple inclosure, or buying a paper prayer from the priest, chewing it into a spitball and firing it at some god or goddess. If it sticks, then all well and good; if not, better to try again. Sometimes, there are several of these "approaches," all given most elaborate and technical purposes by the religious architects. Then gradually one approaches the temple. They are always devoid of furnishings, with the exception of the altars and shrines. Straw matting covers the floor, as in the humblest home, and worshipers squat or kneel, often with their heads bowed to the floor. In all of them, there seems to be almost continual adoration. Worshipers are always present and the priests and bronzes are performing some sort of ritualistic routine. Sometimes one is squatting in a little box on the floor, clanging chunks of metal together that resound like the hammerings in a boiler shop, clapping cymbals, playing a drum, chanting in the unearthly falsetto voice employed by the native actors, sawing at an old fiddle, or merely repeating prayers. Sometimes priests are offering hampers of beautiful fruit, oranges, bananas, loquats, apples, and even tea, to the gods. Nobody speaks in a subdued voice. People squat around the altars in little groups and punctuate their prayers with casual gossip and conversation.

Buddhism made so many concessions to ancestor worship in Japan that it is almost impossible for the layman to separate one from the other unless an image of Buddha is exposed, and even then, there may be ancestral tablets, near by in a shrine; and *vice versa*, the Shinto shrines, with the exception of those at Yamada and a few places in the empire, have so taken on the form of Buddhist temples, that it is difficult to form an idea of even the original architecture or service. In an earlier day, Rome made similar concessions in the matter of ancestor worship, until it was prohibited by the

Pope, and now, I believe that communicants are not allowed to even have their ancestral tablets in their homes — certainly not as objects of worship — and of course this is one of the serious obstacles to be overcome in the Christianizing of any eastern country.

The first day of our visit happened to be the day of the great *Aoi* festival parade. While it was remarkable to Western sightseers, the wonder of it seemed to be that it should attract so much attention from the natives, who have so many festivals and who have seen this parade from the year of their birth, when they witnessed it, strapped to their mothers' backs. Many of the features were grotesque, but these are a strict adherence to ancient custom and are doubtless doubly respected on that account. The costumes are often quite absurd, but they can usually be traced back to something of consequence in local history.

The participants walk slowly through the streets, and over a picturesque bridge to a shrine in the suburbs. The streets are crowded and even the river-bed is jammed with witnesses, many of whom insist upon having the inevitable blanket on which to squat with their families, a box of charcoal for lighting cigarettes, and a pot of tea. A stand was erected for "foreigners" beside the bridge, and the hotel manager handed us a printed English program of the events, which was almost as funny as

AOI FESTIVAL PROCESSION
KYOTO

IN HOZU RAPIDS

the parade. Such items as "sacred horses nicely dressed up," "green costume on black horse," "horse decorated with special harness and nice flower parasol," and "six imperial dancers with nicely patterned dress" were rather confusing and disconcerting, as we tried to be as solemn as we were requested to be.

But we enjoyed the parade in which there were gigantic umbrellas of chrysanthemums, ancestral tablets in beautiful chests on golden carts drawn by oxen, covered with flowers, and similar features; and we also enjoyed the shrine service, when priests chanted interminably, struck gongs, and made offerings. Also the horse race, which always follows the ceremony, in the rear of the shrine. It was not what a horse race is thought to be in the West, but it was a race in which horses participated. These things were all strange and engaging to the "foreigners," but what we liked most of all was to watch the people. Here, in this "Americanized" city of nearly a half-million inhabitants, a city which prides itself on being "up to date" and "Yankee," we saw a quick turn to feudal days. The people were again Japanese for a day, Orientals for the hours between sunrise and sunset. Idolaters, perhaps, but fervent believers in what they believe. Now they call it a civic festival with religious meanings. So everyone participates, irrespective of various communions to which they have drifted. Families come together again; Christian children (who have learned English at mission schools) of Buddhist or Shintoist parents. For one day, we saw Kyoto people forget the present — and we saw real Japanese.

I had an evening of hilarity and for once gave no thought to what the expense would be, permitting myself to do anything and attend anything that appealed to my fancy. With me was my faithful rikisha boy, who had trotted up hill and down hill, pulling me in the little two-wheeled cart, in hot weather and cool weather. He said he could trot forty miles a day, and although I never put him to that neck-breaking test, I am willing to take his word for it, after having seen his splendid performances. I wanted to reward him for faithful service, so I invited him to join me and told him that we would "spend money like water," an expression that appealed to his sense of humor and which has doubtless reached all the other rikisha boys by this time. At least, we would do just what we wanted to do — what he wanted to do.

In one of the coast cities, this might have been a rash promise and invitation, for they have learned some of the Western tricks of "raising the prices." But we were in Kyoto, a popular stop-off place for tourists, but these tourists dine at eight o'clock in the evening, after a strenuous day of seeing the sights, and they do not venture far from the hotel veranda at night. Nichi and I had performed the routine tourist duties during the day, so we abandoned ourselves to the sports and joys of the old capital in the evening, and as well as I could reckon, after our return to the hotel, we had spent almost a dollar between us, because I handed him twenty yen (ten dollars) as we left the hotel, and he returned about eighteen (nine dollars). And we had a gay night of it. O, your rikisha boy knows how to enjoy himself in these cities! He knows every event that will take place on a certain night. He does not very often go to see them himself, because his patrons usually leave him on the curbing while they go inside, and expect him to be there when they return, much as one would expect a hitched horse to remain hitched.

"We will go to the Street of the Theaters," he said, as we left the two-wheeled cart behind at the hotel; and he proudly walked about a yard behind the man whom he was obliged to pull around in the daytime.

"To-night we will make a night of it," I told him. "Come along and walk beside of me. I shall lose caste in Kyoto, I understand that perfectly well; but we are going out together, so we will walk together."

Poor Nichi was almost overcome by the honor. He quickly snatched his cap from his head and carried it in his hand the remainder of the evening.

"People will observe that you walk with a rikisha man," he cautioned; "an honorable gentleman does not do that."

"You are an honorable rikisha man, aren't you?" He bowed.

"Then we will walk together."

And soon we landed at the gayly lighted and crowded street. Brilliant banners were hanging from bamboo poles, across the street, so they flapped against the faces of the passing throng. "Pick out anything you like," I told him, with the swagger of the man with a purse. "To-night we are going to make a night of it."

First of all, Nichi picked out a motion picture show. He said he was very fond of the movies, although he called them "cineomatographic performances." At the door, three or four attendants put their foreheads on the floor as I entered and waited. Nichi was buying the tickets.

"How much?" I asked. It was five cents, but my companion explained with distressed countenance that they would charge me a cent extra, because they would bring a chair and put it in the box. This theater did not have boxes. People squatted on the floor, because only natives attended and natives prefer to squat. I walked through the portal perfectly shod, but they made Nichi go bare-foot. The place was in semi-darkness, and immediately I was placed on my "throne" amongst all the squatters, I saw that more people were looking at me than at the screen. Probably I was more thrilling. It was a stupidly dull Japanese picture. The actors moved, but the lighting was bad, the flickers were horrible, and it looked very much like those old flicker pictures that we saw when pictures were in their infancy. A big man at the side of the stage chanted in a falsetto voice what the play was about, and described all the action.

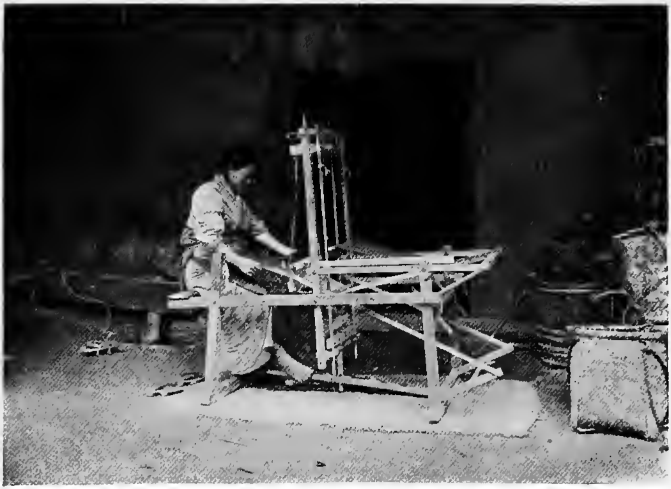
"He say: 'No, I do not love you, I will kill you if you take away from me the woman that I love,'" interpreted Nichi. So on and on for a long time. Then someone pounded the bamboo sticks on the stage and came the "next act." And it was nobody but our old friend, "The Hazards of Helen," from America. And how that rural Japanese audience did enjoy it! When a train whizzed across the stage, they applauded loudly. When the che-ild walked out on the trestle and was in imminent danger, they raised up breathlessly to their knees. "He says the mother of the child she will save it from the train," interpreted Nichi, as the "chorus" continued to tell the audience what the play was about. And when mother crept out on the trestle, grabbed the child in her arms and jumped into the river below, when mother and che-ild swam to shore, and when the train came "too late," I have never seen such an excited crowd of Japanese.

They shouted, applauded, waved their hands, and did about everything in the world that they could do to prove that they were having the time of their lives.

"Now we will go to the wrestling match," said Nichi, as he led the way to an arena of considerable dimensions, where a large audience had assembled and, with forty or fifty unclad men around a thirty-foot turf, was watching a few preliminary try-outs. Without a doubt, it was more human flesh than I had ever seen before, outside of a Ziegfeld "Follies" show. In this instance there were mountains of flesh, because these wrestlers of Japan are big over-fed critters, who seem to depend as much upon bulk as strength or skill in their professional work.

"How much admission here?" I asked, because I was interested in the "reasonable" prices of admission. "Two sen," replied the man, naming an amount exactly equal to one cent American money. It did not seem likely that we would witness much of a performance; but we did. Probably there were sixty wrestlers, not the most famous ones in Japan, but many who are in training for the big bouts at Osaka and Tokyo, where wrestling matches are as important every year as a world-première at the Metropolitan opera in New York. Finally the program began. A gentleman entered the arena, opened a large fan and waved it above his head. The audience was silent, while he began

NATIVE WRESTLERS, KYOTO



HAND SILK LOOMS, KYOTO

to chant strident tones that sounded very like a pig's signal of distress when captured. He closed his eyes and walked from one side of the ring to the other, still yelling like an out-of-order siren, and finally introduced the first contestants. Japanese wrestling consists of much posturing and posing at the start, it seems. These men pounded their toes in the dirt. They banged their muscles with their fists. They leaned over and knocked heads together, and then went to separate buckets of water, took their mouths full and spat it out on the dirt, after which they postured again and looked very militant at one another. All the others did the same. Yet the audience did not seem to tire of the unnecessary monkeyshines. And after the first curiosity had worn off, I looked at the audience. It consisted principally of men, but there were plenty of women, many of them dignified little almond-eyed wives, who squatted beside their lords and masters, and seemed to be enjoying themselves exactly as American wives would at the theater.

After the program had progressed for several minutes, a timid little Japanese girl came to our box and, kneeling, whispered something to Nichi. He answered her rather rudely, I thought, and she seemed to be quite crestfallen. I learned that I was sitting on a cushion. For this, I was supposed to pay another cent. Nichi said it was outrageous, just a scheme to get my money away from me, and he stoutly protested, but I insisted upon giving little Ushereen five cents — I had promised myself to be a spendthrift for the night — and she went away the happiest girl in Japan, because in addition to paying the penny into the theater treasury, she would have four cents for herself. When we had seen ten or twelve "matches," and it seemed that the penny entertainment was going to be endless, we left and went to a "legitimate" theater, as actors are so fond of terming it in America. As the prices had ranged earlier in the evening, this was expensive, for we were obliged to pay ten cents apiece. But they gave us box seats — or at least a box in which to squat.

The play had been running along for a couple of hours or more, but even our late arrival did not make it possible for us to stay on until the end. We waited until three different persons had committed suicide, either by strangulation, or the "belly-cut." It seemed to be almost like "Hamlet" — only different. It seemed that an old daimyo possessed a painted scroll, which he valued very highly. His daughter wanted to marry a poor young man, but her father wanted her to marry a noble. So she stole the scroll, passed it on to her lover to sell — as she thought — but another exchanged the package (shades of Sardou) and it was exchanged on and on, until a large number of persons were implicated in the theft. Then the truth came out. It had begun to come out when we entered the theater, but actors strutted to the center of the stage and declaimed great rhetorical passages about it, and about the sin of stealing and the punishment that comes to thieves, and so forth, until the suicide epidemic began. Some of them performed it beautifully and quite in the most approved mode. Ceremonial robes of white were put on and there was a great to-do in every instance. It was not exactly a jolly entertainment, but "comic relief" was found in a fat old actor on high stilts, who entered from the wings every few moments and said something that made the crowd giggle, while nobles were making ready to dispatch themselves. In this theater, as in all of the older native theaters, all the parts were played by men. Those impersonating women screeched in higher falsetto tones than those playing men, and wore either masks (denoting purity and so forth) or were rigged out in approved Japanese feminine apparel. Actresses are rather new-fangled affairs in Japan, and the provincial cities do not think much of them.

From the theater, we went to Nichi's favorite tea-house, where I am certain he told his favorite geishas how sumptuously we had spent the evening, and how the "honorable gentleman," his patron, had entertained him, making him a guest instead of a rikisha boy, because these little mites of femininity fluttered around us more than usual and did all they could to give the evening a pleasant wind-up. We were on a balcony, built out over the river on stilts. Up and down the stream, Japanese lanterns were gleaming everywhere. The waters rush by, because they come from Lake Biwa, and the canal discharges a great quantity every minute. It all seemed to be like fairyland, a sort of elaborate and dignified Luna Park. The geishas danced and they strummed at their little guitars and emitted sounds that they thought was singing. And for a grand climax, I told Nichi that I would like to taste *sake*, the "favorite Japanese beverage" for the first time. So the almost tasteless fluid brewed from rice was heated and brought to me steaming, about a thimbleful in an eggshell glass. It proved to be rather distasteful, but we soon turned to tea, and a geisha performed the tea ceremony, gracefully manipulating canister, pot, cups, and hot water for fully fifteen minutes, before she put the dampened powdered tea before us. It was a fitting Japanese ending to a real Japanese evening.

CHAPTER VIII

And what an immense religious caphamaum and what a gigantic sanctuary of adoration is this Kyoto of the ancient emperors! Three thousand temples where rest innumerable riches, consecrated to all kinds of gods, goddesses, or beasts. Palaces empty and silent, where we traverse shoeless, a series of rooms all in lacquer and gold, decorated in a manner strangely rare and beautiful. Sacred groves containing centenarian trees, the avenues of which are bordered with a legion of monsters in granite, marble, or bronze.

— Pierre Loti

REMAIN in Kyoto a month and the hotels will recommend to you an excursion for every day. Everything around the city is so fascinating that even the natives like to go and see for themselves. Saunter forth in any direction and you will find large companies of them traveling on foot, a little lunch swung over their shoulders on a stick, their garments girded high, and they are laughing and chatting merrily as they clatter along the country roads on their high wooden shoes, admirably adapted to the frequently sticky mud, which follows a night of the exceptionally heavy dew that falls here and naturally makes the vegetation more remarkable even than it is in many other parts of Japan, where it is so damp that clothing will mildew unless it is "aired" at least twice a week.

One day we decided to shoot the Hozu rapids, an excursion made famous by the Japanese artists of a century. So we took rikishas to the station early in the morning and a train took us to the little town of Nijo, where we took rikishas again to Hozu, where a boat was waiting for us, manned by four stalwart peasants, young fellows who looked strong enough to fell oxen with a blow.

The width of the stream was a surprise. From the photographs and paintings we had been led to expect a narrow channel in the gorges, but this meandering and gushing stream shoots down hill for thirteen miles and yet often enough, the width from side to side is not more than two yards. It is a sort of exalted shoot-the-chutes at an American pleasure park. But thirteen miles of it is far different from a drop of a few yards. It is an exhilarating experience never forgotten by one who is deposited on the matting in the bow of a boat and gives his future life into the keeping of four men equipped with bamboo poles. At first, the rapids were breath-snatching, but soon one becomes rather accustomed to sliding through the air and the "shoot" which takes about one and one half hours soon carries the boats through beautiful scenery as will be found in Japan, and it is appreciated, although one who sees it is sometimes going at breakneck speed through great cracks in the rock, and around sharp bends which cause the boatmen to work strenuously to keep their little craft from being smashed.

During the spring season, the mountain sides are covered with wild azalea bushes in full bloom and wistaria vines often so large and old that they send their sprays of bloom to the top of pine trees and fall in gorgeous festoons of purplish lavender over the ravine. Whole mountain sides were bright coral pink with the profusion of azalea. I even detected one great wistaria vine with a wealth of white blossoms, some of which hung over a foot in length. And all away off here in the wilds, unseen excepting by people who make the whirlwind trip in a boat.

One glance at these boats and the layman would say that they would not hold together for five seconds, when bounding over bowlders or racing through whirlpools. They are made of rickety pieces of lumber almost resembling our shingles. They have a flat bottom only an inch thick and seem better suited to sail an inland lake than to take the precipitous plunge from Hozu. But time has proved that this method of construction is the best. The timbers "give" when they strike rocks or when the waters begin to pile up around them. That is what is needed and they land safely on the outskirts of Kyoto in a beautiful pleasure park, where tea-houses border the widening river and where natives come to enjoy the scenery, because the tram-car runs close by, fares are cheap, and the pleasure is free to all. Great rafts of timber are floated down these rapids in strangely constructed rafts that would give some of our liveliest timber-jacks a race that they might not enjoy. The rafts are not more than four or five yards wide and perhaps fifteen or twenty logs long, strapped together by roots and bamboo bark. Native boys stand on these rafts and go shooting through almost two hours of rapids, as unconcernedly as if they were on the ground.

Japanese of all classes seem to be amazingly polite to one another. The man driving an ox cart will humbly ask a child to get out of the road; sometimes it is difficult to get a rikisha boy to trot past an old man on the road, one who is obliged to go slowly. But there is not time for the native politeness in the Hozu. Our boat struck a raft and succeeded in parting the logs held together by roots. Some of the logs shot on ahead and might be lost. But it was literally a race for life. There was no time for apologies, and our men merely paid attention to their own boat and its occupants, and left the raft boys to flounder around and come out of the collision as best they could.

The rikisha boy is a good guide, as I have remarked before. In a city like Kyoto he realizes with the prophet that we "shall not pass this way again," so he never overlooks anything in the neighborhood in which the stranger happens to find himself, after going out to feast his eyes on one "sight." We thought we were spending the day in Hozu, because the hotel had sent our lunch ahead to the tea-house, and about three o'clock, we started, as we believed, to return to our temporary abiding place. But the boys thought otherwise. We had not seen the Golden Pavilion during our other jaunts, so, unasked to do so by us, they halted at the gate to a temple and as soon as we had passed its portals to the garden beyond and looked into a maze of lanterns and trees, we observed that we were standing on the banks of a small artificial lake, and in the distance we could see the famous pavilion, one of the most pictured specimens of architecture in Japan, probably easily recognized by at least one half of the world.

The magnificent building was erected by the great shogun, Yoshimitsu, after his cession of the office to his son. Nominally a Buddhist monk, he assumed to retire from the world, but from this magnificent estate, he still attended to weighty affairs of state. When he died he left the place to the nation, and it is still a monument of his refined taste.

He delighted in the company of painters and poets and some of the finest examples of ancient Japanese painting extant are to be found in the temple and abbott's residence connected with this erstwhile palace. Visitors are now admitted to the apartments, all which are in the classic Japanese style, but there are screens of wonderful workman-ship and a magnificent simplicity that would be difficult to rival to-day. The great pavilion was once covered with sheets of pure gold, because Yoshimitsu had plenty of money at his command and disposal. He built a garden that was probably without an equal in the old empire. From his balcony on the lake he could look out over the landscape which he had created for himself. He gave poetic names to the trees, mounds, stones, and everything connected with his favorite outlook. These are preserved and a guide tells of them to almost deaf ears. Perhaps we have lost some of the old-time poetry, but there will remain always a curiosity in seeing where and how our predecessors lived on earth. The gold has almost disappeared from the pavilion, but it is still a beauty spot and well worth a visit from any tourist.

Even then, as we came forth from the "House of Gold," the rikisha boys were not ready to go back to the hotel. We were in the neighborhood of many weaving establishments. Certainly it would be well worth while to see how the brilliant fabrics of the Kyoto looms were turned out. And besides, there was the "petty graft," of which more will be said hereinafter, as it is so open and aboveboard and really so inoffensive, once a stranger understands it. We did not go to factories, but to little homes, where whole families were at work at the looms. Sometimes they were working in half-

GOLDEN PAVILION, KYOTO

KIYOMIZU-DERA, KYOTO

dark rooms with dirt floors and the looms moved with foot and hand power, yet they were making some of those beautiful tapestry pillow covers, which find their way around the world. Some of these poor creatures were toiling away at gold threads and silk, provided by their employers, and we learned that the weavers themselves receive but a pittance by steady work from dawn until sunset. There were ribbons of attractive designs and colors being made in the same fashion, and foot-wide materials for the obi worn by all young ladies. Of course we bought a few trifles that were offered for sale at absurdly cheap prices, considering those that they fetch in America. But they were doubtless made at a "profit," after the commission had been paid to the rikisha boys.

Yes, it is said that they get a "commission" on all sales made to the trade that they entice into all commercial establishments. It may be but a penny or so, but it is a "commission," and this accounts, in a measure, for their zeal in seeing to it that their patrons do not miss the "sights." This graft is general throughout the empire. The cook gets a commission on every article purchased at the meat market or green grocer's. The hotel clerk gets a commission on all articles sold to persons to whom he has recommended a certain store. So, on and on, Japan is filled with this system. An American, who lives there with his family in a rented house, told me that he accused his cook, a very intelligent and valuable man, of grafting. He found that he was paying a penny or two too much for some article.

"Certainly," replied the cook, "of course I get the commission; but I assure you that it is profitable for you to let me have it. I get the goods much cheaper than you, a foreigner, could get them, not counting the commissions."

And after investigating the matter, as a curiosity, the American found that this was true; so he retained the services of his cook and told him to "be Japanese" and not to attempt to be too honest. It paid the American.

And even after inspecting the looms of Kyoto, our day was not through — just as no day in Kyoto can be through, until the visitor finally locks himself in his room for the night. There is always "something doing," as Charles Lamb would have said.

Our next "sight" was a funeral procession and although we did not know the name of the deceased, we came to the conclusion that he must have been a person of some importance to call out such a "showing." The street was so filled with "mourners" that our rikishas were obliged to halt, while troups of standard bearers slowly filed past, bearing the most unusual articles, such as lanterns, sheets of paper on poles that looked like "sandwich man's" advertising signs at home, food of all descriptions for the departed, wine and tea! The corpse was sitting upright in a sort of sedan chair and the "pall-bearers" were real body bearers, as they walked along jauntily, giving the gentleman a bouncing ride. The widow walked ahead of the procession, dressed all in white, and deeply veiled. And the procession, which reminded me of a Barnum and Bailey tournament, attracted hosts of followers. It seemed as much of a sight for them as it was for us.

And before we reached the hotel, we passed a dozen or more wrestlers, out for an airing. More properly, it seemed that they were out to show their tattooing. And to do them full justice, it must be written that they were gorgeous in their inky embellishments. Some of them had great green dragons creeping across their shoulders and over their backs; others brilliantly plumed birds and others flowers of excessively striking hues. The ink seemed to serve as clothing, because most of them wore only one other "garment" and this, not larger than an American handkerchief. Long before Japan was sufficiently civilized to be recording her own national triumphs, the Chinese travelers wrote that these people of the mountains in the middle of the ocean ornamented their bodies with fanciful designs. But tattooing gradually passed into disfavor until 1868, when the government decided to be "modern" and made tattooing a criminal offense. And then presto! A couple of English princes went to Japan and had their forearms tattooed. The style changed, and it is again fashionable for persons whose professions call for their bodies to be much exposed, such as carpenters and wrestlers, to have their skins decorated with red, blue, green, and other inks. And the wrestlers improve the opportunity offered. Some of them are animated paintings from head to toe — admired by themselves if by none else, as is proved by the unbelievably important manner in which they strut along the highways.

During my visit to Kyoto, I read in the column of court news in a Tokyo paper — now a daily feature in imitation of the European custom — that the Empress of Japan had been feeding her silkworms the day before. This comparatively simple "news" item was read no doubt by the thousands of people who took a far greater interest than they had taken the day before in the culture of silkworms. It would be easy to see in the paragraph the merest society item; but in reality, it was a matter of great importance, worth more to the empire of Japan than the columns of other "news" printed the same day. It not only adhered rigidly to ancient precedent, but it was the Mikado's way of encouraging one of the country's most profitable industries. The Japanese often seem to be contrary, just for the purpose of being contrary; but it is also true that there is a subtle, even symbolical, meaning to what they do and what they say, which probably makes them misunderstood by Western peoples, if considered literally and in a prosaic manner stripped of the poetical rhetoric which they like to give to most earthly and sometimes sordid affairs.

The raising of silkworms is a side issue with a vast multitude of Japan's population; and everything is done to encourage the practice. Countless houses have one room set apart for the very profitable business of seri-culture. The husbands may earn just enough to pay the meager household expenses, or perhaps not quite enough to do so. In most of these establishments throughout the empire, the wife tries to help out a little on the monthly accounts. She may be able to buy a pair of wooden or straw shoes for the children, a brighter kimono and obi for the little daughter, or a new cap for the boy. This seems to be a part of her wifely duty — in addition to the customary duties of the housewife — and in 1901 the government reported that two millions four hundred seventy-five thousand eight hundred nineteen families were so employed.

And in such a very good work wives need encouragement, so it is given by the most illustrious lady in the land. "The Empress of Japan fed her silkworms yesterday." So the millions of women throughout the empire will take greater pleasure in feeding their silkworms to-day. When the late Madam Dubarry of France made a peculiar sound sneezing, all the court women of her time tried to imitate her. Verily, if the Empress of Japan should publicly blow her nose on a handkerchief, I believe that her subjects might take to the Occidental habit of carrying a handkerchief, one of our "ways" much needed in Oriental countries. It is very amusing to see a well dressed and well groomed Japanese lady take from her kimono sleeve a handful of tissue paper, cut into about six-by-ten inch sheets, remove one, slightly brush her nostrils and toss it away — thinking that she has performed the necessary operation of blowing her nose — something that no Japanese child seems to think about until he or she is about sixteen years of age.

But again to the silkworms of the Empress. Other empresses have been obliged to perform the operation in public — in that day when the lady was so holy that she was rarely seen by her subjects. In the third century of our era an emperor commanded his wife to visit the houses of a few silk weavers for the purpose of encouraging them in their work. In A.D. 462 the Emperor Yuryake commanded his empress to pluck mulberry leaves in public, letting her subjects know that she was doing it to feed her silkworms.

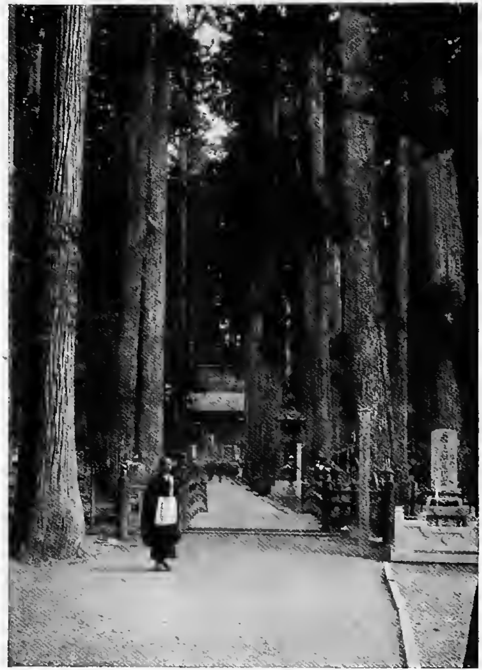
Seri-culture is popularly said to date from the "Age of the Gods" in Japan, which means that it far antedates authentic history. In the earliest times it made much progress, owing to imperial encouragement and the aid of Chinese instruction. Evidently gratitude is not one of the striking characteristics of the nation. Everything that was not borrowed from Europe or America seems to have come from China; but the Japanese look upon China and the Chinese with contempt. Walk in the streets with a Japanese youth and he will sneer contemptuously as he points out to you a solitary Chinese individual who seems to be going along about his own business. The Japanese schoolboy who wants to hurl a vile name at a companion, will call him "Chinaman."

In the year 195 A.D., Prince Koman, a descendant of the royal house, went to China to study the silkworm. (To paraphrase Disraeli, this was a day when our ancestors were running around in the woods with blue paint on their faces.) Many years later a son of this prince brought Chinese silkweavers to Japan to teach the art to his people. Silk was looked upon with such favor by the ruling classes that it was accepted as payment for taxes. And then happened what is happening again in Japan. There was a great demand for the native silk for a period of seven hundred years, and the quality decreased to such a marked degree that the government was compelled to take the matter in hand and frame laws to regulate all details of the industry.

A few years ago the government awakened to the fact that the quality of Japanese silk was not what it used to be, although the prices are double the former price. And it was found upon investigation, that the supply did not equal the demand. So commissions were sent to all parts of the world to inquire into the latest scientific methods of sericulture. As a result, laboratories have been established in all parts of the empire. Country boys are brought to them by the hundreds and taught all the secrets of silkworm rearing. Bulletins are issued to the rural population untouched by these students; and now silk is again taking its place as one of the leading industries of Japan. Mulberry culture is also an important matter, because the worms feed best on mulberry leaves. Farmers are encouraged to plant only mulberry trees to mark the dividing lines of their property. It is said that one-fourth of all the mulberry trees in Japan are planted in this way — anything to make the best use of every available inch of space in the empire's landscape.

I visited one of the big government experiment stations and saw the boys at work with the worms. There seemed to be an endless number of students and endless millions of worms. Anything that is

BUDDHIST PRIEST, KOBE


ENTRANCE TO ISE SHRINES

"instruction" in Japan attracts so many men and boys that one gets a better idea of population figures by visiting one of these institutions than elsewhere. Japan, as a government, is ambitious, but no more so than the Japanese individual. Everyone wants to learn.

One night a young man of very dignified appearance came up to me in the street and said: "Excuse me, sir, but may I ask if you are a stranger in Kyoto? May I ask you for the pleasure of walking with you for a couple of hours? I would like to show you whatever there is to see in the city, which I know very well, if in exchange you will grant the privilege of speaking English. I have very few opportunities and I am trying to perfect my knowledge of English grammar, which I fear I shall be unable to do by merely reading English books."

So we started our promenade and inside of ten seconds, he said: "May I suggest as our first topic of conversation, your great President, Abraham Lincoln! Please tell me something about his life and deeds."

At the experiment station, classes of boys were attending to worms just hatched from the eggs, and other classes were attending to them all the way up to when they twine themselves in their cocoons. Other groups were attending to the "boiling," which causes the silk to separate into strands, others were winding it on reels, and after the season is over, each boy will go home to "tell the folks about it," that they may improve the product. It is essentially a "home" occupation, but the Japanese product has amounted to as high as forty-four million dollars in one year. Europe and America are the principal markets for raw and waste silk, but the finished product finds a market all over the world.

CHAPTER IX

Much ingenious rubbish has been devised to account for the presence of a looking-glass in every Shinto temple; but the fact is, that the original Ise mirror, of which all the rest are copies, merely represents the Sun Goddess, the supposed ancestress of the Mikado and together with the sword, which constitute the Japanese regalia, found a resting place at Ise, after many wanderings in the year 4 B.C.

— ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP

IT is a five-hour train ride from Kyoto to Yamada, a delightful jaunt from the beaten path of the casual tourist; which affords an opportunity to visit one of the holiest places in the world. The Shrines of Ise at Yamada are to the Japanese what the Temple of Jerusalem was to the Jews, who lived before the dawn of Christianity, what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and more than the Eternal City to the Roman Catholic. The shrines are not the abiding place of the earthly representative or vicar of the gods; but the earthly tabernacle of the gods themselves, the gods who preside over the destinies of Nippon. It seems strange that Ise is a name so unfamiliar to the Western world, in view of its importance to the Japanese people, and in view of the fact that Yamada is one of the fascinating cities of the entire country, with a comfortable European-style hotel and much in the neighborhood to commend it to the attention of all visitors to Lotus Land.

There are many quaint legends concerning its beginnings. One of the most interesting is that about the time of Jesus Christ, a daughter of an emperor of Japan, after searching for many years for a place in which to locate a temple to the gods, was attracted to the densely wooded slopes that dip down toward the sea at this point. Such early events in authentic Japanese history are lost, probably forever. The natives in Japan's early days were so busy fighting with each other that none of them had time to write history. They were making it, but it went unrecorded. So modern historians merely rank all of those early fighters and conquerors as "gods and goddesses," which is perhaps the most complimentary way of disposing of them, and authentic history begins at a comparatively recent date for such an old country.

It is customary to say that Japanese history dates from Jimmu, the "Emperor of Divine Valor," who is supposed to have been fifth in direct descent from the Sun Goddess and to have lived for one hundred twenty-seven years. Jimmu is supposed to have flourished in the sixth century B.C. And it is believed by many authorities that the fundamentals of the pure Shinto religion were in practice at the time of his reign.

But at Yamada down to the fifth century A.D., there is no reliable history. After that, however, it seems certain that pilgrims were swarming there, just as they are at present. Now they average about seven hundred thousand a year and as each one of them leaves some money behind — in addition to what he puts into the collection box at the shrines, a big wooden chest with grated top like those of a "pay-as-you-enter-street-car-fare-box" in America. Yamada literally feeds upon its pilgrims, as does Mecca upon Mohammedans and Guadalupe upon religious Mexicans.

Millions of the Japanese people confidently believe that here reside the *Kami*, or gods, which watch over the Japanese empire. Here is practised the most primitive form of Shinto service in all its pristine purity. No Buddhist monk or nun has ever been allowed to come within several miles of the sacred inclosure. Here are the best examples of Shinto architecture in Japan. It seemed to me as I plunged into the forest of Ise that the American poet received therefrom his inspiration for the line about the groves being "God's first temple."

I arrived on a day of pilgrimage. The streets of the town swarmed with fervent worshipers. They do not care to see Western faces while going about their devotional exercises, but permission had been granted by the authorities, so I joined the throng and started to move along the great paved promenade or boulevard, which the government has caused to be constructed from the village off into the suburbs to the great red tori, beyond which everything is holy; bridges, trees, lanterns, animals — and presumably even the great guns from Port Arthur, which returning Japanese heroes brought with them at the close of the late war. Even these guns, in the hands of modern Japanese, were of great assistance toward the preservation and expansion of the empire. Perhaps they are not "sacred," because I saw nobody kneeling before them; but I know that when I stood in a distant part of the great inclosure, looking at a big Russian mortar, a police guard asked me to remove the pipe which I was smoking from my mouth and he requested me not to smoke again until I had crossed the bridge and passed beyond the tori. This was the only sign of discrimination against me. The Japanese smoked — because they were two or three miles from the shrines; but an American "heathen" was not permitted to do so.

Perhaps I should have reciprocated the courtesy extended to me when permission was given for me to enter at all on this particular day. But the incident of the tobacco smoke transpired when I was a mile, or perhaps two from the shrines. It had not occurred to me that the puff from an American pipe at that distance would polute the air which was necessarily "strained" by a grove of cryptomerias before the gods of Japan would have had the opportunity to detect the offensive odor.

The great promenade to the entrance has been cut through the hills. Sometimes the slopes are precipitous, but they have now been planted with azaleas and in May are a profusion of bloom. The pilgrims make a noisy clatter along the pavement, because most of them wear wooden shoes. They are fantastically clothed, many of them, either in white or in brilliant colors. Many wear large straw mushroom hats, while multitudes are contented with what appears to be rather scant bathing trunks, as we know them at home. I saw many who did not burden themselves with so much clothing as this and were contented with a loin cloth. Their minds were on sacred things and they did not care for clothing — at least that seemed to be the best explanation at the time, although most of them were chatting and seemed to be quite merry as they passed along the great national highway. Here, again, was the mixture of joy and religion, as it is rarely seen in other countries.

The pilgrimage to the shrines of Ise is undertaken in many ways. Of course vast numbers of people come as individuals, but many of them come as the representatives of whole towns, villages, guilds, and neighborhoods. In some parts of the empire it is customary to collect a small voluntary tax from a certain number of people — a penny a month is said to be one of the popular amounts — and when there is enough in the treasury to defray the expenses of a pilgrimage, there is a lottery drawing. The winner of the lucky number makes the pilgrimage for the community and is sent off with great honors, something like the ceremonial departure of a Mohammedan for Mecca.

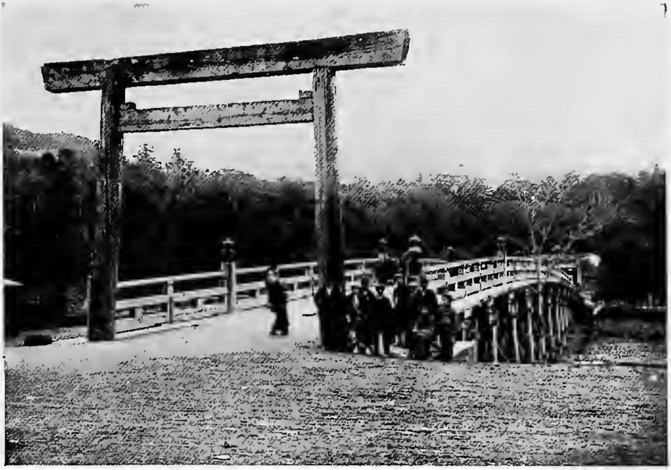
Every Japanese hopes to visit Ise at least once in his lifetime, and having done so, he looks upon it as an important event in his life. The Mikado sent a special deputy to Ise to return thanks after the victory of his troops in the Russian-Japanese war. The first official act of Admiral Togo, after returning to his native land from his great victories, was to anchor his fleet near Ise and make a solemn pilgrimage to the shrines, accompanied by his men who had assisted him in his brilliant achievements. And then all the way down the social scale to the humblest artisans, they all come not only to return thanks for favors, but to request more favors for the future. A boy starting out in his life's profession will visit Ise and ask the gods to favor him. Apprentice boys often run away from their masters and walk all the way to Ise, worship at the shrine, return, and are always forgiven for the time that the journey has taken, because it is considered a pious act. Merchants go to Ise to return thanks for brisk trade, and to request better trade. In reality, it is the great central shrine of the government, of the nation, and of individuals.

Of course, photographing, sketching, or even note-taking is strictly forbidden. People are examined for the articles used for these occupations, as they are before entering Mecca, and any picture which filters through to the outside world is obtained surreptitiously, as was the case with those that accompany these pages. The carpenters who work on the simple structures are obliged to bathe frequently, dress in white, and if they cut their fingers, so that a drop of blood falls on the timbers, the wood is immediately rejected and new pieces are selected for the buildings.

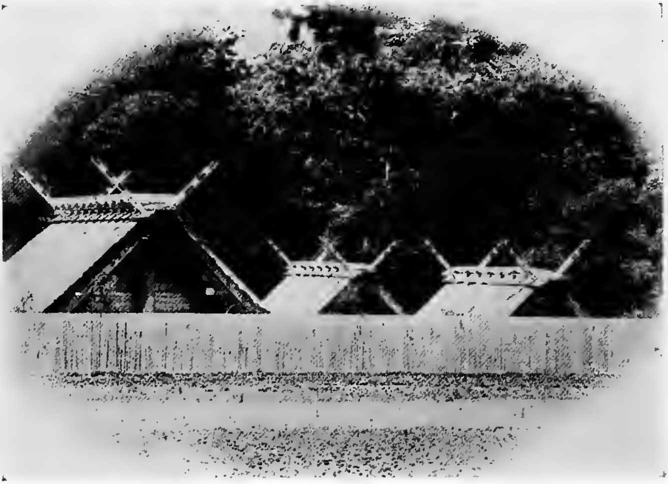
To the layman, here seems to be nature worship at its fullest. The stately avenues range through the dense forest of gigantic trees, many of which seem as large as those famous redwoods on the Pacific slopes of America. Roads are not straight, but meander around these trunks, and great stone lanterns and small shrines, each of which has some emblematic and symbolical meaning, are scattered along the landscape, seemingly to make it more beautiful. There are pools of water and some trickling waterfalls. Perhaps the pilgrims enter the forest in a lively frame of mind, after their journey thither; but they soon become calmed during their slow walk through the sublime depths of primeval forest, so that when they reach the stone steps at the base of the shrine, their heads are bowed in reverence and their thoughts are on holy things, as is proved by the almost ecstatic expressions of their faces.

One of the unusual features of the whole pilgrimage is "feeding the sacred horses," which are lodged in a shrine of cryptomaria and stick their noses out of openings for beans. I scarcely suspected that I would be "worthy," but I was. I gave the priests the equivalent of five cents in American money and they doled out to me fifty beans, which I was permitted to place under the noses of the animals. It is said that they were formerly owned by the late Emperor of Japan; and as he seems likely to become one of the most exalted gods in the Japanese calendar, his pet horses are lucky equines.

The shrines themselves are quite disappointing to the stranger. There is no great stone building, like the Temple at Mecca, not even one like the Mosque at Jerusalem; not even a church, worthy of the name. Exceedingly plain wooden rafters and a straw-thatched roof is set on poles. Crisscross beams over the roof are studded with brass knobs. Inside, there is what corresponds to an altar, but the structure is wholly without furnishings. Some straw matting is on the floor and tassels of tissue paper and straw hang over the entrances. There are a few drums and pieces of metal that are pounded together during the prayers of the priests. But otherwise, the place is about as empty and unattractive as the ordinary wagon shed on an American farm. Yet here live the gods!



APPROACH TO YAMADA SHRINES



SHRINES OF ISE, YAMADA

They declined to permit me to enter the sacred inclosure beyond the first wall, but they allowed me to watch the service, and as there are no sides to the building, I saw enough. It was all quite unintelligible. Priests chanted in weird falsetto tones, struck gongs of wooden sound and sharply crashing metals, there was an infrequent picking of guitar strings, the worshipers clapped their hands and prostrated themselves, while the priests changed their positions and went through the same ritual in different parts of the building.

Here in a one-hundred-sixty-four-acre park, the very center of Japanese hopes, it seemed rather disappointing to find nothing more than little thatched huts. But even this very simplicity is carefully devised and adhered to and not the least tawdry ornamentation is permitted. The shrines are rebuilt about four times in a century — the latest having been in 1900, it being the time-honored rule not to let them stand over twenty-five years.

But the glitter begins after one leaves the shrine. There are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of shops where "souvenirs" are sold to pilgrims. Most of them bear on the sacred visit, carved wood, bronze urns, and little pieces of wood the size of marbles, which can be opened and are found to shelter two or three grains of rice carved in the images of the Gods of Good Luck. Some of these charms are carved from the timbers from which earlier shrines of Ise were built, and these find their way to the "God Shelf" in the homes of people in distant parts of the empire. Pilgrims purchase these souvenirs of the pilgrimage, wrap them carefully in gorgeous handkerchiefs and carry them on sticks over their shoulders or in their hands. Most of them take back "remembrances" for the friends at home, so the business is lively and the bargaining is that which one might expect to find at Coney Island in America.

The hills back of Yamada are covered with large Japanese inns and hotels, to accommodate the crowds that come at all seasons of the year. When I reached my hotel, after performing my pilgrimage, the clerk showing me about the various rooms, told me that General This and Count That, or this and that member of the imperial household, had lodged in this or that room, much as a resort hotel keeper would point out the attractive views from the window of apartments that he wished to rent.

The environs of Yamada are almost as alluring to the visitor as the town itself. For example, one of the pleasant excursions of a day is down to the sea front at Toba, reached by train in a few minutes. Perhaps Toba seemed more fascinating than any of the other towns, because it is linked with the interesting industry of pearl culture, which is as profitable here as anywhere in the world.

Men bring most of the jewels to the surface of the earth, and the jewels are prepared by men to one day deck milady's diadem and please her eyes, as well as the eyes of all who see her. They go into forbidden countries and search the waste lands of the earth for diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and most of the precious stones. But "femininism" has exerted itself in regard to the much-prized Oriental pearls. At Toba, the business of diving into the ocean's depths and bringing to the surface the oyster shells which bear the lustrous gems is almost entirely in the hands of women. At least, this is true in Japan, where the system of "culture," was introduced doubtless by the Buddhists, who learned the trick from the monks of China and transplanted it with splendid results.

The matter of "pearl farming" requires Oriental patience. No Occidental would be satisfied to wait so long for his harvest. It requires about four years from the time of "planting" to produce a pearl, and then one day when everything is ready, the bronze-skinned feminine divers crawl around the ocean floor, quite without artificial assistance, and bring up the beauties that will one day be offered in the markets of Amsterdam, New York, Paris, and London, and sooner or later dazzle the eyes of beholders in the "horseshoe" of the Metropolitan, the foyer of the opera at the French capital or in imperial drawing-rooms.

In the first instance, it was curiosity that led me to make the trip from Yamada to Toba to see these girls at their unusual occupation, for which they are chosen because of their ability to hold their breath longer than men. The imports of these gems to the United States have mounted into the millions of dollars, so the unlettered beauties of Toba play an important part in the commercial relations between the two countries, although so little is known of them. The pearls shipped from Japan annually are estimated in value equal to many of the more prosaic products of the soil and factories of the country. But the business is of very modern growth, and for a long time was considered merely a romantic experiment.

From ancient times, the Buddhist monks of China have been inserting little grains of foreign substance into the shells of the oyster, throwing them back into the water — and waiting for years before they realized any profit. In Japan it is different. Instead of small streams of fresh water, about fifty miles of Japanese coast hereabouts are leased and the ocean floor is literally strewn with valuable shells. It is a precarious business, because the oysters are the prey to many ocean creatures, one of the worst being the "Red Current," which consists of microscopic organisms which sometimes are so thick that they color the water by their presence; but it pays in the long run and several hundred persons are employed providing a means of livelihood to people who might fare worse otherwise.

The girls who dive begin their work at about fourteen years of age and spend the greater part of every year in the water, until they are haggard, and rather shatter one's fanciful idea of what a pearl-diver should look like. The salt water has a bad effect on their skins and hair, and they seem to turn almost half-fish, if they follow their occupation too long. But it is a customary saying around Toba that they are not obliged to depend upon their personal beauty for attractiveness. All of them are married young. There are plenty of young men looking out for future life with a wife who can earn from twenty-five cents to two dollars a day. That is big pay in Japan for any sort of "unskilled" labor, most of all, when earned by a woman.

As fortune had it, the arrangements were made and I was assigned to a boat in which the divers were strong and quite attractive young specimens of girlhood and I might have thought that all pearl-divers were beauties — as they should be to preserve the fitness of things — if I had not seen plenty of the haggard and shrunken divers who flipped over the sides of their boats and came up with as much "treasure" as any of the younger and more beautiful ones. One old lady of perhaps sixty years was particularly clever at her profession, and after she once submerged herself, she stayed under the water so long that each time she dived, she gave me a nervous chill, because I thought she was trying to show off and would stay a few seconds too long, making it her last dive into the salty water, which seemed to be almost her natural element. She saw that I had been observing her, and after one particularly long prowl around the ocean's floor, she came to the air, swam over to my boat and handed me a big lobster, which she had found tangled in the seaweed. In America it might have been a doubtful compliment, but she meant well enough and I rewarded her prowess by giving her a *yen*, which so delighted her that she went off womanlike and told all the other divers of her good fortune, and inside of fifteen minutes, each of the "fair" beauties was depositing a lobster at my feet and I was obliged to close the contest.

We started from the beautiful rock-bound shore of Toba early in the morning. The boat required two men to manipulate it, a piece of matting was spread out amidships for me to squat upon, and the two girls deposited themselves in spaces not otherwise occupied. We rowed against a good fresh breeze for some time and, in perhaps an hour, came to the "grounds." The oars were stopped and the girls strapped glass goggles over their eyes, to keep out the salt water.

Each of them had a little tub about eighteen inches in diameter, which she threw overboard and immediately followed by plunging headlong into the briny, without the least warning. Down to the bottom they went; and up they came, swimming to the tub and depositing whatever they were able to dislodge from the chilly depths. Occasionally they floated or swam about for a few moments between dives, apparently permitting their lungs a chance to rest; but the submerging and coming to the surface was often repeated, and it seemed fully two hours before they said they were "cold." Then we rowed to shore and landed beneath a ledge of rock, while the men kindled fire from materials they had brought with them. The girls' skins seemed quite as accustomed to the heat as to the cold, because they stood up beside the crackling flames and paid no attention to the heat. Finally, they were warmed through and began operations again.

Their tubs were the repositories of starfish, sea anemones, sea weeds, and urchins, as well as oyster shells. All of these things come in handy for food and probably they reason that so long as they must come to the surface once in every two or three minutes for air, they might as well improve the trip and add to the general harvest.

The girls have no way of knowing whether or not they have brought up pearls. They know the oyster that produces them, but they also know that not every shell produces a pearl. Sometimes the experiment of inserting foreign substance into the shell does not bring results. Sometimes the oyster spits it out, after he has been put back into his watery home. There seems irony in the fact that he may do so in two minutes after he is back in the water, but the man who owns him waits patiently for four years before he knows anything about it. The girls bring their tubs to shore, where everything they have brought up is sorted and the shells of the oyster are taken to sheds, where they are carefully opened and inspected by other girls and women. It is a profession for women apparently; one that seems to be appropriate, because they are providing ornamentation for their sisters in other parts of the world.

Pearls are not stored and hoarded in Japan as they are in India and China. In ancient times it was not good form to wear jewelry of any kind and it is not very fashionable among the better circles in Japan to-day. Almost the entire output of pearls is shipped away to foreign countries, Tokyo being the great distributing center for the entire industry.

The process of pearl culture is comparatively simple, but everything possible is done to make the conditions as favorable as possible for the oyster. The spawn is placed near small stones and in time attaches itself to them, after which they are carefully put in beds prepared for them with scientific knowledge of their requirements. Finally, after about three years, they are removed to deep water, where they lie for another year or more. A small particle of *nacre* is inserted into the shell and this forms a basis for the layers of mother-of-pearl, which form the lustrous jewel as we know it. When the shell is opened, the pearl adheres to the inner lining and must be taken away by artificial means, which makes it necessary for the "culture pearls" to have one slightly flat side, making them usually unfit for ropes or string necklaces, but which do not show when the gems are set in rings or pins. Japanese pearls do not bring anything like the price obtained for those of Ceylon and the Persian gulf. Value depends largely upon their form, beauty of coloring, and size, although the last named does not count for so much in the reckoning as one might suspect. "A five-grain pearl," says one authority, "may be worth twenty times as much as a one-grain pearl."

And certainly they are cheap at Toba! A dealer offered me two beautiful pearls of splendid satiny white luster for one dollar each, gems that could not have been distinguished from "real pearls" save by an expert. Formerly, they were practically all shipped away for setting; but now this work is being done very skilfully and attractively by the Japanese, and of course, this brings an added value to the industry which did not become a commercial undertaking until about 1890, the first pearls being marketed in 1898.

While I did not know it at the time, I learned later that arrangements made beforehand sent me forth on the briny with the two most beautiful and expert pearl-divers of Toba. I had no way of knowing at what rate they were working, because all of their antics were curious, and it seemed strange that they could go on with such fatiguing work hour after hour and not appear to be fatigued. It was said, however, that they could bring up one hundred pearl-bearing bivalves from ten fathoms of water in one minute after leaving the surface. Six or eight hours constitute the pearl-diver's daily routine and a few of them will bring up a thousand shells to be examined in that time. Now everyone knows that a pearl-diver girl should be a sort of heroine in her community. It all seemed so romantic that I felt sure they would at least sit in state once in a while, in this country which has so many festivals and fêtes, and probably they would be carted through the streets as one of the glories of Japan. But I learned otherwise on inquiry. "A prophetess is not without honor save in her own fishing village." Here the struggle for daily bread is too difficult to pay any attenton to anything so romantic as a female pearl-diver.

As before noted, all of them are married, and in the evening, when wife comes from her arduous and dangerous occupation, husband is hungry for his supper. Perhaps she has a swarm of children, who do not think of what beautiful pearls mother brought up from the bottom of the ocean to-day, but of what they are going to have to eat and when they are going to have it. In this little community of Toba, the divers seem to be looked upon as fishwives. What difference was it, whether they fished for oysters or for lobsters? For the life of them, these Toba fisherfolk could not see why I made the out-of-the-way trip to their little village, just to watch girls and women go over the side of a boat. And, of course, I could not explain to them that a pearl meant more than a lobster to the foreigner. Sometimes luck is with them and they bring up a good hamper of lobsters; and these bring a far better price than the wages for pearl-diving. After, all, it is food that men and women and children want; and wages are what will bring the food. Why be sentimental about pearls?

And yet, it had all seemed to be a sentimental journey, this trip to Toba! At least, until the diver handed me the lobsters, and this rather brought me back to earth. And when I reached the shore, one of the boatmen had woven a neat meshbag from bamboo bark that accommodated my lobsters and made them convenient to carry. That night at Toba, there was a broiled lobster on a tray before me that made a most fitting ending to my day with the pearl-divers.

CHAPTER X

While all European states like to display the treasures which they have respectively seized or won in their frontier and dynastic wars, Japan hides all monuments of its military glory from foreigners. They are kept in reserve, like a family treasure, in venerable sanctuaries, to which no profane feet ever find access.

— AIMÉ HUMBERT

ANOTHER train ride of about five hours brought us to the ancient city of Nara, where I felt that I had plunged backward that two thousand years that a well-wishing friend told me about and said would be my experience if I thoroughly enjoyed myself in Japan. It had not been possible to vividly imagine a time before Christianity, where Christians were met at every few steps, where everything shrieked of modernity, or at least a desire for modernity, automobiles, stacks belching forth great volumes of smoke and proclaiming the new era of progress, and an ever present army tramping the streets in the most modern of military uniforms. Even the men and women in costumes strikingly like those of ancient Greece and Rome would not successfully recall the people of two thousand years ago. But after a few hours in Nara, I was obliged to rub my eyes. Was it in reality the twentieth century? Was this a city of that wonderfully progressive, militant, and in-

ENTRANCE TO PARK, NARA

GEISHA ORCHESTRA, YAMADA

dustrial nation, Japan? During the first few hours of my visit to Nara, I saw paganism as rampant as it had ever been in the history of the world. I had seen nature worshiped in all of her visible forms. I had seen "sacred" animals galore and fed them. I had seen priests with hampers of oranges, loquats, bananas, and other fruits, serving a banquet to the gods. At the high altars there were priestesses, strange relics of a bygone age, dancing, posturing, ringing bells, and pouring wine — and receiving the most flattering attention from the assembled multitudes. Flattering, because not one of them was a good dancer, and their faces painted with yellow and white chalk, as an American Indian might daub his features before going to war, were not what could be called "fair to look upon." But they were priestesses, girls permanently dedicated to services in the temple — in a country where dancers are usually engaged for special temple festivals and are merely priestesses *pro tempore.*

Perhaps this pagan service was more impressive because one arrived at it through a great grove and park of ages-old evergreen trees, the avenues of which are bordered with thousands of stone and bronze lanterns, small shrines, and as fine examples of the landscape gardener's skill as one is likely to meet with in this land of sublime landscapes.

One arrives at Nara uninformed and there is nothing about the station that is different from other towns. The guard calls "Nara," as he might call "Yokohama," "Tokyo," or "Nagasaki." Crowds are hustling around the station platform, either using the big public bath, a feature of all Japanese railway stations, buying little wooden boxes of cooked rice and fish for the train journey, tickets, tobacco, or caramels (a popular delicacy for travellers), or looking after baggage and performing any of the routine tasks of one who is preparing to go away or who arrives on a train. Yet Nara is "holy." Away back, almost in the beginning of things Japanese, it was "holy," and it has not only continued to be "holy," but successive emperors, shoguns, and heroes have done all in their power to make it holier by bestowing patronage upon it and making it the center of pilgrimage on important occasions. Japanese arts, literature, and history may almost be said to have had their beginning here. Here was written the first comprehensive history of Japan. Here the pottery industry received its first impetus. Nara's ground is strewn with the dust of emperors, holy men, and heroes, and it might never have lost its temporal power if the monks had not become overzealous and militant as a result of their religious importance. Yet to the stranger arriving at Nara station, it is merely a town of something over thirty thousand inhabitants — a fact learned from railway literature or a guidebook. But the rikisha has not proceeded many yards, before the newcomer realizes that he has arrived in one of the strangest places on earth and, therefore, one of the most interesting.

Perhaps the first marked oddity is the presence of the sacred deer. Once upon a time they may have been confined to the temple inclosures, but centuries of protection have emboldened them and now they roam about everywhere. They rub against the arms of shoppers in the principal business thoroughfares. Less than an hour after I arrived, I was standing at a little booth inspecting some articles that I wanted to buy, and being somewhat startled by a rather heavy tug at my coat pocket, I turned quickly and found that a deer had poked his nose into the coat opening. It was explained to me that he was looking for cake, which many people carry about with them for the purpose of feeding the animals which they encounter in unexpected places. I soon dismissed my rikisha boy and sent him back to the hotel. Here was a place to walk and not to ride. Very soon I came to a big pond, and, looking over the stone edge, I saw more turtles than up to that moment I had believed existed on earth. The water was alive with them. Beside the pond was a woman selling turtle food. I bought five cents' worth, which was a plentiful supply, and the old lady assured me that if I fed the sacred turtles, I would live for ten thousand years, which it appeared to me was an excellent bargain. I fed the "sacred storks," the "sacred doves," bought beans for the "sacred horses," and then finally, after much wandering, I reached the hotel, a surprisingly comfortable hostelry conducted by the government. It is on a hill overlooking a big lake, and across the water rise pagodas, torii, and other sacred structures.

The temple park is approached through a big red tori. The main avenue is flanked with three thousand stone lanterns, any one of which would be a prized object in a foreign collection. On festival occasions they are all illuminated, and the stranger may order the illumination on other occasions for the payment of about ten to twenty dollars, throwing a flood of glittering light through the park.

To the right is the Waka-miya, a smaller shrine, and it was here that I saw the girls dancing and kneeling before the altar, while priests chanted a melancholy dirge, accompanied by weird pipings of flute and beating of drums. While they were bowing before the altar, the High Priest entered with the hamper of fruit and offered it to the deities by ascending several steps. Immediately upon descending the steps, he seemed to feel assured that the gods were satisfied, because he entered into negotiations with us for the photographing of the priestesses. And he was a good business man, as well as probably a very good Shinto priest. Of course, try as best he can, the Westerner cannot understand. But the Japanese can. They come here in droves to worship, at festival time and at every other time of year. For one-half cent they let me sound the great bronze temple gong that weighs forty-eight tons, just as if I had been a devout Shintoist.

In the afternoon we received an invitation to go to one of the hills on the outskirts of the city, to visit the famous Kombuin Buddhist convent. We found the Buddhist nuns to be most gracious little ladies, smiling and chatty, most of them credited with belonging to the Japanese nobility. Their heads are shaved and they wear no head-dress of any kind. Most of them look like roly-poly overgrown boys. They wear white robes of rather ancient design and go bare-foot. We were invited to attend a chapel service in which we saw them squat around an exposed idol, pound on little wooden drums, burn punk sticks and paper prayers, and chant whole books of prayers, often genuflecting toward the Buddha and repeating his name.

Then came the grand climax of our visit to the convent. We were told that as a special favor we were to be presented to the Abbess. If we had stood in the anterooms of Buckingham Palace, waiting to be presented to their majesties of Britain, there would have been no more formalities or ceremonies. A nun told us that the introduction was about to be made. Another nun came and told us that everything was ready. Then everything was quiet for a moment and two solemn-visaged nuns stood before a sliding partition, which they pushed towards the ends of the room.

There stood the little Abbess, a plump girl with shaved head. She was gowned in a royal purple robe, and gold insignia of her sacred office hung around her neck. She is the daughter of Count Hinoshisi of Kyoto, and was given to the Buddhist order when she was eleven years of age. She is now twenty-six. Our guide prostrated himself with his forehead to the floor, as she was revealed standing in her little alcove. Our names were pronounced and we approached to within three feet of her and bent our bodies double, according to instructions. She even consented to speak into infidel ears, and her words were humbly interpreted by our prostrate guide. "I hope you will like Japan and that you are enjoying yourselves."

Then the partition was drawn, but we wanted more than this formal audience. We even suggested a photograph. Sacrilege! But our request was carried to the august and holy little personage, and it rather struck her fancy. So she came into the garden of the convent and posed in her robes of office. But care was taken that she did not enter

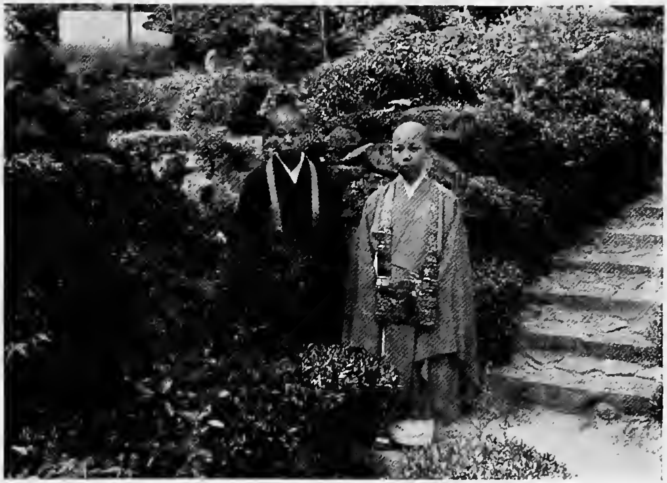
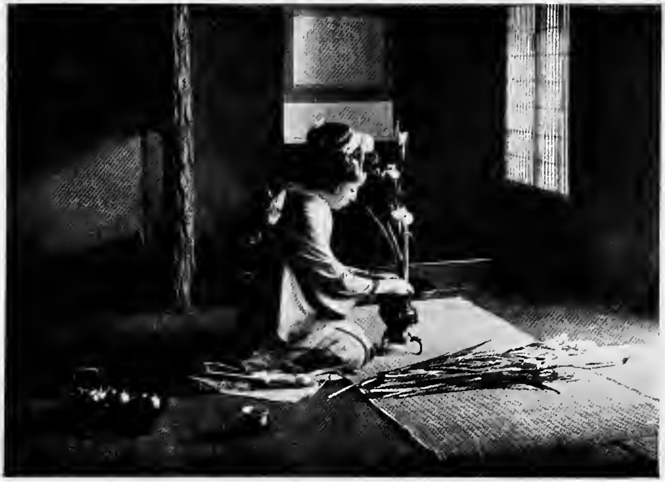


Photo by E. M. Newman

BUDDHIST ABBESS AND NUN, NARA



FLOWER ARRANGEMENT (IKEBANA)

a room while we were in it, unless separated from us by a screen. The Abbess became a good poser; but not at first. And hoping to arrange her robes for the camera, probably the first and perhaps the last that will ever be taken of her, the photographer actually touched her! It was enough to send him to the electric chair. But the little lady smiled and evidently did not care, so the rest of the Buddhist millions should not worry about it.

At Nara we found the best opportunity to observe one thing that Japan did not learn from the West — education. She seems to have adopted most of the ideas of Western institutions of learning at the present time (I saw several of the very modern practices still talked about at teachers' conventions in America in actual operation here), but the general idea of education came from China. It is at least in legendary history that an educational code was drafted and put into effect in Japan as early as the seventh century. Certainly, whatever the date may have been, the Japanese nation and government early recognized the value of liberating its people from ignorance. At the time when British gentlemen, even sovereigns, barely could spell their names, the military classes of Japan were scholars. Soon after the revolution of 1868, a board of education was constituted and a board of investigators was sent to the United States and Europe, to report on the best methods in vogue in all countries; and from the findings of this board, the modern educational system was evolved.

The stranger in Japan, who goes into the pottery and weaving establishments, may arrive at the hasty conclusion from the large amount of child labor permitted, that laws are not very strictly enforced. At Nara I visited the big ink factories — perhaps the best in Japan — and saw the poor little youngsters knee-deep in the soot and oil, undoubtedly one of the most unhealthful occupations on earth, because the air the workers breathe is necessarily vile; and it seemed to me then that this government, which is notoriously so careful of its younger generation, had received compliments and praise where none were due. But while still thinking of these ink-makers, I investigated, from the government statistics, and found that ninety per cent of the children of Japan are in school. Children must be six years of age to enter the public schools and they must remain until they are fourteen.

The general educational method seems to be about the same in Japan as in other countries; but I observed the fact that the children in the Mikado's country are taught to observe for themselves, more than to memorize rules and formulas from books. Go to almost any place at any time, and you will find large groups of children, probably whole classes or even whole schools, out for the purpose of observation. They are always promenading in the parks, their teachers pointing out the trees, flowers, and animals to them and giving them first-hand information. Go to the harbor docks of the principal cities and teachers and pupils are there watching the ships come in, and with special permission from the government authorities are able to see the practical workings of the freight and passenger steamship business, as well as the detailed cargoes from the ends of the earth, all of which provide ample subjects for later discussion in the classroom. They make long excursions to shrines and to places of historical interest, and upon arrival, everything in connection with the place is explained by the teachers, who are of the opinion that important events are thus stamped upon their minds, as they could not be in the schoolroom. I saw thousands of them lined up one day, when the Mikado was about to pass in the street. They were not only receiving the great privilege of gazing on his sacred features — probably for the first time, but they were also receiving instructions in regard to the important matter of knowing how to conduct themselves when in the presence of royalty. I have come across them in big factories and in big stores. Seemingly, they are being taught everything practical, so that they will know something of every sort of transaction, important event, mechanical device or operation, in this great world in which we live.

It was surprising to find classes of youngsters, boys and girls, marching two by two through the street of the Theaters with their teacher, when the hour was past ten at night. The street in the city where I saw them has a somewhat scarlet reputation, and there were goings-on that would be carefully screened from the eyes and ears of American children. But Japan is not so squeamish in these matters. She wants her children to know facts, instead of being kept in ignorance by teaching them idle theories. And certainly there are more "facts" in Japan for children to learn in the Street of the Theaters than in any country on earth. Some of the things seen seem to be pretty strong meat for the stranger who is an adult; but few, if any of them, are kept from the native children's knowledge. On the contrary, the government, their teachers and their parents, seem to desire them to see and know everything.

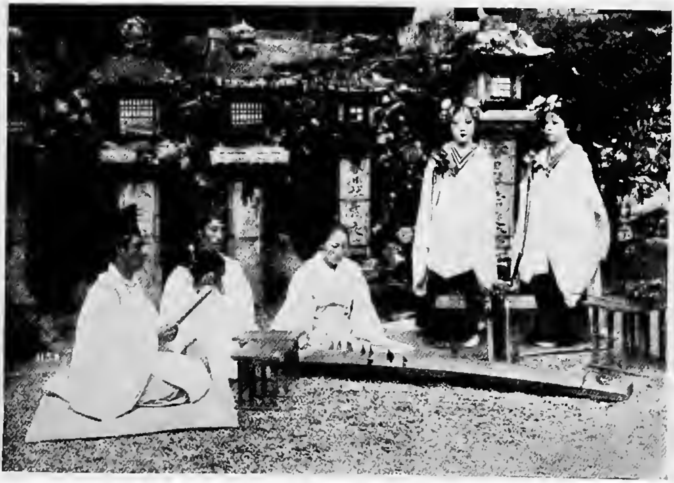
Another important detail of public school instruction is the military system, that consumes so much time, even when it verges close to the gymnasium work, now a prominent feature of public school courses in other countries. But the tiny youngsters of Japanese schools are not taught to march, sing, and dance, nor to form pretty figures on the campus or in the schoolroom. The little girls do some of these things and I have never seen a more graceful or interesting group of girls in "folk dances" than the young ladies of Nara, whom I saw cavorting in one of the public parks of Nara.

The little boys are put through almost unbelievable endurance tests. When a rainy, cold day arrives, the teacher is likely to announce that they will all go for a ten-mile "hike" into the country. I have seen them file past the hotel windows (in military formation) when the rain was pouring and hotel guests were obliged to remain inside for the day. Perhaps this toughens them — that is the theory — and if it does not, and if only the fittest survive such rigorous exercise, there are other things intended to make "soldiers" of them. I went to a big hall in one of the parks, to which different classes of boys come each afternoon at three o'clock, so that all the schoolboys of Nara make two visits each week. This hall was covered with the ordinary straw matting used by all Japanese in place of carpets. The boys are given their lessons in jiujitsu in this place; and the first instruction seems to consist of the teachers coming up, grasping the little fellows by the fingers, hands, arms or wrists, and throwing them headlong to the floor. Sometimes the boys sailed over their teachers' shoulders before they fell to the floor. Even the echo of these falls was rather terrifying to the stranger; but the sturdy little chaps caught their breath, and in a moment were on their feet again, ready to be thrown the second, third, or fourth time.

Another day we went to see the boys and the head teacher apologized that they would not practice jiujitsu that day, because the time would be devoted to fencing. That sounded interesting, so we waited. But it was not fencing as we know it. It was "Japanese fencing." Each boy was given a small napkin which he put on top of his head, and a papier maché cap over the napkin. And then took place the most amazing exhibition I have ever seen, with school youngsters participating. Each boy was armed with a heavy bamboo pole about two inches in circumference. The signal was given and they went for each other. Their aim was to give everyone else a smashing and stunning blow on the head. In the meantime they yelled like savages and their teachers moved in and out of their ranks, now and then administering a blow and urging the others to more frenzied action. If ever a crowd of Hottentots had a fiercer battle it has not been recorded. After the battle was over, there were many bleeding toes, arms, and shins. The boys dressed them with white muslin and went out of the hall smiling as if they had been playing marbles.

The result is that every Japanese schoolboy of eight or ten years looks and acts like a trained soldier. I saw a particularly interesting group of

SCHOOLBOYS FENCING, NARA



PRIESTESSES AT NARA TEMPLES

them near the sacred shrines of Ise at Yamada, and as I was buying myself some caramels of a street salesman, I invited all of them to partake at my expense — a "treat" that cost me a quarter of a dollar.

Their teacher spoke a word, after each boy had taken his candy, and they swung into military formation, — little fellows perhaps seven or eight years of age, — stood at attention, and then saluted, with their hands to their caps. Another salute and another word from their teacher, and in as perfect English as an American could command, they said in unison: "Thank you, mister, thank you very much, good-by."

Throughout their long rambles into the country and parks, their teachers are likely to give military commands at any second and they all quickly obey every order. It must be easy work to train such stock for fighting men when the time comes for them to undertake their army service.

For many years it was difficult to teach children to behave properly in the presence of foreigners. Foreigners are funny to Japanese boys and girls, principally because they are so big. I have seen these rural school children almost explode with inward glee as they stood and beheld my five-feet-eleven, but being real Japanese, they had inherited one of the first forms of "politeness"—Never let your face show what your mind is thinking—so not a muscle moved.

In school they are taught: "Never call after foreigners when they are passing along roads or streets. When foreigners ask questions answer them politely. Never accept a present from a foreigner when there is no excuse for his giving it. Do not crowd around a shop where a foreigner is making purchases, thereby causing him much annoyance. The continuance of this practice disgraces us as a nation. Since all human beings are brothers and sisters, there is no reason for fearing foreigners. Treat them as equals and act uprightly in all your dealings with them. Be neither servile nor arrogant. Men are to be judged by their conduct and not by their nationality. Taking off your hat is the proper way to salute a foreigner."

Not a bad set of rules for children in Japan — or any other country.

When I entered a school at Nara, I was pleased to find that an American "hero" was the subject of the day's study. He was none other than Art Smith, the aviator, who had been in Japan giving flying exhibitions in various towns and cities. It would have done Smith good — perhaps made him vain — to hear the teacher tell of his bravery. Here was a man, who, like the birds, was not afraid to soar up into the clouds. Here was a man who was not satisfied with things on the earth. He wanted to overcome obstacles, and so forth. One would have thought that the teacher was holding forth concerning the glories of Admiral Togo or the late emperor. An enlarged portrait of the aviator was hung on the wall in front of the class, and there was a small model of an aëroplane, which the teacher allowed to rise from the floor after Mr. Smith had taken his seat. It was all quite inspiring to hear such heroic and highfalutin rhetoric in regard to an American boy, still in his twenties.

The gravity of the pupils is perhaps their most striking characteristic and was, of course, inherited from centuries of expressionless parents. One goes into the kindergarten classes and finds the little kidlets piling their blocks and bowing profoundly, without the least self-consciousness, to their teachers, paying no attention to visitors and for all the world acting as if they were being presented at some formal court function. This respectful bowing follows practically every movement throughout the school course and away up into the Imperial university at Tokyo, where one finds full-grown men entering the gymnasium and prostrating themselves with their foreheads to the floor and when they leave, if they happen to do so before the instructor. Politeness is perhaps the first thing that a child is taught, and it is so drilled into him or her before leaving school that no wonder all Japanese social life among adults is a succession of formalities. Often enough, it does not seem to be genuine, but at any rate it preserves the outward appearances, which appear to be more important in Japan than the realities.

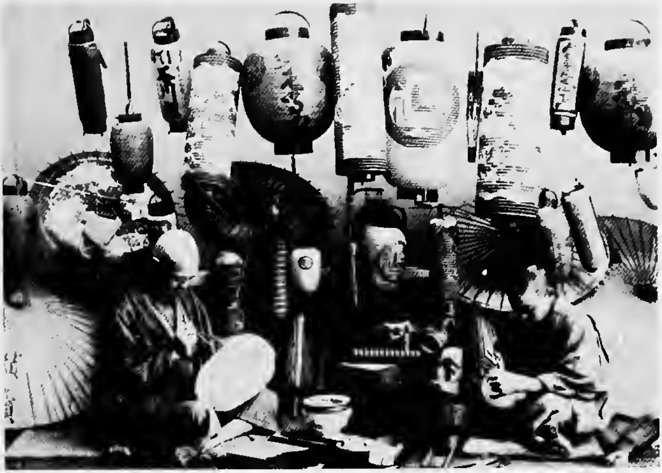
After visiting many schools in various parts of the country, my lasting impression was that the boys are all being trained to be staunch and sturdy military men with a wide knowledge of the world, its people, and everything that is used by the men of the world in the affairs of life. As for the girls, they are being educated, tens of thousands of them. That, in itself, is something of a stride forward in fifty short years. The mothers of the coming generation will be different women from the mothers of the present. They may be many other things, but first of all they will be the mothers of soldiers and of men who take an important place in world's affairs.

Nara is one of those little cities which defy adequate description within a few pages, like some of the cities of Italy. It deserves a volume by itself and it would be a wordy tome that recited the wonders of the town, the entire population of which is said to dwell within about six thousand tiny houses. It is possible to visit Nara and remain only a few hours, yet carry away a pleasant recollection and at least a superficial knowledge of its ancient structures and their beautiful massing in the park. But it is also a city in which the traveler will enjoy remaining several days or weeks, confident that each day will bring its pleasant excursion to some fane that has not before claimed his attention.

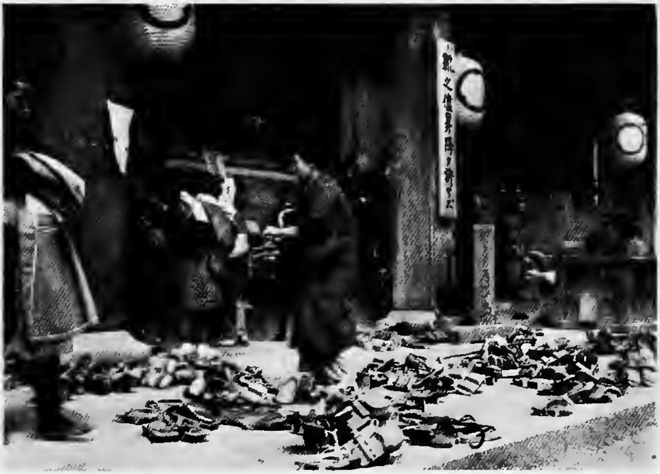
From Nara we moved on, again by railway to Osaka, a city of over one million inhabitants, and of vast importance as a commercial center; but one of the least interesting cities in all the empire to the casual visitor and not deserving of more than a couple of hours' visit. There is a government mint in operation, to which tourists are admitted, and a rikisha ride through the principal streets, the *Dotombori* or Theater Street, for example, may be enjoyed "between trains," but few tourists making the Japan pilgrimage and accustomed to the sights, art, architecture, and natural beauty of other cities will care to remain overnight. The tram makes a speedy departure possible, and Kobe, which serves as the port of Osaka, while also uninteresting from the tourist's point of view, is preferable as a lodging place, on account of its well managed European-style hotels.

Kobe is an important seaport with a population of nearly one-half million, about four thousand of whom are foreigners. Many of the latter are engaged in business at Osaka and naturally prefer Kobe as a place of residence, or look after the mighty shipping that proceeds from this gateway to commercial Japan. There is a bronze Daibutsu, evidently in competition with the majestic figure at

Kamakura, which is not worthy of mention. It is set in a miserable neighborhood, was erected in 1891 by a paper manufacturer, and is a most inferior work of art. The city, like Osaka its neighbor, is almost entirely lacking in anything that might cause the visitor to remain more than a few hours; and he will soon be on his way to pleasanter fields, for much yet remains to claim his attention, much that will cause him regrets for having lingered by the way, if his time of departure from Japanese shores is already looming ahead of him.



LANTERN-MAKERS, OSAKA



SHOES OUTSIDE THEATER, KOBE

CHAPTER XI

The humblest Japanese peasant has an eye open to the wild grandeur and softer charms of the landscape, and takes care to build his hut by the sparkling stream, in the shade of a leafy thicket, or on an eminence commanding a fair prospect of the surrounding scenery.

— J. J. E. Reclus

All those who have set foot on Japanese soil agree in praising its natural beauties.

— Louis Gouse

THERE is a speedy railway that carries one direct from Kobe, along the shores of the celebrated Inland Sea to Shimonoseki, the thriving port at the entrance and westernmost point of the main island of Hondo. The railway too frequently carries visitors from one port to the other and they fail to stop at one of the beauty spots of Japan, which lies about two hundred miles from Kobe. About twelve miles away from Miyajima lies Hiroshima, and the train boy or guard may call the tourists' attention to this city, where the castle occupied by the Mikado during the Russian war raises its roof above the surrounding trees. A glance in this direction may be sufficient for the average visitor; but a similar glance is not enough when the train boy points to an island which is five miles long and something over two miles wide and about a mile distant, and tells strangers that it is the sacred island of Miyajima. Here one should pause for at least a day, perhaps for two or three days, for the "Gentle Island" is a quaint place, unique among many religious retreats of the empire and certain to be of great interest and charm to the Westerner. Arrangements may be made to check heavy baggage at the station, if one expects to remain but a few hours; and a ferry meets all incoming trains for the trip across the channel towards the lacustrine temple that is approached by the great red tori, visible from the railway.

In earlier days nobody could be born on the island and nobody could die there. Even women could not defile its holy soil. But in these modern days women are there — troupes of little beauties from Kyoto and other cities — and people are permitted to die in peace on Miyajima, if they please to do so, but burial is still denied to them there. They must be carried by boat to the mainland for interment.

Of course, everyone has seen illustrations of the famous tori that marks the approach to the great temple. It is pictured almost as frequently as Fuji and the chrysanthemums or wistaria vines. At low tide it sinks into a sandy beach and is not imposing or beautiful. The temple, also on piles and within the reach of the tide, looks more or less like an Atlantic City recreation pier when the tide is out. But when the tide is in, when it is evening or the sunset hour, when the priests are beginning to conduct their services and the hand-clapping of worshipers resounds out over the water, when lights begin to twinkle in the eight hundred bronze or stone lanterns, the great temple seems to be floating on the bosom of the sea, guarded by the two stone lions at the entrance to the avenue that leads to the shrine. It is an experience in the life of the most traveled man or woman to see Miyajima in this way.

The temple consists of a series of platforms on piles about three yards wide, all of which in time, by various turns and windings, approach the inner shrine, where the gods of Japan dwell. It seems that one may wander for hours over these bridges and never retrace the path. On pavilions there are platforms erected for the dancers, who execute their rather dull and monotonous movements. One looks in vain for the gods, or for any image of them. They are somewhere near the high altars, but there is only a receptacle for the offerings of the faithful, some fine lacquer work, prayer tablets, tablets to heroes, and the like.

Men and women are pleased who can make this pilgrimage once in their lives. They prostrate themselves before the shrine, feed the sacred horse and doves, and then go out to walk over the beautiful pine and fir-bowered hills on roads which the Marquis Ito, other rich men, and the government have constructed to make the walks comparatively easy. Their sandals are touching holy ground and they do not mind the fatigue. They do not mind the fact that somewhere off there in the hills there are frowning fortresses, far from sight. The big guns do not seem to be quite in keeping with the Westerners' idea of religion—but even this boast causes the Japanese to blink their eyes, when he thinks of the Christian nations of Europe during recent times—and the Japanese knows that forts and guns have something to do with the preservation of Nippon. The preservation of Nippon and the survival of the Shinto cult are one. So the combination is appropriate.

The over-the-water corridors of the present temple are said to occupy the site of an earlier structure erected by the Emperor Suinin in 587 A.D. According to the traditions, everyone must walk over the seventeen miles of the island. No horses, excepting the sacred animals, are permitted; nor is a jinrikisha allowed to profane the ground. Even the Mikado himself, when he comes here—as he does to worship—must walk; and when the Mikado walks, then the earth must tremble. There are no dogs, the theory being that they would attack the sacred deer which range all through the village streets, stop in front of stalls or in entrances to be fed, and then go away to the hills to browse unmolested.

There is not much excitement in the daytime for the non-worshiper and the traveler without sentiment. One day I climbed to the Temple of a Thousand Mats, a big hall open to all the winds that blow, but having a heavy roof held in place by pillars. For the payment of five cents, I had my name engraved on a paddle and hung in position on one of the pillars. Everyone does it here, as people kiss the Blarney stone in Ireland. The custom is modern, however, but the pillars are so covered with paddles that it seems the authorities will be obliged to build another hall. When the soliders destined for China were quartered here, back in 1894, their Emperor being at Hiroshima, only a few miles away, they started the custom. They took rice-paddles and asked the saints and gods for victory, as they placed them on pillars. They achieved victory, so everyone now inscribes a paddle and probably makes a "wish" or breathes a prayer, while the attendant puts it into position.

I asked an old fisherman, who looked like the mummy of Rameses the Great, if he would take me out with him when he pulled in his nets. He seemed to be quite overcome by the honor, prostrated himself in the sand, and I stepped into the rickety junk made of pieces of wood about the size of shingles. We floated out beyond the tori for some miles, and finally, when we reached his nets and he pulled them in, he gathered many of the most "heathenish" looking fish that I have ever seen and dumped them into his bamboo hampers. There was one big slimy and snaky creature such as I had never seen in a public aquarium. It had bulging eyes that blinked mockingly and menacingly, although the old man assured me that it was harmless and "very good to eat." I still showed some doubt about it, because it was lying rather close to my feet; and to prove that what he had said was true, the old fisherman picked it up, bit a chunk out of its side, chewed it, and tried to smile.

Nature not only gave Japan an abundant fish supply, but she gave the people of Japan an appetite for fish and nostrils that do not object to the odor. Fish, fish, fish! Every day and at all times of day — fish. And when there is no fish, or not enough to go around, the flakes of fish are pressed into white jelly-like dough that is much relished. I have been to the theater, where the audience purchased and ate foot-long eels as we eat chocolate bonbons or peanuts at home. I have seen people cut an inch strip from a live carp, dip it in soyu, a bean oil that tastes something like meat sauce, — it is now offered for sale in American grocery shops, — and eat it as if it were a delicacy.

Miyajima seems to belong principally to priests and dancing girls. The former seem to be in a dominant position in the daytime, but as soon as the sun has set the lanterns begin to glow from

TORI, MIYAJIMA

BASKET-WEAVERS, SHIMONOSEKI

many verandas and the feminine voice and the samisen are heard everywhere. The pilgrims must be entertained. Japanese religionists, here as elsewhere, do not believe in letting their holy thoughts run away with them. They are able to pray and see religious dances and exercises in the daytime; at night they do not believe in becoming stale or sorrowful. For example, there is the beautiful Maple Inn, a great rambling structure that rambles over the side of a hill. This is "fashionable" from a Japanese point of view and particularly attractive to the visitor. At night a thousand tapers in lanterns are lighted through the ravine, along the shores of ponds and beside waterfalls. On every bridge and in the shadow of every tree, a "devout" pilgrim is promenading with his geisha; and one who begins to promenade alone in this fairyland will soon find as many geishas fluttering around him as a newly arrived traveler finds coachmen or chauffeurs at a railway station.

My guide was unusually religious, judged as a Japanese among his own kind, but we could not hesitate beneath a wistaria bower for a plate of fruit or a glass of sake — for two minutes even — unless he rang the bell for geishas to make the food and drink more "attractive." But likelier, it was unnecessary to ring, for the geishas had followed. Sometimes these little bronze images kneel beside guests, do not speak, and do not permit the expressions of their faces to change. They remove the peel from an orange and hand the bits of fruit to the "honorable mister" with toothpicks or chopsticks. They fill his wineglass. They light his pipe. But often enough they do not speak.

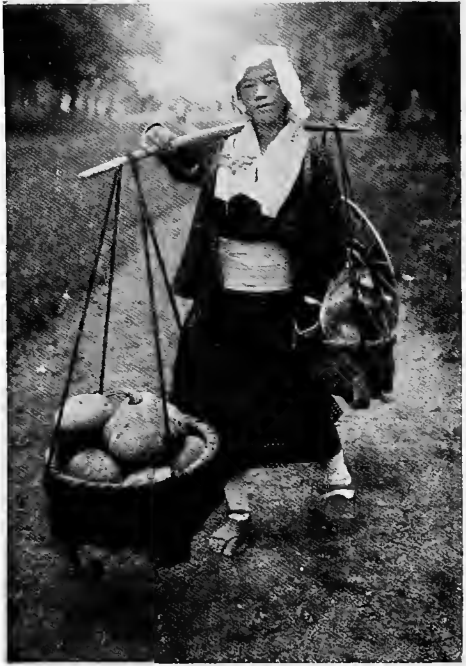
After the interesting little side-trip to the sacred island, one boards the train again and skirts along the coast of the sea to Shimonoseki, a picturesque little city where there is a comfortable hotel. It may not be rich in guidebook sights, but it affords a good opportunity for side-trips and excursions, and there is a unique diversion at night, when one is permitted (for a small fee) to accompany the midnight fishers who go out when the tide rushes into the narrow channel. An iron crate at the bow of the boat is stacked with pine fagots, which burn brightly and attract to the surface the fish from deeper waters that have been carried in by the rush of the current. The boats are permitted to drift with the tide, and all occupants of the boats are equipped with dip-nets. It may not be exactly "sportsmanlike," but it is exciting, and an evening's catch usually provides an assortment of the finny tribe such as the Westerner has never beheld.

Around Shimonoseki there is much farming country, where one gains a better idea than elsewhere of the Japanese claim that agriculture is at the present time and has been for twenty-five centuries the chief occupation of Nippon. And while every square foot of the fertile soil seems to be under cultivation, putting something into the national and family larder, there is no "back to the farm" movement in Japan. Country boys and girls are flocking to the cities and centers of population just as they are in America. All are glad to escape from the arduous toil of the country, where the peasants begin work at sunrise and at sunset are just laying aside their crude farm implements. Country boys are glad to become rikisha boys or pullers of heavy carts in the cities. They will hire out as servants for something about equal to a dollar a month, just to be able to leave the farm and to join the industrious swarm in the cities. Country girls do not become stenographers and bookkeepers as in America, but they are glad of the opportunity to go to the cities to become geishas, servants, or even *jigoku.* It is an escape from the farm.

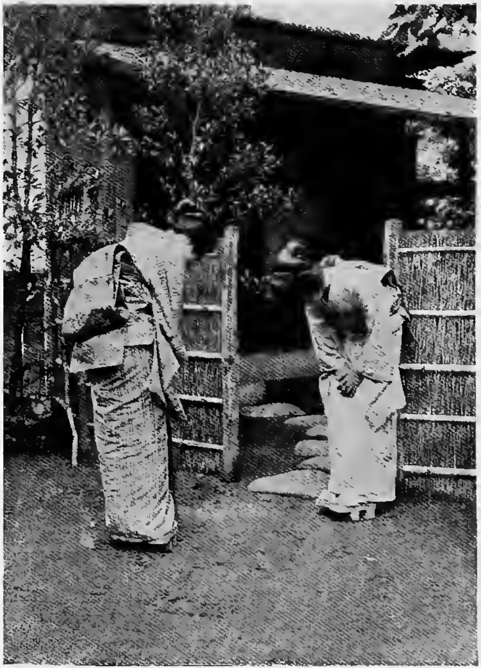
But there is no shortage of labor in the agricultural districts as a result of this exodus. Although many go away, enough remain. Also there remain enough mouths to be fed. Perhaps parents are glad when their children are old enough to forsake the family roof and support themselves. There are always enough younger children or grandchildren to take their places. In these districts it seems that the government does not do everything that it might do to protect and preserve human life. The sanitary regulations, just as one example, are extremely lax. But one is obliged to come to the conclusion sometimes that Japan does not want weaklings. She may officially believe in the Darwinian theory of evolution and she may desire that only the strongest survive; but there is a determination on the part of the individual. He plods on and on and insists upon living and multiplying. The government wants men and boys for its army and it wants the "fit" or strong ones. It seems to think that hardships bring out qualities of endurance; it does not do too much to lessen what often seems to be unnecessary toil.

There are a few government experiment stations where modern agricultural methods are taught; but most of the people cling to the primitive methods. They poke the ground with a stick, either dragged by themselves and their wives and families, or by oxen — and call it a plow. Fruit has never been raised to any great extent, although its production is now on the increase. Most of it is being exported, however, much going into Siberia, and some even to America, the land of fruit.

But agriculture remains the basis of the whole social fabric, although it has not changed much since the system was introduced from China. Strangely enough, the implements in use correspond almost perfectly with those pictured on the monuments of Egypt. In many ways farming is



HUCKSTER, MIYAJIMA



BOWING CEREMONY

now in Japan what it was in Egypt in the age of the Pharaohs.

Rice is the principal product, and it appears as a prominent item in the imports as well as the exports of the country. The quality of the rice grown is so fine that the peasants who raise it cannot afford to eat it. They sell it and ship it away; while a cheaper and inferior article is imported from China. Rice is perhaps the favorite food of the Japanese people; and it means more to the nation than wheat does to a country like America; but a vast population can afford rice only a few times a week and lives on millet and barley the remainder of the time. The consumption of rice shows a tendency to increase along with the standards of living, so marked throughout the empire at the present time. Japan must keep up the production of rice if she does not want the food supply of her people to run low. The places where wheat will grow are larger than where rice will flourish, so the matter is always important and the government is constantly on the alert to see to it that all lowlands or hillsides are terraced and put under cultivation, so that not a grain may be missed.

Rice must be grown under water, so there are complicated irrigating systems along hillsides, where every trickling rivulet may be used, not once, but several times, as it flows downward towards the sea. These terraces and primitive irrigating canals require an amount of physical labor that would frighten an American farmer. Laborers and their wives stand knee-deep and sometimes thigh-deep in the rich muck, which has been fertilized until it exudes a most disagreeable odor. Sometimes they bind straw to their bare legs, because the soil is full of slugs and creepers that sting. Here they turn the mud over and over with wooden spades and hoes, splattering and splashing from morning until night. One wonders why life is worth the living as he sees them. But hunger will drive people to dire extremities, and the stranger pities these peasant cultivators of rice more than any "farmer" he has ever seen.

As we passed through the northern country the rice paddies were in preparation; as we came further south they were planting their seedbeds, where the rice sprouts in four or five days. In the valleys and along the hillsides of Shimonoseki they were transplanting it in little bunches — every operation necessitating the constant work in mud and water. The rice plant blossoms in September, is reaped by methods just as primitive as its planting in October, and then threshed by flails or with large combs and mallets. Then it is put up in hampers and sent away, when the poor laborers would be glad to taste of the results of their toil. Chamberlain tells of having heard an old woman remark: "What do you mean, is she so sick that they are giving her rice?" The inference was that a person must be in pretty bad condition to require such luxurious food from her poor relatives.

Rice is a good example of the difficulties met by the foreigner who attempts to learn the Japanese language — or languages. I asked a native the Japanese word for "rice" and he laughed, giving me eight of them. One was the rice that is used for seed. Another was the rice growing in the field. Another was rice as it stands in the ear ready to be cut. Another was when it has been threshed and is ready for sale. Another was rice when it is served on the table. And so forth—there seemed to be no end. And when one considers that there are three or four different ways of saying almost everything, corresponding to the position of the person addressed, when it is recalled that the "written language" is not the spoken language, and the still more complicated fact that all Japanese of any standing whatever endeavor to have a knowledge of Chinese as well as of Japanese characters (the latest Chinese dictionary says there are over forty-two thousand characters) one sees something of the troubles of the Japanese child who endeavors to become "educated."

Yet at a restaurant in Shimonoseki a boy perhaps fourteen years of age came up to my table and addressed me in English of grammatical perfection. He said that he liked to speak English when he had the opportunity, because now he was learning German and French in addition and fearing that he might confuse them with English, which he liked better, he usually spoke to Americans or Englishmen to see if they would care to converse with him. And as observed before, it seems that Japanese schoolboys are never in school and always out of doors! All of which may give a pretty good idea of their ability to learn and to remember what they once hear.

The boy said: "I am like to go to America sometime very much." I told him that he should have said: "I would like." He repeated it quickly and added: "Thank you, sir, very much; I shall never again make that error."

The annual rice crop of Japan is worth about four hundred million dollars, an astounding amount when one recalls what labor it has required to produce it. And this, in addition to everything else that is grown, must be produced on an area equal to only one-eighth of the entire country. Sixty per cent of the population of Japan is engaged in farming of some kind. The soil of the country is not naturally rich, it being said that newly turned turf will produce nothing. The principal fertilizer is night soil; thus foreigners usually eat none of the green vegetables, radishes, cucumbers and other things that are eaten uncooked, which are so tempting in the markets. But such things do not deter the Japanese, and they eat radishes, tops and all, carrots, tops and all, and other things that appear to be "weeds" to a stranger.

It is calculated that a farmer can earn a living for himself and family on about two acres of ground. Many of them have less and are rugged, plump specimens, despite the poor food and the hardships. So the teeming millions exist in an empire that (barring Korea) could be put down within the borders of our state of Texas and still leave Texas a vast acreage. And the strange part of it all, these hardy sons of the soil do not appear to be sad. Neither do they seem to be particularly happy, excepting when they are attending a religious festival, or when the day's work is over and they congregate in little groups by their damp, soggy soil to chat. One of them may sing a song to the group; but it does not sound like a song to the Westerner. It is a wail, the wail of a thousand years of poverty and hard labor. In the fields they look like animated bronze images, destined to drudgery until their last days.

"How old is a young man in America when he wants to go into the army?" asked one of these peasants of me, as we chatted through an interpreter. He had just told me that he was the father of six boys, the eldest of whom was twenty-one.

"Most young men do not want to go into the army in America," I replied, "not at any age."

"Strange," said the father, "but my boys all want to go to the army as soon as they are thirteen or fourteen years of age. I tell them that twenty is young enough, but they say they want to fight for their country. I tell them that their country does not need them now, but they say that they want to be ready when their country does need them, so they want to go away to the army as soon as they are well started in school."

This answered something else that had been puzzling me. The people of Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, and other centers of population hear much about the military and see much of it. One can imagine their interest in the army and the help towards maintaining the integrity of the empire as well as its expansion. But the peasants, the rural folk? Were they interested? Did they care? Yes, the humblest, downtrodden, hungry laborer in the field loves Japan as much as the member of the general staff at Tokyo and he would be quite as anxious and willing to go to the front and fight her battles.

PLOWING RICE PADDY

RICE FIELDS OUTSIDE NAGASAKI

CHAPTER XII

The war, not of soldiers, but of business men, is constantly being fought nowadays all over the world, and the crown of victory will rest with these nations which are successful with their commercial enterprises.
— Baron Eiichi Shibusawa

THE tourist in Japan, even the traveler who does not expect to spend more than six weeks in the country, should add the Korean excursion to his itinerary, although he may not have planned to do so. Facilities for reaching the capital city, Seoul, which *is* Korea from the viewpoint of the average visitor, now make it possible to cover the journey in three days, allowing one full day for wanderings in and about the metropolis. And Korea, undergoing transformation at the hands of the Japanese officials, is not to be ignored, either on this account, or because of its hoary history, a few monuments of which remain. It is possible to take the night boat at Shimonoseki, arrive at Fusan the next morning, make the daylight trip through the hills and valleys of the country, and arrive at the capital before night. There is a fine European-style hotel at Seoul, and there are many points of interest, at least enough to fill one busy day, which will afford a glance at Korean life and living. The third day will permit the traveler to retrace his footsteps to Shimonoseki, and he will arrive at the wharf in time to transfer to the ferry that runs across the entrance to the Inland sea to connect with the through train which will bring him to Nagasaki in the afternoon.

Directly across the channel from Shimonoseki lies Moji, called the "Pittsburg of Japan." This city of smokestacks and wharves offers another of the shocking surprises to the tourist, who before he reaches it has loitered along the way in the quaint rural spots scattered along the shores of the Inland sea, where life is moving at much the same pace that it adopted for itself and found to be entirely satisfactory a thousand years ago.

From Shimonoseki to Moji takes perhaps ten minutes by ferry. It was here in 1863 that the overzealous daimyo, Mori Motonori, fired on the foreign vessels that passed the straits, which resulted in what is known as the "Shimonoseki Expedition," in which the ships of the United States, England, France and Holland came here with joint action and bombarded the forts and scattered their defenders. The distance from side to side of the channel is but six hundred to one thousand four hundred yards. Yet on one side seems to be the southern Italy of the Middle Ages, while on the other is something very like an American manufacturing city. And yet Moji is a name practically unknown to the Western world. (Every schoolboy could tell you something about Pittsburg.)

The great hillside is literally covered with blast furnaces and steel mills. The city is a central distributing point for coal mined in Buen province. Every person I saw in the street had a smudgy countenance. But it is a thriving place, literally a hive of industry such as most of us believe does not exist in Japan. As I wiped the soot from my face, I sat on a bank of ore and looked out at the harbor, which seemed full to brim with the ships of the world. But most of them were Japanese ships, many of them belonging to the navy. An American who lives here and happened to be near me said: "The biggest battleship in the world is now being build on this island." And I thought of Japan's past as a power on the water. Her real marine enterprise dates back only about fifty years, owing to the policy of isolation which was for the purpose of preventing the spread of Christianity, which was thought to have political designs on the government.

It is not just fair to say that there were no ships in Japanese waters or owned by the Japanese up to fifty years ago, but they were not ships in the modern sense of the word. The art of shipbuilding dates back to before authentic history in this country. At the time of the eastward march of the Emperor Jimmu, in B.C. 667, there was a navy of which he was the head. In B.C. 80–90 orders were given for the navy to be used in the subjugation of rebellious forces in other parts of the islands. The Empress Jingo invaded Korea in A.D. 200, taking her forces in ships that must have been of considerable dimensions. In the seventeenth century Japanese boats visited Siam, the Philippines, and Mexico, and while the style of architecture is not known, it is likely that they were copied after the Spanish or Portuguese trading vessels that had ventured into Japanese waters.

Things appear to have been moving nicely for Japan on the ocean, when all marine developments were checked by the proclamation of the Tokugawa government that stopped all intercourse with the world, excepting a slight concession to the Chinese and Dutch, who were allowed to trade near Nagasaki.

And then came Commodore Perry! Japanese as individuals are glad to pay him due honors for opening their country to the world, but one of these days it would not be surprising to find that he had been made one of the official gods and that he was being worshiped in a temple or shrine. He meant more to modern Japan than almost any other man, not even excepting the late Mikado. Japan loves her heroes, and although she might object to a "white" god, he is certain to be properly "rewarded" some time in the distant future. It will not make any difference that he was merely carrying out the instructions of his government.

Just as Arabia and much of the Eastern world was ready for the coming of Mahomet, the prophet, so Japan seems to have been waiting for the coming of Perry. In the year 1854 occurred something that was not only very characteristic of the Japanese, but something that paved the way for the marine development of the country. At that time the Russian warship *Diana* lost her bottom in a tidal wave and was wrecked on the shores of Japan. There was no way to get the five hundred sailors back to their native country, so the Japanese artisans set to work and built two schooners in which they sailed to Vladivostock. The Japanese had been waiting, as well as working. That is their way. They had learned carpentry and blacksmithing, according to European methods. Immediately they were put in charge of the naval department of the Shogunate and for some time built ships duplicating the Russian schooners.

It is amusing to see this "imitation" survival to the present time, when it has reached rather absurd extremities. When one sees Japanese condensed milk put up in packages like a well known American brand, with even the label stamped in the same colors, it seems to be energy lost. Even bottled pickles bear labels that look like the American product. Sometimes one is obliged to look twice, and sharply, before detecting Japanese words on familiar brands of produce.

But the shipbuilding industry has made rapid strides since the wrecking of the Russian warship and the arrival of Perry in Japan. Some of these towns have swarms of men coming up from the docks and shipyards at night that jam the narrow streets, so that one steps into a doorway to let them pass, because they are all moving in one direction and it is almost impossible to stem the human flood. That is something in Japan's favor. When there is something that she wants to make, she has tens of thousands of men and boys to put to the work. The members of the noble or aristocratic families sit in their castles and town houses and do not count for much in the big reckoning. The middle class is busy with its affairs — and it is not the white-collared, white-shirted brigade to be found in most other countries. And then there is the swarm that is eager to do something that will raise its status in the world. An artisan in Japan is looked upon as an artist and is respected for the labor of his hands.

And then, strange as it may seem, there are the hordes of women who are anxious to obtain employment in the positions that men are glad to leave to "improve themselves." The man goes into the machine shop or shipyard and the woman takes his place, coaling the ships, hauling big loads, and doing labor that horses or machinery would do in America.

Now Japanese ships are sailing the seas of the world. One line of Japanese steamers has a hundred boats of first class sailing to the ports of all countries. Special efforts are being made to please foreigners, but the greatest difficulty is with the food. Japanese cannot see why foreigners eat so much, why they want their food cooked as it is, and why they eat so much meat. A German woman (from America) told me that Japanese officials of a prominent line had offered her five hundred dollars gold to conduct a class of cooks into the mysteries of German goodies. But the persons who made the offer referred to the food as "German poison" and, being a good German, she turned down the offer. It is believed that there are about ten thousand ships in the Japanese merchant marine, all of which has grown from the coastwise service established by the Kaiso Kaisha in 1868, immediately after the Restoration.

The ride across the island to Nagasaki from Moji affords an excellent opportunity to explore southern Japan, even if only from a car window. There are few, if any, places en route where the tourist would care to remain, even between trains, and an alluring thought is: "Tonight I shall be in beautiful Nagasaki," as one boards a train that plunges off into the hills, which are beginning to take on a sub-tropical appearance. One glimpses orange trees, palms, and brilliant flowers and foliage, even before he comes to the gates of one of the most beautiful port cities in the world.

Nagasaki, which boasts something less than two hundred thousand inhabitants, fully one thousand of whom are foreigners, has a romantic interest for Americans because it was the locale of "Madam Butterfly," the celebrated fiction of an American author, staged by an American, which appealed to the Italian composer, Puccini, so that he made it the subject of his most popular opera. On one of those hills overlooking the great blue harbor, Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.A., lived with the little geisha Cio-Cio-San, whom he liked to call "Madam Butterfly."

The day after my arrival in Nagasaki it pleased me, as it will please any American traveler, to know that I was up there in the hills where the little geisha mother looked down on the harbor for the return of the American ship of war. Pinkerton told her that he would return "when the robins nest again." And the first day, as I sat in a grove of loquat trees, from which great clusters of golden fruit were hanging waiting to be picked, I looked down at the ship-covered bay and realized that I would be obliged to wait as long as did Cio-Cio-San if I sat there until I saw an American flag. Ships from other countries by the dozens, even hundreds, skimmed over the placid water bearing other flags at the masthead; but never an American flag did I see until one day I observed one fluttering in front of the residence of the American consul.

I almost thought that I would pay him a call and inquire about "Madam Butterfly." You will recall that the American consul plays an important part in the sentimental tragedy. He seemed to me to be almost an historical personage; perhaps the only one of the "original" cast left in Nagasaki. I would ask him if he believed it possible that a geisha killed herself for love of a white man. The authorities had laughed at the idea and I wanted his opinion. The American consul to Nagasaki was there at Madam Butterfly's wedding. He called upon her during her long days of waiting. He was there at her death. He knew her well and he could tell me what I wanted to know. But before I called upon him I learned that he was a new consul, probably some politician who did not know nor care anything about the little girl whom a novelist and stage director had gowned in white on her wedding evening. So I did not go to the American consul, but sat all that day under the loquat trees and continued to think of Madam Butterfly — and of her beautiful country. What were my real impressions of that country? I read "old Japan is dead, and the best thing to do is to bury the corpse!" Yes, old Japan seemed to be dead! Beneath me great modern factories were turning wheels rapidly. Men and women were moving swiftly. They seemed to be symbolical of their nation and government. But there was another symbol. It was always recurring. Madam Butterfly was the symbol of old Japan. She and all the lesser luminaries of her story were gone — that was my impression of Japan after having crossed the country.

And then in the evening, I walked down the hill, along the water front and into the narrow, crooked thoroughfares of the old city. Moving with the crowd, I came to a street more brilliantly lighted than the others. Great rows of three-foot-long Japanese lanterns were suspended from bamboo poles over the roadways. I paused with the crowd to look at them. Here were the geishas in their inevitable cages. In Tokyo they told me that the Yoshiwara of that city was unique. It is untrue. The cage girls of Japan are in practically every town. In one small place I saw seventy of them exposed to the gaze of all passers-by — and in cages. Worse than slaves, they were being held prisoners while old women, perhaps the geishas of a half-century ago, were standing in front of the cages telling pedestrians of the charms of their victims and shouting to everyone to stop and have a look at them.

As I looked a well dressed and well groomed Japanese gentleman who spoke English came up to me and asked if I were a stranger in Nagasaki. I replied in the affirmative, and then in a perfectly business-like manner, he told me that he owned several slave girls whom he had purchased in the country districts. Would I like to buy one for a week, a month or for several months? He said that he had just purchased one that day for a term of three years. I heard his full story, encouraged him to talk on and then left him with the impression that I was undecided about the matter, but might call upon him later at the address which he gave me. And to make a long story shorter, that night before I reached my lodging-place, I had heard a similar story and received a similar business-like proposition from two other men.

So Madam Butterfly still lives. Here, as I was about to forget her, she was forced to my attention again as the very symbol of Japan.

Perhaps Japan is becoming very rich, as her writers claim. Not long ago, she seemed to be impoverished. Quick riches sometimes lead to love of power, and a tendency to grieve over imagined "wrongs." She is a lusty infant among the nations, one which has outgrown her cradle and longs to stretch herself. Her ambition is limitless. Her people have a single aim in life as perhaps no people have had since the world began. And there is over everything the lacquer of Western civilization so that the uninitiated find it difficult to distinguish the realities from what merely seems to be.

Even the Christian missionaries believe that they are making headway. There are many converts and regular communicants in the churches. I talked with many of them, but I did not meet one by chance who, after some questioning, did not either admit that "Buddhism is just as good," that he still worshiped his ancestors, that he still subscribed to the teachings of Shintoism, or that he had received material benefits from becoming a Christian (on which he usually laid much stress) usually saying that by being a Christian he learned English without being obliged to pay for the instruction, and after speaking English, found it easier to find employment. Schools are very modern and adopt the latest "fads and fancies" from the educational systems from the West; but their principal aim seems to be to train boys for military service. They are encouraged to learn the trades and professions that are practiced in times of peace; but whatever else they do, they must be fit to fight for their country when the day arrives that they are needed. Business men are rapidly expanding Japan's commerce and carrying her products to the ends of the earth. The factories are being equipped with the latest labor-saving machinery, even in a country where labor has been so cheap that it counted for almost nothing.

But these observations did not result in my final impressions of Japan. The thought uppermost was that Japan is still true to her traditions. She may have all of the outside appearances of having adopted or adapted Western "civilization." This has been to her material advantage; and I believe that she has put on the Western cloak only when it has been to her material advantage. Scratch the skin and there is the Oriental as Oriental as ever in history.

As a bright Japanese boy said to me: "Japan is called 'heathen' by the Americans. Well, Americans are called 'heathen' by the Japanese." I replied that the pot should not call the kettle black, an old saying which he then heard for the first time and enjoyed, repeating it several times.

Lafcadio Hearn wept volumes of beautiful literary tears because Japan was becoming so modern. But Hearn died too soon. He did not survive long enough to see the reaction. It has already set in. One of the best informed scholars on the history of the theater in Japan told me that while there was much talk about the "new era" when the Imperial Theater at Tokyo put on modern plays in modern costumes, the talk had now almost ceased. People like the Japanese theater of tradition better than the Western ideas of entertainment; and even the

Imperial has been obliged to revert to the ancient style for at least a portion of its program.

And this theatrical taste is fairly indicative of other tastes. Japan likes the old way best and unhesitatingly clings to the old when it does not interfere with her welfare. She is Oriental and the leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin. So, as I leave the picturesque Nagasaki hills, among which Madam Butterfly lived, that little lady remains the symbol of her country in my mind. Writers will tell you that she does not exist to-day. She does. The American writer proved himself ignorant of her when he wrote down her story for us. But she survives. Little "Madam Butterfly" is offered for sale to-day in the streets of Nagasaki and in practically every other Japanese town of a few thousand inhabitants — or of a few hundred.

And this barter is fairly typical of everything else. Men say that old Japan is dead. I maintain that Kipling was right when he said that "east is east and west is west." Japan is Oriental, and I believe will be more Oriental in ten years than she is to-day. Reaction usually goes to the other extreme.

Among the things from the West that have made a lasting impression upon Nippon is the problem of "keeping up appearances." Closer contact with Western nations has made the average Japanese

GEISHA, NAGASAKI

BRIDE, NAGASAKI

native desire to live better and more comfortably than he did in the old day, when a little sea-weed, lotus bulbs, raw fish and rice supplied food for his stomach and when one room was enough in his house. He has found out that he enjoys eating real food and he likes to drink his tea from a pretty bowl instead of a stone jug. He wants to improve or enlarge his home, border it with a landscape garden, and he wants better clothes than those that satisfied his fathers.

In America, we hear a good deal about the modern wealth of Japan. There are a few very rich men in this country, which formerly had none. But one rarely sees them, excepting as they pass in the metropolitan streets in their limousines; one does come into contact with the millions of people who live on a pittance earned by hard labor, or by skill and artistic ability that in Western countries would bring a rich reward.

For example, I have seen dozens of young men in the potteries sitting in front of a little six-inch bench, painting designs on vases in "free hand," that would make many Western artists of reputation envious, if comparisons of their work were made. Yet these boys and young men labor for a weekly salary that a Western artist would expect for fifteen minutes' work. I have seen fine wood carvers, cloison workers, damascene craftsmen, makers of colored prints, and writers toiling away diligently, their labors rewarded by a few yen, which at the end of the month amount to fifteen dollars to thirty dollars.

And if artists are paid at this scale, one may well imagine the wages earned by the millions who pull carts over the hills — loads that an ox could barely budge — the thousands of rikisha men, the tillers of the soil, and even the artisans, such as silk weavers, potters, basket weavers, tailors and shoemakers. And if the truth is admitted, the humble artisan here is an artist. Here, everything almost must be classed as fine art, because the expression "fine art" in Japanese is "bi-jutsu," which means "beauty craft" and there is a national desire to make everything beautiful.

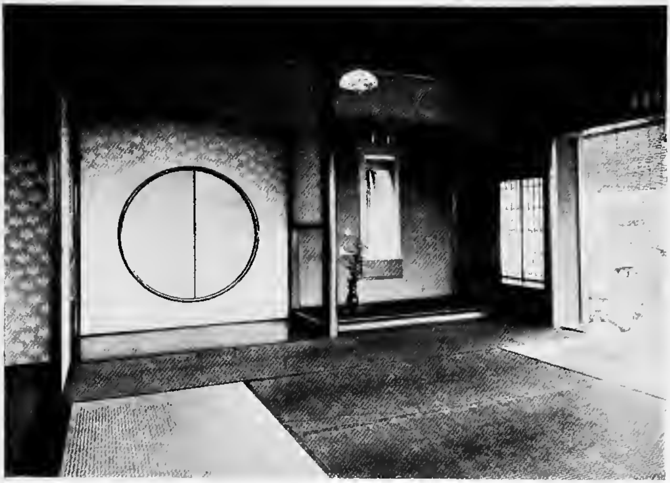
Children's toys are beautiful, so are household utensils and costumes. The maker daubs a little paint on everything. If he cannot make a beautiful design, he paints a letter or word which means something poetical. Thus one sees umbrellas and fans with poems on them — no Japanese would carry the fans that are made for export trade and shipped away as "Japanese." The people consider painting a form of poetry. Souls instead of form are the artist's aim. One central idea is the aim, and anything that detracts from that idea takes from it poetry and value, so sometimes a single stroke from a master's brush is appreciated. What Westerners consider that Japanese art lacks, a full enough explanation, is exactly that for which the artist works.

From the literary point of view, one may arrive at some idea of what the Japanese is thinking about by looking over the reports of the libraries. Books most called for are histories and biography. Next literature and language, engineering and military arts, education, philosophy and theology. Fiction is almost nil. A dealer in books asked his customers to report to him what Western books they enjoyed most. First in the list was Darwin's "Origin of Species"; second, Goethe's "Faust" and, third, the Encyclopedia Britannica. Such a people prove that they are ambitious and anxious to improve themselves and their condition of living. But it is a struggle, just as it is a struggle to live at all, for the ordinary man. Despite the hardships, these little people, men, women and children, seem to be cheerful and one never hears a groan escape them, nor a complaint. If there are better things ahead, all well and good; they will gladly receive them. If not, their facial expressions do not change. As one looks at them, he thinks of the song of the slaves in "The Garden of Allah," which runs: "Only God and I know what is in my heart."

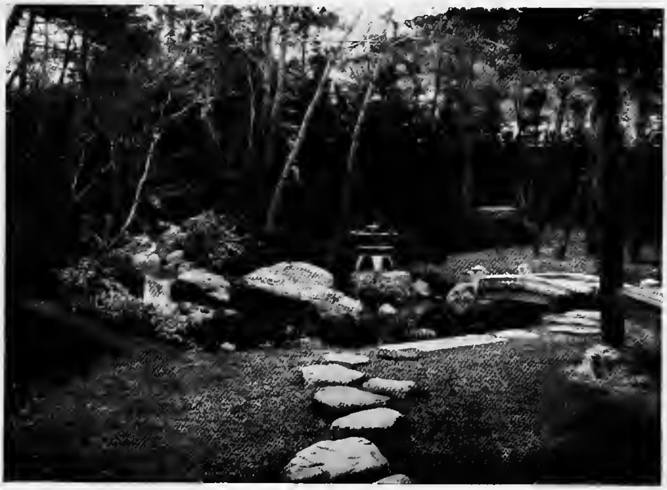
The *Advertiser* of Tokyo collected statistics that are illuminating in regard to this matter of the cost of living, in view of the extra demands made upon the native for his last sen. This newspaper finds that the average middle class income is between twenty-five dollars and one hundred dollars a month. And this in a land of large families! Dr. Takata, who made a careful investigation of the subject, is quoted in regard to the minute statistics of four families for thirty days.

A schoolteacher's family consists of four persons, himself, wife and two children. They live "well," as it is considered in their community, and the expenditure for the four is sixteen dollars and thirty-three cents a month. The husband earns fifteen dollars a month at his profession, and the wife is obliged to take in enough work of a kind that she can perform in addition to her household duties to make up the balance. When giving the statistics, the husband said that if "unfortunate" his wife gave birth to another child, he would be obliged to give up smoking.

Another family was that of a literary man. There were four in his family and a maid. Their monthly expenditure was thirty-two dollars seventy cents. The master of the house said that if he found that he went three or four days without meat, he went off to some cheap restaurant and procured it for himself. Also he went to the theater occasionally — in a land where theaters are plentiful at the rate of five cents admission. But the outgo was more than the income and in the last



INTERIOR OF JAPANESE HOUSE



PRIVATE GARDEN IN TOKYO

three years the master of the house admitted that he had borrowed seventy-five dollars from his wife's relatives, which he might never be able to pay back.

Next was a government official. He had a certain "station" to maintain, so his personal bill for "sundries" was five dollars a month. There was gas, electricity and water in his home and the family consisted of seven, three adults and four children. His monthly account was thirty-seven dollars and twenty cents, but as his salary was thirty-seven dollars fifty cents a month, he could live.

The fourth was a doctor, practicing in Tokyo. The family consists of husband, wife, four children, assistant pharmacist and three servants. The monthly expenditure of the household is one hundred nineteen dollars fifty cents. It is further stated that two-thirds of the physicians in Tokyo earn no more than fifty dollars a month.

The standard of comparison to what it costs to live in America is not exactly fair, for the reason that the Japanese lives in a bandbox of a house of flimsy construction that would not be satisfactory to a Westerner, but which is preferable to heavier building material, to the native. Even those men who have amassed enough wealth to build stone or brick edifices in the "European" style, usually have their Japanese house in the same inclosure, where they can go when they are not entertaining and want to be "at home."

The typical Japanese house is built of pine, fir or cryptomeria slats over which paper is stretched and pasted for a covering. This, even in the regions of Japan where there is heavy snow and winters are long and cold. The heating apparatus resembles a big earthen or metal jardinière, in which there is a little pile of burning charcoal. By holding the hands close to it, a little heat can be detected; but it serves the more serviceable purpose of providing a light for the pipe or cigarette, which is in the hand of some member of the family all of the time and the whole family a part of the time. The house has practically no furniture. The American housewife would think that she could not prepare a single meal by putting all the kitchen apparatus of a Japanese household into commission. There are no chairs, because the master of the house and his family are most comfortable when squatting around the charcoal fire. There are no tables, because food is served on trays on the floor. There are no beds, because everyone sleeps on a straw matting that can be folded up in the daytime. There are no decorations on the wall and no carpets, as the ever-present matting covers the floor, and shoes are always left outside, so that one may count the number on the door-step and come pretty close to guessing the number of occupants.

It is a cheerless place to the foreigner, but it is always clean. Occasionally, there is a low taboret on which is a single vase or urn with a single flower. And in this the peasant lives much like his imperial household. In some of the royal pavilions and palaces I have inspected, there was an occasional gold lacquer screen, or sliding screens that bore the paintings of famous artists. There were more straw-covered raised platforms than in the houses of the commoners, but otherwise they were much the same. The palace at Tokyo contains European furniture, but some of the "summer residences" of the nobility, frequented by the royal family, have little about their interiors to distinguish them from the home of the humble day-laborer, excepting that they are larger, sometimes ranging over acres of garden space, but remaining only one story.

For a thousand years the Japanese people have been fish eaters, ever since the Buddhist invasion from the Asiatic continent, and as the sea teems with the finny tribe in Japanese waters, this item of food is very inexpensive. Raw fish is much liked and appears on the menu of each elaborate or semi-elaborate dinner.

And the sea gives up so much else that is food to the Japanese, clams, shrimps, sea slugs, lobsters, and a veritable riot of sea-weeds, which are a favorite dish. There are so many kinds of these, all of which have a salty and unpleasant taste, that some stores handle nothing else. Vegetables are bountiful in quantity and quality. The great white radish sometimes weighs several pounds and is eaten in many ways, least palatable of which to the stranger is when it has been allowed to ferment and gives off a sickening odor. Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, eggplant, taro, all of these are plentiful and form a staple article of diet. And of course they are inexpensive.

This food is not expensive. The cost of fuel is almost nothing because, instead of heating houses, people usually pile on more clothing or wrap quilts about them. Even house construction and house rent are small items. So perhaps a balance is struck.

But the great "cost of living" problem will become graver each year. A meat diet is becoming popular. And salaries and wages do not increase. Will they solve the problem? They will. The Japanese people seem glad that they are alive, so glad that they can smile at misfortune when it overtakes them.

CHAPTER XIII

He who has not beheld Nikko has no right to make use of the word splendor.

— JAPANESE PROVERB

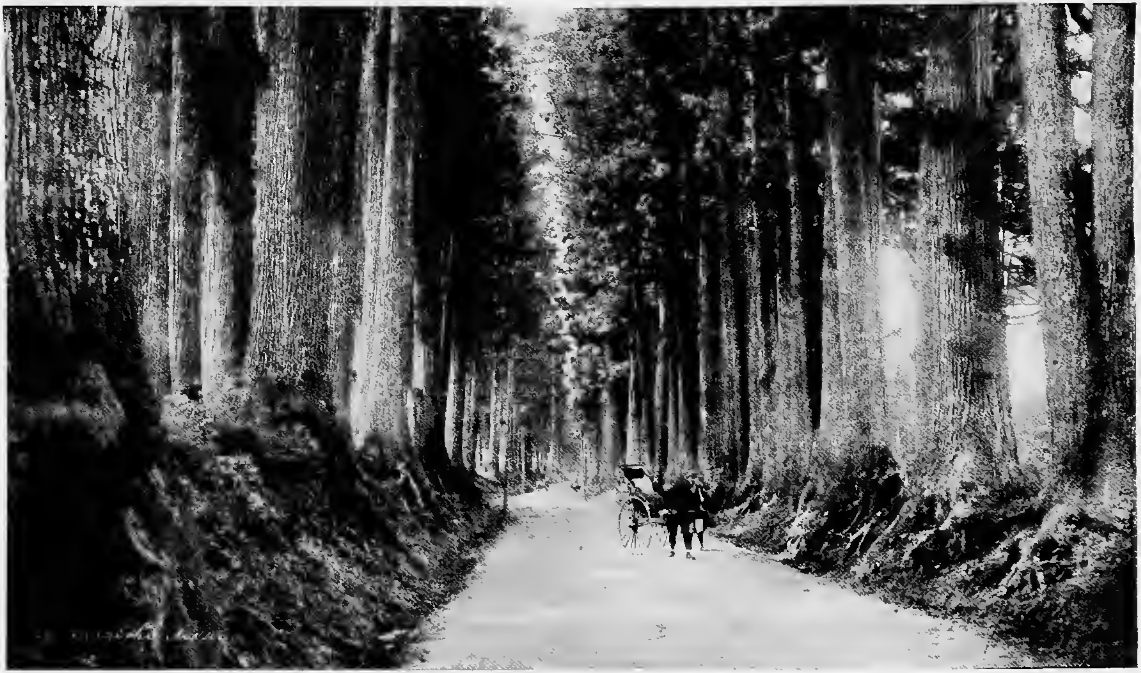
This is the Mecca of Japan; this is the heart, as yet inviolate, of this country which is now gradually sinking in the great Occidental current, but which has had a magnificent past.

— PIERRE LOTI

RETURNING travelers from Nikko assured me that it was still chilly in the most beautiful spot in Japan, when I was at Yokohama and Tokyo, whence a railway runs in a few hours to the gates of the necropolis; so I postponed my visit until the warmer days had come. And after experiencing the delights of a visit to Nikko, it is not only a pleasure, but almost a duty, to warn all travelers to follow a similar program, even if not for the same reason. Nikko should be the climax of all travel in Japan. The stranger should see whatever else offers itself, and then, when he feels that he has seen everything, when Japanese sights have begun to pale and when he feels that to visit another city means merely "more temples," he should go to Nikko. The marvel of marvels will unfold itself before him and he will feel again the enthusiasm that he experienced when he first set foot on Japan's soil and began to mingle with the kimono-clad folk who suggest to him that he has plunged backward to the Rome or Athens which he thought had passed away many centuries ago.

Although one enters Japan at Yokohama and day by day passes further away from Nikko, seeing everything that is beautiful in the various repositories of various cities, he may enjoy every experience and feel confident when doing so, that like a good host he is reserving the best wine and that when the sumptuous banquet has been served, he will lift a rare nectar to his lips. Other temples in Japan may be ornately carved and embellished by the brush strokes of ancient masters, they may be set among beautiful cryptomeria groves and approached by avenues in which herds of sacred deer add to the primitive beauty of the landscape, there may be holier spots toward which pilgrims wend their footsteps in devout contemplation, there may be older fanes, larger and individually as impressive as any single structure at Nikko; but it is doubtful if there be such a rare combination of color, bronze, lacquer, waterfalls, groves, temples, hillsides, bridges and tombs elsewhere in Japan, the East, or perhaps on earth.

Although one may have wandered so far as Nagasaki and although returning ships may sail from that port, instead of Yokohama, I can wish the reader no greater joy than that thrill which I felt, after having made Nikko the climax of my



CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NIKKO

Japanese tour, and therefore entreat all newcomers in Nippon to do likewise. Miyanoshita, Kyoto, Nara, Miyajima are beautiful in themselves and never-to-be forgotten days will be those spent in any of the places named; but their glories are dim by comparison and they will not be appreciated completely, if they must be compared to that superb village hidden away among the northern hills.

Nikko has about eight thousand inhabitants, according to local estimate; but the census must have been taken when tourists and pilgrims were in its single highway, for Nikko has but one street worthy of the name and this has grown up along that superb avenue of cryptomerias, which once extended a distance of forty miles and was a fitting approach to the cluster of architectural jewels at the brow of the hill. Scattered along the highway are the booth-like homes and shops of the curio-dealers, who offer their wooden wares to pilgrims, who come by the thousands during the spring, summer and autumn, their numbers augmented by tourists and foreign residents in Japan, who are beginning to realize that there is no more beautiful place in which to spend the summer holiday than in the environs of the holy village. Foreign flags float from many mastheads before summer residences in the district, for the embassies at Tokyo are availing themselves of the opportunity to enjoy mountain air and superb scenery, while only a few hours away from the capital. And according to the manager of the principal hotel, there is a movement on foot to make Nikko a winter as well as a summer resort. He had been in Switzerland, he remarked; and the games that are enjoyed in the mountain villages of the European republic were possible in this region. Coasting and skiing among the sacred hills of Nikkobosatsu, the Buddhist divinity who resides in the sun! It seems incongruous and one hopes that he may make his pilgrimage before such desecrations come to pass. But the time has not yet come and it may not come for many years; Nikko is still a sleepy, misty vision of the antique world and one should not have misgivings concerning its future. Even if the days of coasting parties should come, the beauty of the place would not be lost. The Japanese elsewhere have shown themselves capable of combining pleasure and prayer. Theirs is not a religion of dull grays, but one that aims at blood reds and brilliant yellows. Ise is not less sacred because a rather startling dancing exhibition is given by the geishas before the pilgrims after the sun has set.

One arrives at the little railway station and a rikisha carries him along the single highway sheer to the edge of the ravine that forms a barrier to the holy hill. Here at the base of the celebrated Sacred Red Bridge, he enters his hotel, one of the best in

Japan, and feels that by some special favor of the gods he has been permitted to dwell amid scenes that are usually forbidden to mortals. From the hotel veranda, or the windows of his room, he looks out upon a panorama, upon which nature has been prodigal with her gifts and where the art instinct of man has blended itself with nature into a fairyland of unrivaled splendor.

The Japanese say: "*Nikko mirumade kekko to in na!*" which gives one the privilege of using the word splendor after having seen Nikko.

Back in the year 766 of our era, the Buddhist bonze, Shodo-Shonin, when searching for the sacred mountain that he had seen in dreams, came to Nikko, where there were mighty winds and where the people were timid and believed that the raging of the elements proved that thereabouts was the abiding place of demons. The bonze quieted their fears and assured them that the winds were but a manifestation of Buddha, and forthwith he erected the "Temple of the Four Dragons," which was the beginning of Nikko as a holy place. But when the bonze reached the brink of the ravine, now the grounds of the hotel, his way was cut off, because he wanted to cross to the hills on the opposite bank, assured that there was the "High Place" of his visions. He sank down on the rocks and fell into deep meditation and prayer. At length, there came to him a dragon, which learned of the holy man's desires, which were communicated to the god of the shrine across the river. The god appeared, holding in his hands a red and a blue dragon, which he placed on the brink of the ravine, commanding them to stretch themselves to the opposite bank. They did so and their backs and the space between was suddenly covered with mountain grass, so that the bonze passed over in safety, thus giving it its poetical name of the "Mountain-Grass-Dragon Bridge," by which the present structure is known. The first bridge at this point dates to 1638, but the present blood-red lacquered bridge that rests on granite pillars, the approach to which is opened only for the Mikado or some great personage to cross, dates only from 1902. When U. S. Grant was visiting Nikko, he was informed that as a testimonial of the government's high regard for him, the gates would be opened and he would be permitted to cross, as one to be considered the Emperor's "brother." But he wisely refrained from accepting the invitation, saying that it was too sacred for his feet to touch it; and it is was difficult to imagine any action or words that would have done more to endear him to the Japanese people. Even to-day, they speak of General Grant and his visit to Nikko, where he declined to cross by the Shogun's Bridge.

I heard many weird tales and legends of the Bridge, long before I crossed the other span that

SHOGUN'S BRIDGE, NIKKO

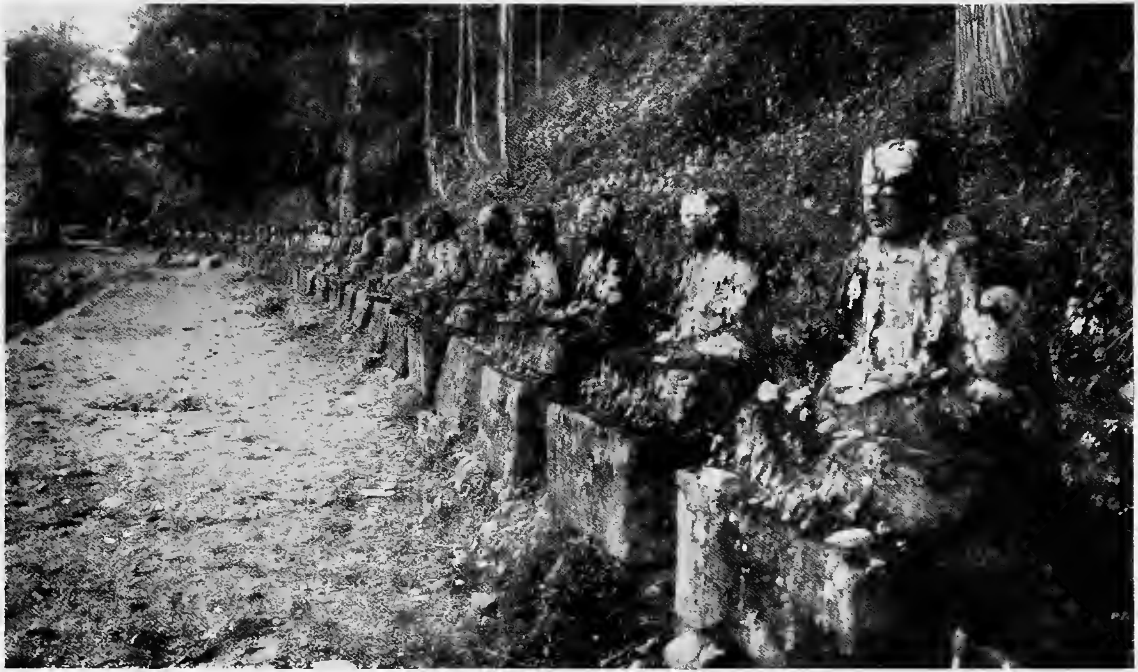
was erected for ordinary human beings and which now has a street car clanging its way across, day and night. To a youth of Nikko, I said something about its blood-red lacquer seeming to be brighter than I had seen elsewhere and he solemnly related that "once upon a time," when the Shogun was about to visit Nikko, it was observed that the red had grown dark. The village authorities were terrified, because the Shogun might observe it and consider that they had been lax in their duty of guarding it. But there was no red lacquer at hand or craftsmen. When they were in a quandary, one of them suggested that it might be covered with human blood, whereupon knives were drawn and the faithful slashed their bodies and procured a bountiful flood which was smeared upon the bridge and the Shogun passed on his way without reproving the town for its negligence.

Over beyond Nikko lies the wonderful Lake Chuzenji, a body of water that is in the clouds and mountain peaks, its overflow being responsible for the waterfalls and streams of the vicinity. In 1902, there was a great landslide at Chuzenji, great masses of rock falling into the water and consequently causing the basin to pour volumes of water over precipices, where there was the least resistance. The torrent swept along the channel of the river towards the sea and when it reached the Sacred Bridge, it swept it away, smashing it to fragments, and also dislodged from their bases fifty or more stone images of Buddha, which line the bank at a point to be visited later in one of the excursions around the village. The bridge was rebuilt, but the statues were not returned to their pedestals. Some of them adorn hotel gardens, others repose in the shade of trees or beside waterfalls in the private gardens and it is to be feared that the admiration that they attracted when so placed, from foreign visitors, gave native "antique" dealers a new idea.

"What is the difference between an old Buddha from Nikko and a new Buddha from Nikko?" asked one young dealer, when I told that I had reason to suspect that all of the sacred images that find their way to America with the green moss and weather-worn appearance of Nikko upon them were not once grouped along the brink of the river and torn from their bases by the flood that followed the Chuzenji landslide.

"Then you admit that there is a foundation for my suspicions?"

"I'll not only admit as much as that, but I will tell you that I have had 'commissions' to get hold of one of these images on two or three occasions myself. What, send one of our sacred Buddhas to America to adorn a millionaire's garden! No sir! If I could have got hold of any of the real ones, I would have kept them for our own garden,



BUDDHAS ALONG RAVINE, NIKKO

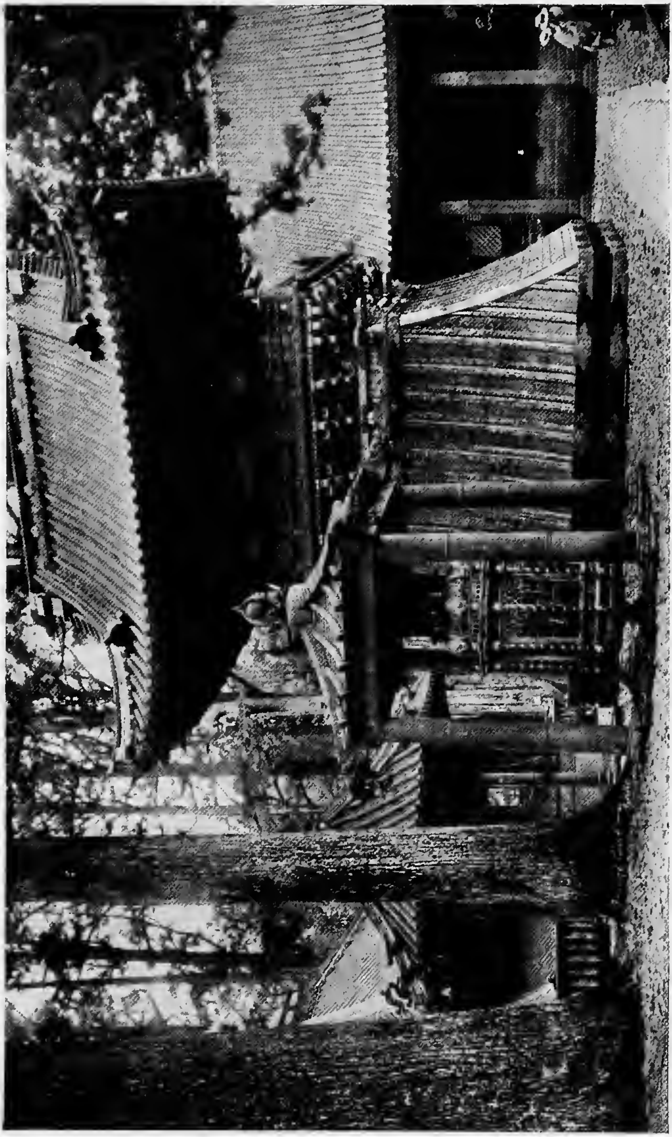
or for the garden of one of my friends right here at Nikko. What I did was to engage stone cutters to make me copies of the real images. They were not very good work, any of them — but that showed the work of the 'elements,' winds, rains and flood. You see we have a damp climate, particularly in the summer months. A layer of moss soon covers a stone image that is exposed in a garden, so when these were sufficiently covered, I wrote to my American friends that at last I had found what they wanted. I had genuine images of Buddha from Nikko for them. You will observe that I told the literal truth; and I am confident that my patrons were as well pleased as they would have been if I had sent them what they thought they were buying."

My advice to the newcomer is not to go to see the temples at Nikko on the day of arrival, nor perhaps the next day. Wander along the single street of the old town and chat with the merchants, perhaps buying enough of their little wooden souvenirs to prove a real interest in their village. All Japanese are intensely patriotic. The suggestion that any country on earth is so delightful as Japan is sacrilege. But the people of Yokohama or Tokyo are likely to tell you plainly that Kyoto, or Nara, or Myanoshita, is much more attractive. The people of beautiful Nagasaki will chant the praise of the northern mountain country. But the people of Nikko are certain that there is no place in Japan and perhaps none on earth to compare to their own little village. Local pride amounts almost to a religion and it is pleasant to mingle and chat with these satisfied country folk, who have never been far beyond their own village and see no reason for going, because great men have told them that there is nothing beyond Nikko which equals it in natural beauty or in artistic splendor. Do not the people from all the world come here and carry away little souvenirs of their visit, to place them on the "God Shelf" perhaps, and treasure them through life, just because they came from Nikko?

It is written that a short time after the coming of Shodo-Shonin, who connected natural phenommena with manifestations of the Buddha, one of his disciples built another temple, which became the chief temple of the district. In the year 818 A.D. this disciple, Kyobin, became the superior of the temple and it profited from imperial patronage. In the year 850 A.D., Takaku-Daishi erected three large temples and thirty-six small ones at Nikko. Already it was becoming a place of great celebrity among believers and pilgrimages thence were encouraged. Succeeding Emperors and Shoguns granted large tracts of land to the temples, so that, by the thirteenth century, these included seventy villages and a vast yearly tribute paid in rice. In 1590 Hideyoshi confiscated most of the temple domains and all but nine of the temples were demolished or taken elsewhere. The priesthood was becoming dictatorial and too influential. But Nikko suffered only a temporary decline, because in 1617 the Shogun erected there a superb mortuary shrine for his father and prosperity began to return. In the year 1645 the posthumous title of Tosho-daigongen was conferred on Deyasu and the Emperor decreed that each year an imperial messenger should bear presents to his tomb. When Demitsu died in 1651 his remains were taken to Nikko and a tomb was erected to receive them. In 1654 a son of the Emperor was sent to Nikko as a Buddhist high priest.

It seemed that the village could never suffer serious decline; but, at the time of the Restoration, Buddhism was disestablished, the temples lost much of their glittering ritual, participated in by two hundred priests, and with the exception of the temple of Iemitsu, which remained Buddhist, the place became a Shinto Mecca. Until about the year 1870, foreigners were not permitted to visit the holy hill, but Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, who were Great Britain's official representatives at Tokyo, were granted the coveted permission, and since that time, an almost endless procession of aliens has climbed the steps and seen what are in many ways the most splendid structures ever erected by human hands.

After withholding the joys of Nikko for them to become the climax of the Japanese tour, one should not approach them hastily, but, permit them to arrive by degrees, becoming acquainted with its people, enjoying the walks into the country, either along the banks of the river, which flows through one of the most picturesque gorges imaginable up into the green hills, where sunny spaces are flecked with azaleas in the spring, or where the brilliant petals of wild iris dot the landscape in the early summer, along the road that leads to Lake Chuzenji, or to the beautiful waters of the lake itself. It is convenient to take the tram that runs from Nikko to the base of the cluster of hills in the crest of which the lake is embedded like a beautiful blue jewel in myrtle setting — about two thousand feet higher than the necropolis itself. The trip may be made by rikisha, on horses, or in sedan chairs; but one who feels equal to a rather strenuous climb should take the tram and at the terminus join the groups of native pilgrims or holiday-makers who seem always to be making the ascent or descent of the mountain. There is a good road all the way, which zigzags up the mountain-side and from which some of the most beautiful scenery in Japan may be viewed. At convenient intervals along the road are tea-houses, where light refreshments are served. The people encountered seem to be happy with the joy of living and it is a fine experi-



IEYASU TEMPLES, NIKKO

ence to feel one's self a member of their sometimes noisy groups as they clatter up steep short-cuts to gain an advantage over the others who follow the road and never leave its sandy base.

The lake is over four thousand feet above the Pacific Ocean, it is something over seven miles long and two miles wide, with a depth of five hundred feet at its center. It is well stocked with American rainbow trout and other fish, and many small boats are for hire, where one first approaches it from the long climb. In the spring, the banks are carpeted with azaleas, backed by the tall green trees, followed by great festoons of wistaria, and in the autumn by a splendid collection of brilliant maples. There is a fine European-style hotel at the the lake, which makes a specialty of catering to foreigners, and for one or two meals, or for a longer period, there is no more fascinating hotel in Japan, so far as restful, natural location is concerned, aided by the intelligent service and accommodations for the tourist.

Another excursion which may be made by chair, but which is preferably accomplished on foot, is to cross the ravine near the Shogun's Bridge, follow the road that runs along the brink to a little wooden bridge near the town of Iri-machi, about a mile distant from Nikko. Here is a long avenue lined with stone Buddhas, mortuary tablets and monuments, more interesting than the *Wa-lam-tsz* at

Canton, China, which is popularly supposed to shelter the images of the Five Hundred Immediate Disciples of Buddha, most of which seem to have been fashioned in the same mold. The Buddhas of Gamman-ga-fuchi are of various sizes and of various periods. Some of them have withstood the raging torrents of the river at flood time; only the bases of many remain to mark the places where ancient images were set up. There are huge rocks in the stream at this point and carvings indicate that idols at one time adorned their crests. Everything is adorned with lichens and mosses of various shades of green. The waters rush through the ravine and at convenient intervals along the way have been built native teahouses with bamboo "verandas" that command attractive views up and down stream.

Finally the great day arrives, one of the greatest days in the lives of all lovers of the beautiful. The tourist who has followed anything like the itinerary outlined in the foregoing pages will be as well prepared for the wonders that are about to be disclosed before his eyes, as if he had witnessed the carefully prepared prologue to a great theatrical spectacle or drama. He is about to see the Ieyasu shrines and Iemitsu temples, certainly the most beautiful structures of their kind in the world and ranking among the most splendid mausolea in any country.

One deposits a fee of forty cents at a ticket office on the brink of the ravine, crosses the bridge and immediately begins to ascend the paved incline that is surrounded by old cryptomerias, fir and pines. In the year 1605 the Shogun Hidetada, who had been commanded by Ieyasu to select a spot and erect a suitable structure to receive his ashes, began what makes Nikko a wonderful necropolis to-day. In 1617 one of the most remarkable cortèges that ever assembled in Japan, a country ever partial to parades and processions, accompanied the remains of the Shogun's father to Nikko. According to the history which tells of the arrival, there were choirs of Buddhist priests who chanted the classic Scriptures ten thousand times and it was then declared that forever the chief priest of Nikko should be a prince of the imperial blood. Several additional adjuncts were erected by the eldest son of Hidetada, as a pious act in memory of his celebrated grandfather.

Concerning this spectacular act, there remain various opinions, as was doubtless the case at the time. In his "Japanese Empire," Terry says: "the belief is held by certain secular historians that this splendor-loving sovereign had a double purpose. Besides erecting a sumptuous sepulcher for himself, he tried not only to dazzle the daimyos by the fertility of his own imagination and by his practically limitless power and wealth, but also to impoverish them in their competitive efforts to contribute to the beautification of his costly undertakings. For so long as they were in straightened circumstances, rebellion would be difficult and none could venture to erect structures half so magnificent or impressive. That the wildest extravagance is displayed within and without the temples and shrines, the traveler will be able to note. The temple records contain no estimate of the original cost of the various structures, the careful work on many of which was contributed by Mikados, Shoguns, Daimyos and so forth, at different periods. Even the names of the great architects and artists who produced here the finest religious architectural expression east of Agra have been forgotten."

Perhaps such splendid elegance would not do itself justice in the crowded streets of a city, on the sandy or rocky shore of the sea, or in a treeless valley. But Hidetada gave heed to his illustrious sire's command and selected a site that was appropriate for all that was to follow his own work. Through the great arches of green trees, one suddenly comes upon these mammoth clusters of gold, red enamel, black enamel and bronze, these priceless carvings and gorgeously embellished friezes. Trees festoon their myrtle boughs around the courts that occupy the terraces on the hillside devoted to the shrines and accompanying monuments dedicated to Ieyasu. One enters the first gate and passes on and on, bewildered by such grandeur as his eyes have never gazed upon. On and on within this sanctuary one passes upward until he reaches the Yomei-mon or Great Gate at the entrance to the third terrace, which is popularly known as the *Higurashi-no-mon* or Sunrise until Dark Gate, because one could spend the entire day studying its wonders. It is about twenty-four feet high and is as marvelous as any beautifully carved cameo. Then the *Kara-mon* or Chinese Gate, at the entrance to the fourth terrace, seems to be even more marvelous in construction. The oratory beyond is at the last terrace and then at length, the tomb — a pagoda-shaped structure said to have been made from a mixture of bronze and gold. Facing it are the incense-burner, a candelabrum in the form of a stork, lotus flowers and lions. Behind it, the dense forest reaches on to the crest of the hill.

The Iemitsu grouping is much the same with its blood-red lacquered structures, gates, shrines, all repositories of relics of the saint — and, finally, the tomb. No hill in the world has had such lavish wealth and artistic skill employed upon its beautification, unless one is to accept the Scriptural account of Solomon's temple and surrounding structures on that pinnacle that pierces the heart of Jerusalem; and unfortunately the surveys of the modern archeologists make it almost certain that the glory of Solomon's Temple was communicated to the present from the contemporaries of Solomon, who may have written of it as it appeared to men who were as yet unaccustomed to architectural beauty or elegance.

Purposely, I have attempted no description of the Nikko shrines and merely hope to suggest to the visitor what awaits him there if he makes them the climax of his journey. Several guide-books enumerate all of the buildings, their walls, gates, porches and approaches, and give a detailed description of each, while various books from other pens attempt to convey the impressions of the authors who were overcome by so much architectural splendor. They are pleasant reading for the return trip; they may serve to revive memories that could not contain too much of such vastness of brilliancy and eloquence of design. But they fail to convey even the enthusiastic desires of their writers; even the delicious exotic prose of Pierre Loti failing to recreate the picture by the printed word, as he has done on many other occasions. Thus it is better to leave the books at the hotel during the first visit to the sacred hill; and better to leave them there during later visits. There are competent local guides who will gladly accompany the visitor and tell enough. The rest must be seen and felt!

IEYASU'S TOMB NIKKO

As the believer leaves the Kaaba at Mecca and knows that he is henceforth a *hadj*, so the most casual visitor to the Nikko shrines may know, as he has never known before, and as he has never known until he has been there, what is meant by the word splendor. Or as the Japanese say it: *Nikko mirumade kekko to in na!* It is as if one had been enabled to see something beyond reality, which he had never before believed existed. It is a vision of Oriental paradise.

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